THE

SECOND VOLUME OF THE

WORKS

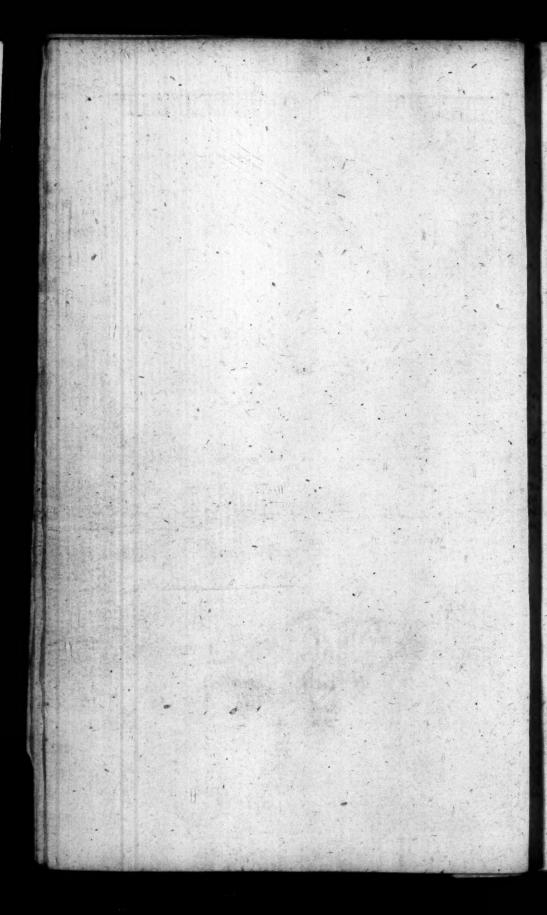
Mr. Thomas Brown,

Serious and Comical In Prose and Verse.

Adorn'd with Cuts.



Printed for SAMBRISCOE, at the Bell-Savage on Ludgate Hill. 1720.



SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. THO. BROWN.

Containing

LETTERS

FROM THE

DEAD to the LIVING,

And from the LIVING to the DEAD.

Both Serious and Comical.

In Three Parts.

Now Collected together in one Volume, with large Additions.

The Fifth Edition Corrected.

LONDON, Printed for Sam. Briffor. 1719.

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DEDICATION

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Right HONOURABLE

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Lord MANSEL

My Lord, a dount as asw noiseless

THE Motives for my Dedication of this Part of Mr. Brown's Works to your Lordship are two; your penetrating Judgment into the Worth of our Modern Writers, and

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ingenious.

my own Obligation to your manifold Favours.

I must consess, your Name is too great to stand in the Front of this Present; but as these Letters from the Dead to the Living, written in Imitation of Lucian's Dialogues, and esseem'd by the Learned to be highly ingenious, it is not doubted but they'll find a candid Acceptance at your Lordship's Hands.

Seven Cities contested for Homer when he was dead, whom none of them cared for whilst he lived; but it was not so with Mr. Brown, for his Conversation was as much desired by the Wits of the last Age, as his Works are in this: For his pleasant Genius gain'd an universal Applause, even of his very Enemies; and whilst Learning sou-rishes

rishes in this Kingdom, his Memory will never die.

The several Characters which he gives the Persons hinted at in these Letters, are describ'd with such Exactness, that the reading of them are not only innocent but useful; and if any find fault with his way of writing, it must be those who vindicate those unhappy Times, when three shourishing Kingdoms were brought to the very Brink of Ruin, a great, good and pious King murther'd on a Scassold, and three young Princes shamefully chas'd from their native Country.

Without Partiality we may fay, Mr. Brown, for fatyrical Profe or Verse, was not inferiour to Petronius, Martial, or any other of the witty Antients:

tients: Therefore had the Performances which fell from this Author's Pen, been extant among the Romans, although they wanted our easy Confervations of Wit by Printing, they would have committed them to Brass lest injurious Time should have deprived them of their due Eternity.

It is a Crime greatly reigning a-mong our Englishmen now adays, in being too apt to admire too much foreign Commodities, and exotick Fashions; but your Lordship having too nice a Taste to be deceived with any thing but what is valuable, I presume to beg your Condescention for casting a savourable Eye on these latter Productions of Mr. Brown.

Before I conclude, I could find room enough to enumerate the great Charac-

ters

ters which shine in your Noble Person, as being a Pattern of true Religion and Loyalty; but a due Reverence to that known Modesty, which concerns your Lordship's many other noted Virtues, obliges me to forbear any farther to display your Merits; only this I would have the World to know, and do beg your Honour to believe that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my self,

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My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble and Obedient Servant,

SAM. BRICCOE.

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LETTERS

From the DEAD to the LIVING.

A Letter of News from Mr. JOSEPH HAINES; of Merry Memory, to his Friends at Will's Coffee House in Covent-Garden: By Mr. THO. BROWN.

Gentlemen,



Had done my felf the Honour to write to you long ago, but wanted a Convenience of fending my Letters; for you must not imagine 'tis as easy a matter for us on this side the River Styx, to maintain a Correspondence

with you in the upper World, as tis to fend a Pacquet from London to Rotterdam, or from Paris to Madrid: But upon the News of a fresh War ready to break out in your Part of the World, (which, by the Bye, makes us keep Holy-Day here in Hell) Pluto having thought sit to dispatch an extraordinary Messenger to see how your Parliament, upon whose Resolutions the Fate of Europe seems wholly

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conjuncture. I tipp'd the Fellow a George to carry this Letter for me, and leave it with the Master's at

Will's in his Way to Westminster.

I am not insensible, Gentlemen, that Homer, Virgil, Dante, Don Quevedo, and many more before me, have given an Account of these subterranean Dominions, for which reason it may look like Affectation or Vanity in me to meddle with a Subject so often handled; but if new Travels into Italy, Spain and Germany, are daily read with Approbation, because new Matters of Enquiry and Observation perpetually arise, I don't see why the present State of the Plutonian Kingdoms may not be acceptable, there having been as great Changes and Alterations in these Insernal Regions, as in any other Part of the Universe whatever.

When I shook Hands with your upper Hemisphere, I stumbled into a dark, uncouth, dismal Lane, which, if it be lawful to compare great Things with small, somewhat resembles that dusky dark cut under the Mountains called the Grotto of Puzzoli in the Way to Naples. I was in so great a Consternation, that I don't remember exactly how long it was, but this I remember full well, that there were a World of Ditches on both fides of the Wall, adorned and furnished with Harpies, Gorgons. Centaurs, Chimeras, and fuch like pretty Curiofities, which could not but give a Man a world of Titillation as he traveli'd on the Road. The Three-headed Geryon, put me in mind of the Master of the Temple's three intellectual Minds, and when I faw Briares with his hundred Arms and Heads, out of my Zeal to King William and his Government, I could not but wish that we ha cfo well qualify'd a Person for Secretary of State ever fince the Revolution; for having fo many Heads and Hands to employ, he might eafily have managed all Affairs Domestick and Foreign, and been both Dictator and Clerk to himself. Which besides the Advantage of keeping fecret

fecret all Orders and Instructions, (and that you know, Gentlemen, is of no small Importance in Politicks) would have saved his Majesty no incon-

fiderable Sum in his Civil Lift.

Being arrived at the End of this doleful and execrable Lane, I came into a large open, barren Plain, through which ran a River, whose Water was as black as my Hat: Coming to the Banks of this wonderful River, an old ill-look'd wrinkl'd Fellow in a tatter'd Boat, which did not feem to be worth a Groat, making towards the Shoar, becken'd, and held out his Right-Hand to me: Knowing nothing of his Bufiness or Character, I could not imagine what he meant by doing fo; but upon fecond Thoughts, thinking he had a mind to have his Fortune told, You must understand, old Gentleman, says I to him, that there are three principal Lines in a Man's Hand, the first of which is called by the Learned Ludovicus Vives, Secretary to Tamerlain the Magnificent. the Linea Boitica, Line of Life; the second, The Linea Heptica, or Liver-Line; the third and laft, The Linea intercalaris, so called by Sebastian Muniter and Erra Pater, because it crosses the Two aforesaid Lines in an Equicrural Parabola. Hold your impertinent Stuff, fays the old Ferry-man, Erra me no Erra Paters, but speak to the Point, and give me my Fare, if you defign to come over. By this ! perceiv'd my Mistake, and knew him to be Charon : So I dived into my Pockets, but alas! I found all the Birds were flown, if ever any had been there, which you may believe, Gentlemen, was no small Mortification to me. Get you gone for a refeally Scoundrel as you are, fays Charon, some Son of a Whore of a Fidler, or Player, I warrant you; go and take up your Quarters with those Pennyless Rognes that are funning themselves on yonder Hillock. To fee now how a Man may be mistaken by a fair Outlide! When I came up to em, I found them a parcel of jolly well-look'd Fellows, who, one would have thought were wealthy enough to have B 2 Bised

fined for Sheriffs: I counted, let me fee, Six Princes of the Empire that were younger Brothers, Ten French Counts, Fourteen Knights of Malta, Twelve Welfh Gentlemen, Sixteen Scotch Lairds, with abundance of Chymists, Projectors, Infurers, Noblemens Creditors; and the like; that were all Windbound for want of the ready Rhino. Two Days we continued in this doleful Condition; and as Dr. Sherlock fays of himself, in relation to the 13th Chapter of the Romans, here I fluck, and had fluck till the last Conflagration, if it had not been for Bishop Overal's Convocation-Book; e'en so here we might have tarry'd World without End, if an honest Teller of the Exchequer, and a Clerk of the Pay-Office, had not come to our Relief; who understanding our Case, cry'd out, Come along Gentlemen, we have Money enough to defray twenty such Trifles as this; God be prais'd, we had the good Luck to die before the Parliament look'd into our Accounts. With that they gave Charon a Broad-Piece each of 'em, fo our whole Caravan confifting of about 70 Persons in all, that had not a Farthing in the World to bless themselves, ferry'd over to the other Side of the River.

As we were croffing the Stream, Charon told us how an Irish Captain would have trick'd him. He came strutting down to the River-side, says he, as fine as a Prince, in a long scarlet Cloak, all bedaub'd with Silver Lace, but had not a Penny about him. Dear Joy, crys he to me, I came away in a little haste from the other World, and left my Breeches behind me, but I'll make thee amends by Chreeft and St. Patrick, for I'll refresh thy ancient Nostrils with Some of Hippolito's best Snuff, which cost me a Week ago, a Crown an Ounce. I told the Hibernian, that old Birds were not to be taken with Chaff, nor Charon to be banter'd out of his Due with a little Dust of Sot-wood; and giving him a Reprimand with my Stretcher over the Noddle, bid him go, like a Coxcomb as he was, about his Business. The Wretch fanter'd about the Banks for a Month, but at last, pretended

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r F pretended to be a Frenchman, got over gratis this Summer, among the Duke of Orlean's Retinue. But what was the most surprising Piece of News I ever heard, Charon assured us, upon his Veracity, that the late King of Spain was forc'd to lye by full a Fortmight, for want of Money to carry him over; for Cardinal Portocarero had been so busy in forging his Will, that he had forgot to leave the poor Monarch a Farthing in his Pocket; and that at last, one of his own Grandees, coming by that Way, was so complainant as to defray his Prince's Passage; and well he might, says our surly Ferry-man, for in five Years time he had cheated him of two Millions.

We were no fooner landed on the other fide of the River, but some of us fil'd off to the Right, and others to the Left, as their Business called them: For my Part, I made the best of my Way to the famous City Brandipolis, seated upon the River Phlegethon, as being a Place of the greatest Commerce and Refort in all King Pluto's Dominions. Who should I meet upon the Road but my old Friend and Acquaintance Mr. Nokes, the Comedian, who received me with all imaginable Love and Affection? Mr. Haines, fays he, I am glad with all my Heart to see you in Hell; upon my Salvation, we have expected you here this great while, and I question not but our Royal Master will give you a Reception besitting a Person of your extraordinary Merit. Mr. Nokes, faid I, Your most obedient Servant, you are pleas d to compliment, but I know no other Merit I have, but that of being honour'd with your Friendship. But my dear Jo. cries b., How go Affairs in Covent-Garden? Does Cuckoldom flourish, and Fornication maintain its Ground still against the Reformers? And the Play-House in Drury-Lane, Is it as much frequented as it us'd to be? I had no fooner given him a fatisfactory Answer to these Questions, but we found our felves in the Saburbs; fo my Friend Nokes, with that Gaity and Opennels, which became him so well at the Play-House, Fo. B 3 lays

fays he, I'll give thee thy Welcome to Hell; with that he carry'd me to a little blind Coffee-House, in the middle of a dirty Ally, but certainly one of the worst furnish'd Tenements I ever beheld: There was nothing to be feen but a few broken Fipes, two or three founder'd Chairs, and bare maked Walls, with not fo much as a superannuated Almanack, or tatter'd Ballad to keep 'em in Countenance; so that I could not but fancy my self in fome of Love's little Tabernacles about Wild-street. or Drury-Lane. Come, Mr. Haines, and what are you disposed to drink? What you please. Sir, Here, Madam, Give the Gentleman a Glass of Geneva. As foon as I had whipt it down, my Friend Nokes plucking me by the Sleeve, and whispering me in the Ear, Prithee Fo, who dost think that Lady at the Bar is? I consider'd her very attentively, by the same Token she was three times as ugly as my Lady Frightall? Countels of --- and three times as thick and bulky as Mrs. Pix the Poetrefs, and very fairly told him. I knew her not. Why then I shall surprise you. This is the famous Semiramis. The Devil she is! answered I: What is this the celebrated and renowned Queen of Baby-Ien, the that built those stupendious Walls and pensile Gardens, of which ancient Historians tells us fo many Miracles; that victorious Heroine; who eclipfed the Triumphs of her illustrious Husband; that added AEthiopia to her Empire; and was the Wonder as well as the Ornament of her Sex? Is it possible she should fall so low as to be forced tofell Geneva, and such ungodly Liquors for a Subfistence? 'Tis e'ven so, says Mr. Nokes, and this may ferve as a Lesson of Instruction to you, that when once Death has laid his icy Paws upon us, all other Distinctions of Fortune and Quality immediately vanish. These Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but in came a formal old Gentle man, and plucking a large wooden Box from under his Cloak, Will you have any fine Snuff, Gentleman,

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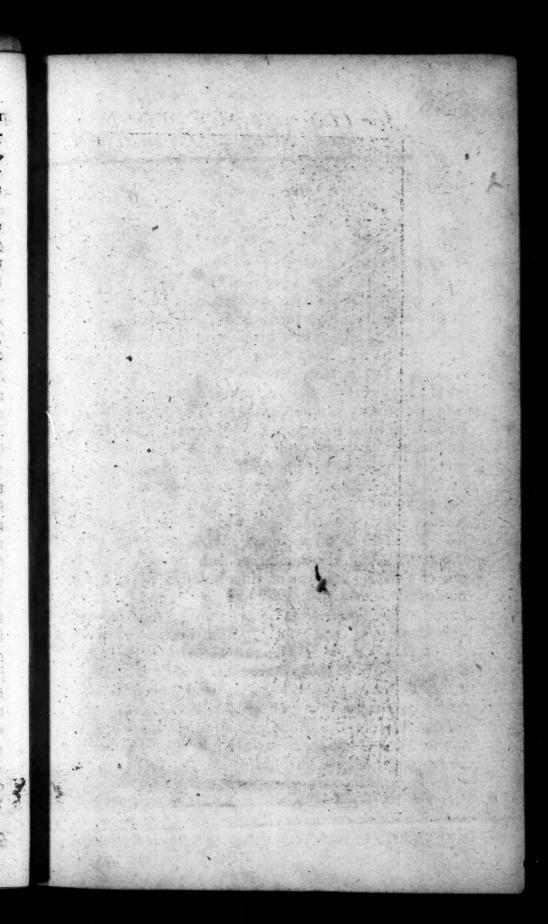
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Friend

here is the finest Snuff in the Universe, Gentlemen; a never failing Remedy, Gentlemen, against the Megrims and Head-ach. And who do you take this worthy Person to be? says Mr. Nokes, But that I am in this lower World, cry'd I, I durst swear 'tis the very individual Quaker that fells his Herb-Snuff at the Rainbow-Coffee-House, Damnably mistaken, says Mr. Noker, before George, no less a Man than the Great Cyrus, the first Founder of the Persian Monarchy. I was going to bless my self at this Discovery, when a Jolly Red-nos'd Woman in a Straw-Hat popt into the Room, and in a shril Treble cry'd out, Any Buckles, Combs or Scizars, Gentlemen, and Tooth-pieks, Bottle-Screws or Twizers, Silver-Buttons or Tebacco-froppers, Gentlemen, Well now, my worthy Friend, Mr. Haines, who do you think this to be? The Lord knows, reply'd I, for here are fuch an unaccountable Choppings and Changings among you that the Devil can't tell* what to make of 'em. Why then, in short, This is" the virtuous Thalestris, Queen of the Amazons, the fame numerical Princess, that beat the Hoof so many hundred Leagues to get Alexander the Great to administer his Royal Nipple to her. But Fo. fince I find thee so affected at these Alterations that have happen'd to Persons who lived so many hundred Years ago, I am refolv d to shew thee fome of a more modern Date, and particularly of fuch as either thou wast acquainted with in the other World, or at least hast often heard mention'd in Company. So calling for the other Glass of Geneva, he left a Tester at the Bar, and Semiramis, to shew her Courtly Breeding, dropt us abundance of Curtefies, and paid us as much respect at our coming out, as your Two-penny French Barbers in Soho do to a Gentleman that gives them a Brace of odd Half-pence above the original Contract in their We walk'd thro' half a dozen Streets without meet-

any thing worthy of Observation. At last my B 4

Friend Nokes, pointing to a little Edifice, which exactly refembles Dr. Burges's Conventicle in Ruffel-Court; fays he, your old Acquaintance Tony Lee, who turn'd Presbyterian Parson upon his coming into these Quarters, holds forth most notably here every Sunday; facob Hall and Jovean are his Clerks, and chant it admirably. Mother Stratford, the Dutchess of Mazarine, my Lord Warwick, and Sir Fleet wood are his constant Hearers; and to Tony's everlasting Honour be it spoken, he delivers his Fire and Brimstone with so good a Grace, splits his Text fo Judiciously, turns up the whites of his Eyes fo Theologically, cuffs his Cushion so Orthodoxly, and twirls his Band-strings fo Primitively, that Pluto has lately made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary. From this we croffed another Street, which one may properly enough call the Bow-freet, or Pall-Mall of Brandipolis. No fawcy Tradesman or Mechanick dares presume to live here, but 'tis wholly inhabited by fine gaudy fluttering Sparks, and fine airy Ladies; who in no respect are inferiour to yours in Covent-Garden. When the Sky is ferene, and not a Breath of Wind stirring, you may tee whole Covies of them displaying their finery in the Street; but at other times you never fee 'em out of a Chair, for fear of dilcompoling their Commodes or l'eriwigs. We had not gone twenty Paces, before we met Three flaming Beaux of the first Magnitude, the like of whom we never faw at the Vourthoot at the Hache, the Tulleries at Poris, or the Mell in St. James's-Park. They were all Three in Black ('or you must know we are in deep Mourning here for the death of my Lady Proferpine's favourite Monkey) but he in the middle, tho' he had neither Face nor Shape to qualify him for a Gallant; for he had a Phiz as forbidding as Feau Whitaker, and was as thick about the Waste, as the fat Squab Porter at the Griffin-Tavern in Fuller's-Rents, yet he made a most magnificent Figure: His Periwig was large enough to have loaded a Camul, and he had bestowed



The Pall Mall of Brandipolis,



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bestowed upon it at least a Bushel of Powder, I warrant you. His Sword-Knot dangled upon the Ground, and his Steenkirk that was most agreeably discolour'd with Snuss from top to bottom, reach'd down to his Waste; He carry'd his Hat under his Lest-Arm, walk'd with both his Handsin the Wast-band of his Breeches, and his Cane that hung negligently down in a string from his Right-Arm, trail'd most harmoniously against the Pebbles, while the Master of it, tripping it nicely upon his Toes, was humming to himself,

Oh, ye happy happy Groves, Witness of our tender Loves.

Having given you this Description of him, I need not trouble my felf to enlarge upon the Dress of his Two Companions, who, the' they fell much short of his inimitable Original in point of Garniture and Drefs, yet they were fingular enough to have drawn the Eyes of Men, Women and Children after 'em in any part of Europe. As I observed this fight with a great deal of Admiration, Mr. Nokes very gravely asked me, who I took the middlemost Person to be; upon my telling him I had never feen him before, nor knew a Syllable of him or his private Him flory; Why, fays Mr. Nokes, this is Diogenes the famous Cynic Philosopher, and his Two Companions are George Fox, and James Naylor the Quakers. Diogenes, reply'd I to him, why he was one of the arrantest Slovens in all Greece, and a profess'd Enemy to Laundresses, for he never parted with his Shirt, 'till his Shirt parted with him. No matter for that, fays Mr. Nokes, the Cafe is alter'd now with him, for he has the Vanity and Affectation of twenty Sir Courtly Nice's blended together; he con-Aantly-dispatches a Courier to Lisbon every Month, to bring him a Cargo of Lemons to wash his Hands with; he fends to Montpellier for Hungary-Water; Turin furnishes him with Rosa Solis; Nifmer with

Eau de Conelle, and Paris with Ratifia to fettle his Maw in the Morning. Nothing will go down with him but Ortolans, Snipes, and Woodcocks; and Mat+ fon, that some Years ago liv'd at the Rummer in Queen-freet, is the Administrator of his Kitchen. This, faid I to him, is the most phantastick Change I have feen fince my passing the Styx: For who the Plague wou'd have believ'd that that ancient Quaker Diogenes, and those modern Cynicks, Fox and Naylor, should degenerate so much from their Primitive Inflitution, as to fet up for Fops? When we came up to 'em, Diogenes gave us a most gracious Bow, but those Two everlasting Complimenters, his Friends, I was afraid wou'd have murder'd me with their Civilities; for which reason I difingaged my felf from 'em fomething abruptly, by the same Token I overheard James. Naylor call me Bougre Insulare and Tramontane; for my ill Manners.

When the Coast was clear of 'em, says I to Mr. Nokes, every thing is so turned topsy-turvy here with you, that I can hardly resolve my self whether I walk upon my Head or my Feet: Right, Mr. Haines, says he, but time is precious; so let's mend our pace if you please, that we may see all the Curiosi-

ties of this renowned City before 'tis dark.

The next Street we came into, we saw a tall thingutted Mortal driving a Wheel-Barrow of Paresbefore him, and crying in a hoarse Tone, Pares Twenty a Penny; looking him earnestly in the Face, I presently knew him to be Beau Heveining-bam, but I found he was shy, and so took no further notice of him. Not ten Doors from hence, says Mr. Nokes, lives poor Norton, that shot himself. I ask'd him in what Quality, he answered me, as a Sub-operator to a Disperser of Darkness, Anglice, a Journey-man to a Tallow-Chandler. I would willingly have made him a short Visit, but was intercepted in my Design by a Brace of Fellows that were link'd to their good Behaviour, like a pair Spanish Galley-Slaves; the they agreed as little.

Fowler and Ringwood coupled together, for one of em lugg'd one way, and his Brother the other. foon knew them to be Dick Baldwin, the Whig-Bookfeller, and Mason the Non-swearing Parson, whom, as was afterwards informed, Judge Minos, had order'd to be yoak'd thus, to be a mutual Plague and Punishment to one another. Both of 'em made up to us as hard as they could drive. Well Sir, fays the Levite, what comfort able News do you bring from St. Germans? Our old Friend Lewis le Grand is well I hope. Damn Lewis le Grand, and all his Adherents, cries Dick Baldwin, Pray Sir, what racy Touches of Scandal have been publish'd of late by my worthy Friends Sam Johnson, Mr. Toutchin, and honest Mr. Atwood; and the Gallows that groan'd fo long for Robin Hog the Messenger, when is it like to lose its Longing? Have no fresh Batteries attack'd the Court lately from honest Mr. Darby's in Bartholomery-Close? And prithee what new Piracies from the Quakers at the Pump in Little-Britain? What new Whales, Devils, Ghosts, Murders, from Wilkins in the Fryars? but above all, dear Sir, of what Kidney are the prefent Sheriffs; and particularly my Lord Mayor, how stands he affected? Why Dick, fays I to him, fearing to be stunn'd with more Interrogatories, tho' most of the Folks I have seen here are chang'd either for the better or the worfe, yet I find thou art the true, primitive busy, pragmatical, prating, muttering Dick Baldwin still, and will be fo to the end of the Chapter. In the name of the Three Furies, what should make thee trouble thy felf about Sheriffs and Lord Mayors? But thou are of the same foolish Belief, I find, with thy Brother Coxcombs at North's Coffee-House, who think all the Fate of Christendom depends upon the Choice of a Lord Mayor; whereas to talk of things familiarly, and as we ought to do, what is this two leg'd Animal yeleped a Lord Mayor, but a certain tempo-Mary Machine of the City's fetting up, who on certain appointed Days is obliged to ride on Horseback to please the Cheapside Wives, who must scusse his way thro' so many Furlongs of Custard, who is only terrible to Delinquent-Bakers, Oyster-Women and Scavengers; and has no other Privilege above his Brethren, as I know of, but that of taking a comfortable Nap in his Gold Chain at Paul's or Salter's-Hall; to either of which Places his Conscience, that is, his Interest carries him. Surly Dick was going to fay something in defence of the City Magistrate, but my Brother Nokes and I prevented him, by calling to the next Hackney Coachman, whom, to my great Surprise, I found to be. the famous Dr. Bushy of Westminster-School; who now, instead of slogging Boys, was content to act in an humbler Sphere, and exercise his lashing Talent upon Horses. We ordered him to set us down at Bedlam, where my Friend Nokes affured me we. should find Diversion enough, and the first Person we met with in this celebrated Mansion, was the famous Queen Dido of Carthage, supported by the Ingenuous Mrs. Behn on the one fide, and the learned Christiana, Queen of Sweden, on the other. Gentlemen, cry'd fre, I conjure you, ly that Respect which is due to Truth, and ly that complaisance which is owing to Us of the fair Sex, to believe none of those idle Lies that Virgil hath told of me. That impudent Versifyer has given out, that I murder'd my self for the Sake of his pieus Trojan, the Heroe of his Romance; whereas I declare to you, Gentlemen, as I hope to be Sav'd, that I never faw the Face of that fugitive Scoundrel in my Life, but dy'd in my Bed with as much Decency and Resignation as any Woman in the Parish: But what touches my Honour most of all, is that most kerrid Calumny of my being all alone with Aneas in the Cave. Upon this I humbly remenstrated to her Majesty, that altho' Virgil had taken the Liberty to leave her and his pious Trojan in a Grotto together yet he no where infinuated that any thing criminal had passed between 'em. How, says Mrs. Behr in a Fury.

a Fury, was it not Scandal enough in all Conscience. to fay that a Man and a Woman were in a dark blind Cavern by themselves? What the' there was no fuch Convenience as a Bed or a Couch in the Room; nay, not so much as a broken-back'd Chair. vet I desire you to tell me sweet Mr. Haines, what other Bufinels can a Man and a Woman have in the dark together, but---. Ay, cries the Queen of Sweden, what other Business can a Man and a Woman have in the dark, but, as the Fellow fays in the Moor of Venice, to make the Beast with two-Backs? not to pick Straws I hope, or to tell Tales of a Tub. Under Favour, Ladies, reply'd I, 'tis impossible I should think, for a grave sober Man and a Woman of Discretion, to pass a few Hours alone, without carrying matters fo far home as you infinuate. What in the dark! eries Queen Dido, that's mine A-in a Band-box. Let Peoples Inclinations be never fo modest and virtuous, yet thiscurfed Darkness puts the Devil and all of Wickedness into their Heads: The Man will be pushing on his fide, that's certain; and as for the Woman, I'll fwear for her, that when no body can fee her Blush, the will be confenting. In fine, tho' the Soul be never fo well fortify'd to hold out a Siege, yet the Body, as foon as Love's Artillery begins to play upon it, it will foon beat a Parley, and make a feparate Treaty for it felf.

Thus her Punic Majesty run on and the Lord knows when her Royal Clack would have done striking, if a Female Messenger had not come to her in the nick of Time, and whisper'd her in the Ear, to go to the samous Incretia's Crying-cut, who, it seems, was got with Child upon a Hay-cock, by Assop the Fabulist. As soon as Queen Dido and her two pratting Companions were gone out of the Room, Mr. Nokes, says I, you have without Question seen Asop very often, therefore pray let me beg the savour of you, to tell me whether he is such a deformed ill savoured Wight, as the Historians represent

represent him; for you must know we have a modern Critick of fingular Humanity, near St. James's. that has been pleased, in some late Differtations upon Phalaris's Epistles, to maintain that he was a well-fhap'd handsome Gentleman, and for a Proof of this, infifts much upon Afop's intriguing with his Fellow-flave, the beautiful Rhodope. No, no, replies Mr. Nokes, Æsop is just such a crumpled hump-shoulder'd Dog, for all the World, as your fee him before Ogilby's Translation of his Fables; and let the above-mentioned Grammarian, I think they call him, Dr. Bentivolio, fay what he will to the contrary, itis even fo as I tell you. And now we are upon the Chapter of Dr. Bentivolio, about a Month ago I happen'd to make merry over a-Bowl of Punch with Phalaris the Silician Tyrant, who fwore by all that was good and facred, that he would trounce the unmannerly Slave for robbing him of those Epistles, which have gone unquestion'd under his Name for so many Ages: But the time is coming, faid he, when I shall make this impudent Pedant cry peccavi for the unworthy Treatment he has given me: I have my Brazen-Bull, Heaven be prais'd, ready for him, and as foon as he comes into these Quarters, will shut him up in it, and roaft him with his own dull Volumes, and those of his dearly beloved Friends the Dutch Commentators.

By this time we were got to the upper end of the Room, when, fays Mr. Nokes to me, I will shew you a most surprising Sight. You must know this Place, like Noah's Ark, contains Beasts of all Sorts and Sizes; some have their Brains turn'd by Politicks, who except some Three or Four that are suffer'd to go abroad with a Keeper, are lock'd upin a large Apartment up Stairs. These Puppies rave eternally about Liberty and Property, and the furn Populi, and are so damn'd mischievous, that it is dangerous to venture near them. England sends more of this fort to Bedlam, than all the Countries

Countries of Europe besides. Others again have their Intellects Fly-blown by Love, by the same Token that most of the poor Wretches that are in this doleful Predicament come out of France, Spain, Italy, and fuch hot Climates. Now and then indeed we have a filly Apprentice or fo, takes a Leap from London-Bridge into the Thames, or decently hangs himself in a Garret, in his Mistres's Garters, but these Accidents happen but seldom; and besides. fince Fornication has made fo great a Progress among us, Love is observed not to operate so powerfully in England as it formely did, when there was no Relief against him but Matrimony. Some again have their Pia Mater addled by Religion, but neither are the Sots of this Species so numerous in Britain, or elsewhere, as they were in the Days of yore; for the Priests of most Religions have play'd their Game fo aukwardly, that not one Manin a Thousand will trust them with shuffling of the Cards.

But of all the various Sorts of Mad-men that come hither, the Rhimers or Versifyers far exceed the rest in number: Most of these Fellows in the other World were Mayors, or Aldermen, or Deputies of Wards, that knew nothing but the rifing and falling of Stocks, squeezing young Heirs, and cheating their Customers: But now the Tables are turn'd. for they eat and drink, nay fleep and dream in Rhime, and have a Diffrich to discharge at you upon every Occasion. With that he open'd the Wieket of the uppermost Door, and bid me peep in. "Tis impossible to de cribe to you the Surprize L was in, to see so many of my City Acquaintance there, whom I should sooner have suspected of Burglary or Sacrilege than of tacking a pair of Rhimes together: But it feems this is a Judgment upon these Wretches, for the Aversion they have to the Muses, when they are Living. The Wails were lined with Verses from top to bottom, and happy was the Wretch that could get a bit of Char-

coal to express the Happiness of his Fancy upon the poor Plaister. The first Man I saw was Sir John Peak, formerly Lord Mayor of London, who bluntly came up to the Door, and asked me what was Rhime to Crambo? Immediately Sir Thomas Pilkingten popt over his Shoulder, and pray Friend, fays he, for I perceive you are newly come from the other World, how go the Affairs of Parnassus? What new Madrigals, Epithalmiums, Sonnets, Erigrams, and Satyrs have you brought with you? What pretty Conceits had Mr. Settle in his last London Triumphs? What Plays have taken of late? Mrs. Bracegirdle, doth she live still unmarried? And pray, Sir, how doth Mr. Betterton's Lungs hold out? But now I think on't, I have a delicious Copy of Verses to shew you, upon the Divine Melefinda's frying of Pancakes, only flay a Minute, while I ffep yonder to fetch 'em: He had no sooner turn'd his Back, but I pluck'd too the Wicket, and gave him the Slip; for certainly of all the Plagues in Hell, or t'other fide of it, nothing comes up to that of a confounded Repeater. Leaving these verfifying Infects to themselves, we walked up a Pair of Stairs into the upper Room, one End of which was the Quarter for distracted Lovers, as the other was for the lunatick Republicans. I just cast my Eyes into Capid's Bear-Garden; and observed that the Walls were all adorned with mysteri ous Hieroglyphicks of Love, as Hearts transfixed, and abundance of odd-fashion'd battering Rams, such as young Lovers use to trace upon the Cieling of a Coffee-House with the smoak of a Candle. Some half a Score of 'em were making to the Door, but having feen enough of these Impertinents in the other World, I had no great Inclination to fuffer a new Persecution from 'em in this. So my Friend and I turn'd up to the Apartment where the Republicans were lock'd up, who made fuch a Hurricane and Noise, as if a Legion of Devils had been broke loofe among them. Harrington, I remember,

was the most unruly of the whole Pack. Thanks to my Friends in London, fays he, I hear my Oceana is lately reprinted, and furbish'd with a new Dedication to those judicious and worthy Gentlemen, my Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by Mr. Toland. You need not value your felf so much upon that, fays Algernoon Sidney, for my Works were published there long before yours. And so were mine, cries Milton, at the expence of some worthy Patriots, that were not afraid to publish them under a Monarchical Government. But what think you of my Memoirs cries Ludlow, for if you talk of Histories, there's a History for you, which, for Sincerity and Truth, never faw its fellow fince the Creation. Upon this the Uproar began afresh, so thinking it high time to withdraw I jogg'd my Friend Nokes by the Elbow, and as we went down Stairs told him, that Pluto was certainly in the right en't to lock up the'e hot-headed Mutincers by themselves, allow them neither Pen, Ink, Fire, nor Candle; for should he give them leave to propagate their feditious Doctrines, he would only find himself King of Erebus, at the Courtesy of his loving Subjet s.

Just as we were going out of this samous Edifice, I have an odd liece of News to tell you, says Mr. Nokes, which is, that altho' we have Men of all Countries, more or less here, yet there never was one Irishman in it. How comes that about, I bescech you? said I to him. Why, replies he, Madness always supposes a Loss of Reason; but the Duce is in't it a Man can lose that which he never posses'd in his Life. Oh your humble Servant, answer'd I, 'tis well none of our Swaggering Dear Joys in Covent-Garden hear you talk so, for if they didn'ten to one but they would cut your Throat for this Reslection upon the Intellects of their Country, and send you to the Devil for the Honour of

St. Patrick.

When we came out into the open Air again, and had taken half a dozen Turns in the neighbouring Fields, Mr. Nokes, fays I, 'tis my Misfortune to come in this Place without a Farthing of Money in my Pocket, and Aletto confound me, if I know what Course to take for my Maintenance, therefore I would defire you to put me in a Way. Have no care for that, fays Mr. Nokes, his infernal Majesty is very kind and obliging to us Players, and because we all so many different Parts in the other World, as Kings, Princes, Bishops, Privy-Counsellors, Beaus, Cits, Saylors, and the like, gives us leave to follow what Profession we have most a Fancy to-For my Part, I keep a Nicknackatory or Toy-Shop, as I formerly did over against the Exchange, and turn a sweet Penny by it, for our Gallants here throw away their Money after a furious Rate. Now 70. I think thou canst not do better than to fet ip for a High-German Fortune Teller; thou knowest all the Cant and Roguery of that Practice to Perfection, and besides, hast the best Phiz in the World to carry on fush an Affair. As for Money to furnish thee an House, and set up a convenient Equipage, to buy thee a pair of Globes, a Magick Looking-Glass, and all other Accourrements of that Nature, thou shalt command as much as thou hast occasion for. I was going to thank my Friend for fo courteous an Offer, when who should pop upon us on the sudden, but his Po'ifb Majesty's Physician in Ordinary, the late famous Dr. Connerof Bow-fireet, but in so wretched a Pickle, so tatter'd a Condition, that I could hardly know him. How comes this about, noble Doctor, faid I to him, what is Fortune unkind, and do the Planets frown upon Merit? I remember you were going to fet up your Coach, and marry the Widow Bently in-Ruffel-street, just before your last Distemper hurry'd you out of the World. Is it possible the learned Author of Evangelium Medici should want Bread? or, Doctor, did you leave all your Hibernian Confidence

fidence behind you? I thought a true Irishman could have made his Fortune in any Part of the Universe.

Ille nibil, nec me quarentem vana moratur; Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens.

Mr. Haines, fays he, Pluto, to fay no worse of him, is very ungrateful to the Gentlemen of our Faculty; and were he not a crown'd Head, I would not flick to call him a Poltron. I am fure no Body of Men cultivate his Interest with more Industry and Success, than we Physicians. What would his Dominions be but a bare Wilderness and Solitude, if we did not daily take care to flock them with fresh Colonies? This I can fay for my felf, that I did not let him lose one Patient that fell into my Hands; nay, rather than he should want Customers, I pradied upon my felf. But after the received Maximof most Princes, I find he loves the Treason, and hates the Traytor; so that no People are put to harder Shifts in Hell, than the Sons of Galen, Would you believe it, Mr. Haines, the immortal Dr. Willis, is content to be a Flayer of dead Horfes; the famous Harvey is turn'd Higler, and you may see him ride every Morning to Market upon a Pannier of Eggs; Mayern is glad to be Pimp to Noblemens Valets de Chambre; old Glissou sells Vinegar upon a lean scraggy Tit; Moreton is return'd' to his Occupation, and preaches in a little Conventicle you can hardly fwing Cat round in; Lower fells penny Prayer-Books all the Week, and curls an Amen in a Meeting-House on Sundays; Needbamin Conjunction with Capt. Dawson, is Bully to a Bordello; and the celebrated Sydenham emptics Close-stools. As for my self, I am sometimes a small Retainer to a Billiard-Table, and sometimes, when the Master on't is sick, earn a Penny by a Whimsy-Board. I lie with a Linkman upon a Flock-Bed in a Garret, and have not feen a clean Shirt upon my Back

Back fince I came into this curfed Country. By my troth, faid I, I am forry to hear matters go fo fourvily with you, but pluck up a good Heart, for when the Times are at worst they must certainly mend. But pray Doctor, before you go any further, satisfy me what Church you dy'd a Member of, for we had the Devil and all to do about you when you were gone. The Parson of St. Giles's flood out stiffy that you dy'd a found Protestant, but all your Countrymen fwore thou didft troop off like a good Catholick. Why really Jo. cry'd the Doctor, to deal plainly with you, I don't know well what Religion I dy'd in ; but if I dy'd in any, as Physicians you know seldom do, it was, as I take it, that of the Church of England. I remember, indeed, when I grew light-headed, and the Bed, Room, and every thing began to turn round with me, that a Forster-Brother of mine, an Irish Priest offer'd me the Civility of Extreme Unction, and I that knew I had a long Journey to go, thought it would not be amiss to have my Boots well liquor'd beforehand, though after all, for any good it did me, he might as well have rubb'd my Posteriors with a Brick-bat. This is all I remember of the matter, but what fignifies it to the Bufiness we are talking of? In short, Fo. if thou couldst put me in a Way to live, I should be exceedingly beholding to thee. Doctor, cry'd I, if you will come to me a Week hence, fomething may be done, for I intend to build me a Stage in one of the largest Piazzas of this City, take me a fine House, and fet up my old Trade of Fortune-telling; and as I shall have occasion now and then for some Understrapper to draw Teeth for me, or to be my Toadeater upon the Stage, if you will accept of so mean an Employment, besides my old Cloaths, which will be fomething, I'll give you Meat, Drink Washing and Lodging, and four Marks per Annum.

I am sensible, Gentlemen, that I have tried your Patience with a long tedious Letter, but not know-

ing when I should find so convenient an Opportunity to fend another, I resolved to give you a full Account in this, of all the memorable Things that fell within the Compass of my Observation, during my short Residence in this Country. At prefent, thanks to my kind Stars, I live very comfortably; I keep my Brace of Geldings, and half a dozen Servants, my House is as well furnish'd as most in this populous City; and to tell you what prodigious Numbers of Persons of all Ages, Sexes and Conditions flock daily to me, to have their Fortunes told, 'twould hardly find Belief with you. If the cœleffial Phænomenas deceive me not, and there is any Truth in the Conjunction of Mercury and Luna, I shall in a short Time rout all the Pretenders to Aftrology, who combine to ruin my Reputation and Practice, but without Effect; for this Oppofition has rather increased my Friends at Court than lessen'd them. I am promised to be Maitre des Langues, to the young Prince of Acheron, (fo we call the Heir apparent to these subterranean Dominions, and Proferpine's Camariera Major affured me t'other Morning, I should have the Honour of teaching the beautiful Princels Fuscamarilla, his Sister, to dance. Once more, Gentlemen, I beg your Excuse for this prolix Epistle, and hoping you will order one of your Fraternity to fend me the News of your upper World, I remain,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

Dec. 21ft. 1701.

Jo. HAINES.



or the first of the

An Answer to Mr. JOSEPH HAINES, High-German Astrologer, at the Sign of the Urinal and Chassiopea's Chair, in Brandipolis, upon Phlegethon. By Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

Worthy Sir,

E received your Letter, dated Dec. 21.

1701. and read it Yesterday in a sull Assembly at Will's. The whole Company lik'd it exceedingly, and return you their Thanks for the ample and satisfactory Account you have given them of Pluto's Dominions, from which we have had little or no News, however it has happen'd, since the samous Don Quevedo had the Curiosity to travel thither.

Whereas you defire us, by way of exchange, to furnish you with some of the most memorable Transactions that have lately fallen out in this part of the Globe; we willingly comply with your Proposal, and are proud of any Opportunity to show Mr. Haines how much we respect and value him.

Imprimis, Will's Coffee-House, Mr. Harres, i much in the same Condition, as when you left it; and as a worthy Gentleman has lately distributed them into their proper Classes. We have four sorts of Persons that resort hither; First, Such as are Beaus and no Wits, and these are easy to be known by their full Periwigs and empty Skulls. Secondly, Such as are Wits and no Beaus, and these, not to talk of their Out-sides, are distinguished by censuring the ill Taste of the Age, and railing at one another. Thirdly, Such as are neither Wits nor Beaus, I mean, your grave plodding Politicians, that come to us every Night piping-hot from the Parliament House, and finish Treaties that were never

never thought of, and end Wars before they are begun. And Fourthly, Such as are both Wits and Beaus, to whose Persons, as well as Merits, you

can be no Stranger.

In the next place, The Play-House stands exactly where it did. Mr. Rich finds some trouble in managing his mutinous Subjects, but it is no more than what Princes must expect to find in a mixt Monarchy, as we take the Play-House to be. The Actors jog on after the old merry Rate, and the Women drink and intrigue. Mr. Clinch of Barnet, with his Pack of Dogs and Organ, comes now and then to their Relief; and your Friend, Mr. Fevon wou'd hang himself, to see how much the Famous Mr.

Harvey exceeds him in the Ladder-Dance.

We have had an Inundation of Plays lately, and one of them, by a great Miracle, made shift to hold out a sull Fortnight. The generality are either troubled with Convulsion-Fits, and dye the first day of the Representation, or by meer dint of Acting, shold out to the third; which is like a consumptive Man's living by Cordials, or else dye a violent death, and are interr'd with the Solemnity of Catcalls. A merry Virtuoso, who makes one of the Congregation de propagando ingenio, designs to publish a Weekly Bill for the use of the Two Theatres, in imitation of that publish'd by the Patish-Clerks, and faithfully to set down what Distemper every new Play dyes of.

If the Author of a Play strains hard for Wit, and it dribles drop by drop from him, he says its troubled with a Stranguary. If its vicious in the Design and Performance, and dull throughout, he intends to give out in his Bill, that it dy'd by a Knock in the Cradle; if it miscarries for want of sine Scenes, and due Acting, why then he says, its stary'd at Nurse; if it expires the first or second day he reckons it among the Abortive; and lastly, if its damn'd for the seebleness of its Satyr, he

fays it dyes in breeding of Teeth.

As our Wit, generally speaking is debauch'd, so our Wine, the Parent of it, is sophisticated all over the Town; and as we never had more Plays in the Two Houses, and more Wine in the City than at present, so we were never encumber'd with worse of the two sorts than now. As for the latter, we sell that for Claret which has not a drop of the Juice of the Grape in it, but is downright Cyder. The Corporation does not stop short here, but our Cyder, instead of Apples, is made of Turnips. Who knows where the Cheat will conclude? Perhaps the next Generation will debauch our very Turnips.

'Tis well, Mr. Haines, you dy'd when you did, for that unhappy Place, where you have so often exerted your Talent, I mean Smithfield, has fallen under the City Magistrate's Displeasure; so that now St. George and the Dragon, the Trojan Horse, and Bateman's Ghost, the Prodigal Son, and Feptha's Daughter: In short, all the Drolls of Glorious Memory, are Routed, Descated, and sent to Grass,

without any hopes of a Reprieve.

Next to Plays, we have been over-run, in these Times of Publick Ferment and Distraction, with certain wicked Things, called Pamphlets; and some Scriblers that shall be nameless, have writ Pro and Con upon the same Subject, at least six times

fince last Spring.

Both Nations are at a Bay, and like two Bull-Dogs snarl at one another, yet have not thought sit, as yet, to come to actual Blows. What the Event will be, we cannot prophely at this distance, but every little Corporation in the Kingdom has laid Lewis le Grand upon his Fack, and as good as call'd him perjur'd Knave and Villain. However, 'tis the hardest Case in the World if we miscarry; our Grub-street Pamphleteers advise the Shires and Boroughs what sort of Members to chuse. The Shires and Boroughs advise their Representatives what Course to steer in Parliament; and the Sena-

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tors, no doubt on't, will advise his Majesty what Ministers to rely on, and how to behave himself in this present Conjuncture. Thus, Advice you see, like Malt-Tickets, circulates plentifully about the Kingdom. So that if we fail in our Defigns, after all, the Wicked can never fay, 'twas for want of Advice. We forgot to tell you, Mr. Haines, that fince you left this upper World, your Life has been written by a Brother-Player, who pretends he received all his Memoirs from your own Mouth, a little before you made a Leap into the Dark; and really you are beholding to the Fellow, for he makes you a Master of Arts at the University, tho' you never took a Degree there. That, and athousand Stories of other People he has father'd upon you, and the truth on't is, the Adventures of thy Life, if truly fet down, are fo romantick, that few besides thy Acquaintance would be able to distinguish between the History and the Fable. But let not this diffurb the Serenity of your Soul, Mr. Haines, for after this rate the Lives of all Illustrious Persons, whether Ancient or Modern, have been written. This, Mr. Haines, is all we have to communicate to you at prefent, so we conclude, with Subscribing our felves,

Your most bumble Servants

From Will's in Sebastian Freeman, Covent-Garden, Registravius, Nomine Societatis. Jan. 10. 1701.

SCARRON to LIWIS to GRAND. By Mr. Tho. Brown.

A at present, runs upon you; and the Devil
a Word we can hear in any of our CosseeHouses, but what his Gallic Majesty is
more or less concern'd in. 'Tis agreed on by all our
VOL. II.

Viviuosos

Virtuofos, that fince the Day's of Dioctesian, no Prince has been fo great a Benefactor to Hell as your felf; and as much a Mafter of Eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris, I want Words to tell you, how much you are commended here for fo heroically trampling under Foot the Treaty of Refwick, and opening a new Scene of War in your great Climateric, at which Age most of the Princes before you were such Recreants, as to think of making up their Scores with Heaven, and leaving their Neighbours in Peace. But you, they fay, are above such fordid Precedents, and rather than Pluto should want Men to People his Dominions, are willing to spare him half a Million of your own Subjects, and that at a Juncture too, when you are not over-stock'd with them,

This has gain'd you an universal Applause in these Regions; the Three Furies sing your Praises in every Street; Bellona swears there's never a Prince in Christendom worth hanging besides your self; and Charon bustles for you in all Companies: He desir'd me, about a Week ago, to present his most humble Respects to you; adding, That if it had not been for your Majesty, he, with his Wise and Children, must long ago been quarter'd upon the Parish; for which reason he duly drinks your Health every Morning

in a Cup of cold Styx next his Conscience.

Indeed I have a double Title to write to you, in the first Place, as one of your dutiful, tho' unworthy, Subjects, who formerly tasted of your Liberality; and secondly, as you have done me the Honour to take away my late Wise, not only into your private Embraces, but private Councils. Poor Soul! I little thought she would fall to your Majesty's share when I took my last farwel of her, or that a Prince that had his Choice of so many thousands, would accept of my sorry Leavings. And therefore, I must confess, I am apt to be a little vain, as often as I resteet, that the greatest Monarch in the Universe and I are Brother-starlings, and that the eldest Son

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of the Church, and the little Scarron have fish'd in the same Hole. Some sawcy Fellows have had the Impudence to tell me to my Face, that Madam Maintenon (for so, out of respect to your Majesty, I must call her) is your lawful Wise, and that you were clandestinely marry'd to her. I took them up roundly, as they deserv'd, and told them, I was sure it was a damn'd Lie; for, said I to them, if my Master was marry'd to her, as you pretend, she had broke his Heart long ago, as well as she did mine, from whence I positively concluded, that she might be your Mistress, but was none of your Wise.

Last Week, as I was sitting with some of my Acquaintance in a Publick-House, after a great deal of impertinent Chat about the Affairs of the Milanese, and the intended Siege of Mantua, the whole Company fell a talking of your Majesty, and what glorious Exploits you had perform'd in your Time. Why, Gentlemen, fays an ill-look'd Rascal, who prov'd to be Herostratus, for Pluto's sake let not the grand Monarch run away with all your Praifes. T have done fomething memorable in my Time too, twas I, who out of the Gaiete de Cour, and to perpe. tuate my Name, fir'd the famous Temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two Hours confumed that magnificent Structure which was two hundred Years a building: Therefore, Gentlemen, lavish not away all your Praises, I beseech you, upon one Man, but allow others their share. Why, thou diminutive inconsiderable Wretch said I, in a great Pathon to him, thou worthless idle Logger-bead, thou Pigmy in Sin, thou Tom Toumb in Iniquity, how dares such a puny Infe & as thou art, have the Impudence to enter the Lists with Lewis le Grand? Thou valuest thy self upon firing a Church, but how? when the Mistress of the House, who was a Midwife by Profession, was gone out to a fist Olympias, and deliver'd her of Alexander the Great. Tis plain, thou hadd not the Courage to do it C 2 when

when the Goddess was present, and upon the Spot; but what is this to what my Royal Master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish Fabricks in his Time, and bravely ordered them to be bombarded, when he knew the very God that made and redeemed him had taken up his Quarters in 'em. Therefore turn out of the Room, like a paltry insignificant Villain as thou art, or I'll

pick thy Carcass for thee.

He had no fooner made his Exit, but cries an odd fort of a Spark, with his Hat button'd up before. like a Country-Scraper, Under favour, Sir, what do you think of me? Why who are you? reply'd I to him, Who am I, answer'd he, Why Nero the Sixth, Emperor of Rome, that murder'd my----Come, faid I to him, to stop your prating, I know your History as well as your felf, that murder'd your Mother, kick'd your Wife down Stairs, dispatch'd two Apostles out of the World, begun the first Perfecution against the Christians, and lastly, put your Master Seneca to death. As for the murder of your Mother, I confess it shew'd you had some tafte of Wickedness, and may pass for a tolerable riece of Gallantry; but prithee, what a mighty matter was it to fend your Wife packing with a good kick in the Guts, when once she grew nauseous and fawcy; 'tis no more than what a shouland Tinkers and Foot-Soldiers have done before you: Or to put the Penal-Laws in execution against a Brace of hot-headed Bigots, and their befotted Followers, that must needs come and preach up a new Religion at Rome: Or, in fine, to take away a haughty ungrateful Pedant's Life, who conspir'd to take away yours; altho' I know those worthy Gentlemen, the School-Masters, make a horrid rout about it in their nonfenfical Declamations? Whereas his most Christian Majesty, whose Advocate I am resolved to be against all Opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starv'd a Million of poor Hugonots at Home, and fent t'other Million of them a grafing

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a grafing into foreign Countries, contrary to folemn Ediets, and repeated Promises, for no other Provocation, that I know of, but because they were fuch Coxcombs, as to place him upon the Throne. In short, Friend Nero, thou mayst pals. for a Rogue of the third or fourth Class, but be advised by a Stranger, and never shew thy self such a Fool as to dispute the Pre-eminence with Lewis le Grand, who has murder'd more Men in his Reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murder'd Tunes, for all thou art the vilest Thrummer upon Cats-Guts the Sun ever beheld. However, to give the Devil his due, I will fav it before the Face, and behind thy Back, that if thou hadft reign'd as many Years as my gracious Master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have govern'd thy Conscience, thou mightest, in all Probability, have made a much more magnificent Figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty Monarch L. have been talking of.

Having put my Roman Emperor to Silence, I. look'd about me, and saw a Pack of Grammarians, (for fo I gueffed them to be by their Impertinence and Noise) disputing it very fiercely at the next Table; the matter in Debate was, which was the most heroical Age; and one of them, who valu'd himself very much upon his reading, maintain'd, that the heroical Age, properly fo call'd, began with the Theban, and ended with the Trojan War, in which compass of Time, that glorious Constellation of Heroes, Hercules, Fason, Theseus, Tideus, with Agamemnon, Ajax, Achilles, Hector, Troilus and Diomedes flourished; Men that had all signalis'd themselves by their personal Gallantry and Valour. His next Neighbour argued very fiercely for the Age wherein Alexander founded the Grecian Monarchy, and faw so many noble Generals and Commanders about him. The third was as obstreperous for that of Julius Cafar, and manag'd his Argument with fo much heat, that I expered every

C. 3.

Minute

Minute when these Puppies wou'd have gone to Loggerheads in good earnest. To put an end to your Controversy, Gentlemen, says I to them, you may talk till your Lungs are founder'd, but this I politively affert, That the present Age we live in is the most heroical Age, and that my Master, Lewis le Grand is the greatest Heroe of it. Hark you me, Sir, how do you make that appear, cry'd the whole Pack of them, opening upon me all at once: By your leave, Gentlemen, answer'd I, two to one is odds at Foot-ball, but having a Heroe's Cause to defend, I find my felf poffels'd with a Heroe's Vigour and Refolution, and don't doubt but I shall bring you over to my Party. That Age therefore is the mest beroical which is the boldest and bravest. The Ancients, I grant you, wher'd and got drank, and out Throats as well as we do; but, Gentlemen. they did not his upon the fame Foot as we, mor I at to many wicked Discouragements to deter them. We whose when we know 'vis ten to one but we get a Chap for our Pains; whereas our Forefathers, Before the Siege of Nather, had no fuch Bleffing to apprehend. We drink and murther one another in cold Blood, at the fame time we believe that we must be rewarded with Dammation; but your old Hence's had no Notion at all, or at least an imperfed one of a future State: So 'tis a plain Cafe, you He, that the Hercilin lies on our fide. To apply this then to my Royal Mafter; he has fill'd all Chisendem with Blood and Confusion; he has broke through the most sclemn Treaties sworn at the Altar; he has stray'd and undone infinite numbers of poor Wretches; and all this for his own Glory and Ambition, when he's affured that Hell gapes every. moment for him. Now tell me, whether your Fafons, your Agamemnons, or Alexanders, durst have ventur'd so heroically; or whether your pitiful Emperors of Germany, your mechanick Kings of England and Sweden, or your lowly States of Holland; have Courage enough to write after so illustrious a Copy. Thus,

Thus, Sir, you may fee with what Zeal I appear in your Majesty's behalf, and that I omit no Opportunity of magnifying your great Exploits to the utmost of my poor Abilities. At the same time I must freely own to you, that I have met with some rough-hewn sawcy Rascals, that have stopt me in my full Carreer, when I have been expaniating upon your Praises, and have so dumb-sounded me with their villainous Objections, that I cou'd not tell how

to reply to them.

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Some few days ago it was my Fortune to affirm in a full Assembly, that fince the Days of Charlemin, France was never blefs'd with fo renown'd, fo victosions, and so prissant a Prince as your Majesty. You lame gonry Coxcomb, fays a fawiy Butterbox of a Dutchman to me, don't give your felf thefe Ains im our Company. Lewis the greatest Prince that France ever had! Why, I tell thee, he has no more Title to that Crown, than I have to the Great Mogul's; and Lewis the Thirteenth was no more his Father than the Pope of Rome is thine. Ibless'd my felf to hear the Fellow deliver this with fo fenous a Mien, when a Country-man of his taking up the Cadgels, Tis true, fays he, your mighty Monarch has no right to the Throne he possesses; the late King had no hand in the begetting of him, but a lufty proper young Fellow, onele Grand by Name, and an Apothecary by Profession, was employ'd by Cardinal Mazarine, who had prepar'd the Orcen's Conscience for the taking of such a Dose, to strike an Heir for France out of her Majesty's Fody; by the same Token that this scarlet Agent of Hell, got him fairly Poyson'd as soon as he had done the Work, for fear of telling Tales. If vot ever read Virgil's Life, written by Donatus, cries a third to me, you'll find that Augustus having rewarded that famous Poet for fome little Services done him, with a parcel of Loaves, had the Curiofity once to enquire of him who he thought was his Father? to which Question of the Emperor, Virgil

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fairly answer'd, that he believ'd him to be a Baker's Son, because he still paid him in a Baker's Manusacture, viz. Bread. And thus, were there no other Proofs to confirm it, yet any one would swear that Lewis se Grand is an Apothecary's Son, because he has acted

all his Life-time the part of an Apothecary.

Imprimis, He has given so many strong Purges to his own Kingdom, that he has empty'd it of half its People and Money. Item, He apply'd Costives to Genoa and Bruffels, when he bombarded both those Cities. Item, He gave a damn'd Glyffer to the Hollanders with a Witness, when he fell upon the Rear of their Provinces, in the Year 72. Item. He lull'd King Charles the Second asleep with Female Opiates. Item, He forced Pope Innocent the Eleventh, to swallow the unpalatable Draught of the Franchises. Item, He administrated a Restorative Cordial to Makumetanisme, when he enter'd into an Alliance with the Grand Turk against the Emperor. Item, He would have bubbled the Prince of Orange with the gilded Pill of Sovereignty, but his little Cousin was wifer than to take it. And lastly, If he had reftor'd King Fames to his Crown again, would have brought the People of England a most conscientious Apothecary's Bill for his waiting and attending. In fhort, shake this mighty Monarch in a Eag, turn him this way, and that way, and t'other way, sursum, deorsum, quaquaversum, I'll engage you'll find him nothing but a meer Apothecary; and I hope the Emperor and King of England will play the Apothecary too in their turn, and make him Vowit up all those Provinces and Kingdoms he has fo unrighteoufly usurp'd. Prince Eugene of Savoy has work'd him pretty well this last Summer, and 'tisan infallible Prognostic, that he's reduced to the last Extremities, when his spiritual Physicians apply Pigeons to the Soles of his Feet; I mean Prayers and Masses, and advise him to reconcile himself to that Heaven he has so often affronted with his most execcrable Perjuries. Tis.

Tis impossible for me to tell your Majesty, what a Surprize I was in to hear this graceless Netherlander blaspheme your glorious Name after this infusserable Rate. But to see how one Persecution treads upon the heels of another! I was hardly recovered out of my Astonishment, when a Son of a Whore of a German, advancing towards me, was

pleas'd to explain himself as follows:

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You keep a Pother and Noise here about your mighty Monarch, says he to me, but what has this mighty Monarch, and be damn'd to you, done to merit any body's good Word? I fay, what one generous noble Exploit has he been guilty of in his : whole Reign, as long as it is, to deferve so much Incense and Flattery, so many Statues and triumphal Arches, which a Pack of mercenary, nauleous, fulfome Slaves have bestow'd upon him? For my part, continues he, when I first heard his Historians and Poets, his Priests and Courtiers, talk such wonderful things of him, I fancy'd that another Cyrus or Alexander had appeared upon the Stage; but when I observed him more narrowly, and by a truer Light, I found this Immortal Man, as his Inscriptions vainly stile him, to be a little, tricking, pilfering Fripon, that watch'd the critical Minute of stealing Towns, as nicely as your Rogues of an inferior Sphere do that of nimming Cloaks; and tho' he had the fairest Opportunity of erecting a new Western Morarchy that ever any Frince could boast of, since the Declension of the Roman Empire, yet to his eternal Difgrace be it said, no Man could have made a worfe use of all those wonderful Advantages, that Fortune, and the stupid Security of his Neighbours conspir'd to put into his Hands. To convince you of the Truth of this, let us only consider what Posture the Affairs of France were in at his Accession to that Crown, and feveral Years after, as likewise how all the neighbouring Princes and States about him stood affected: To begin then with the former, he found himself CS Mallor Master of the best disciplin'd Troops in the Universe, commanded by the most experienced Generals that any one Age had produc'd, and spirited by a long Train of Victories, over a careless, defpending, lazy Enemy. All the great Men of his Kingdom fo depressed and humbled by the fortunate Artifices of Ricklieu and Mazarine, that they were not capable of giving him any Uneafiness at Home, the fole power of raising Money entirely in his own Hands, and his Parliaments fo far from giving a check to his daily Encroachments upon their Liberties, that they were made the most effectual Instruments of his Tyranny: In short, his Clergy as much devoted, and the whole Body of his People as subservient to him as a Prince cou'd wish. As for his Neighbours, he who was best able of any to put a flop to his growing Greatness, I mean the King of England, either favour'd his Defigns clandestinely, or was fo enervated by his Pleasure, that provided he cou'd enjoy an inglorious Effeminacy at home, he feem'd not to lay much to heart what became of the rest of Christen-

The Emperor was composing Anthems for his Chappel at Vienna, when he shou'd have appeared at the Head of his Troops on the Rhine. The Princes of Germany were either divided from the common Interest by the underhand Management of Trance, or not at all concern'd at the impending Storm that threatned them. The Hollanders within an Ace of losing their Liberty by the preposterous Care they took to secure it; I mean, by divesting that Family of all Power in their Government, which, as it had formerly erected their Republick, so now was the only one that cou'd help to protect it.

The little States and Principalities of Italy, looking on at a distance, and not daring to declare themselves in so critical a Conjuncture, when the two Keys of their Country, Pignerel and Casal,

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hung at the Girdle of France. In short, the dispeopl'd Monarchy of Spain, governed by a soft unactive Prince, equally unfit for the Cabinet and the Field; his Counsellors, who manag'd all under him, taking no care to lay up Magazines, and put their Towns in a posture of Defence, but wholly relying as for that, upon their Neighbours; like some inconsiderate Spend-thritt, thrown into a Jayl by his Creditors, that Smokes, and Drinks, and talks merrily all the while, but never advances one step to make his Circumstances easy to him, leaving the Burthen of that Assair to his Friends and Relations, whom perhaps he never oblig'd so far in his Prosperity, as to deserve it from their Hands.

Here now, fays he, was the fairest Opportunity that ever prefented it felf for a Prince of Gallantry and Resolution, for a Tamerlane and a Scanderbeg, to have done fomething eminently figual in his Generation; and if in the last Century, a little King of Sweden, with a handful of Men, cou'd force his way from the Baltick to the Rhine, and fill all Germany with Terror and Confternation, what might we not have expected from a powerful King of France, in the flower of his Youth, and at the head of two hundred thousand effective Men, especially when there was no visible Power to oppose him? But this wonderful Monarch of yours, instead of carrying his Arms beyond the Danube, and performing any one Action worthy for his Historians to record in the Annals of his Reign, has humbly contented himfelf, now and then, in the beginning of the Year, when he knew his Neighbours were unprepar'd for fuch a Vifit, to invest some little Market-Town in Flanders, with his invincible Troops; and when a parcel of filly implicit Fools had done the Business for him; then, forsooth, he must appear at the head of his Court Harlots and Minstrels, and make a magnificent Fatry through the Breach: And after this ridiculous piece of Pagentry 1: gyer. over, return back again to Versailles, with the same Equipage, order'd new Medals, Operas and Sonnets to be made upon the Occasion; and what ought by no means to be omitted, our most trusty and well-beloved Counfellor and Coufin, the Archbishop of Paris, must immediately have a Letter fent him, to repair forthwith, at the head of his Ecclefiaftick Myrmedons, to Notre Dame, and there to thank God for the Success of an infamous Robbery, which an honest moral Pagan would have blush'd at. So that when the next fit of his Fistula in Ano shall fend this Immortal Town-stealer, this divine Village-lifter, this heroic Pilferer of poor Hamlets and their Dependencies, down to thefe tubterranean Dominions, don't imagine that he'll be allow'd to keep Company with the Pharamonds and Charlemaigns of France, the Edwards and Heperies of England, the Williams of the Nassovian Family, or the Alexanders and Cafars of Greece and Rome. No, shou'd he have the Impudence to shew his Head among that illustrious Assembly, they wou'd foon order their Footmen to drub him into better Manners: Neither, cries a furly Englishman, clapping his Sides, and interrupting him, must he expect the favour to appear even among our Holy-day-Herces, and Custard Stormers of Cheapside, these merry Burlesques of the Art military in Finsbury-Fields, who, poor Creatures! never meant the Destruction of any mortal thing, but transitory Roast-beef and Capon. No, Friend, says le, Leavis le Grand must expect to take up his Habitation in the most infamous quarter of Hell, among a parcel of House-breakers and Shop-lifters, Rogues buint in the Cheek for Petty-Larceny and Burglary, Bretl ren of the Mocn, Gentlemen of the Horn Thumb, Pillagers of the Hedges and Henroofts, Conveyers of Silver-Spoons, and Camblet Cloaks, and fuch like enterprising Heroes, whole famous Actions are faithfully Register'd in our Seffions-Paper and Dying-Speeckes, transmitted to Posterin

Posterity by the Ordinary of Newgate; a much more impartial Historian than your Pelissons and Boileaus. However, as I was inform'd last Week by an Understrapper at Court; Pluto, in Consideration of the singular Services your Royal Master has done him, will allow him a Brace of Fidlers to scrape and sing to him wherever he goes, since he takes

fuch a delight to hear his own Praises.

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I must confess, says another leering Rogue, a Country-man of his, that fince the Grand Monarch we have been speaking of, who has along done more by his Bribing and Tricking, than by the Conduct of his Generals, or the Bravery of his Troops, who has plaid at fast and loose with his Neighbours ever fince he came to the Crown, who has furprifed abundance of Towns in his Time, and at the next Treaty been forced to spue up those very Places he ordered Te Deum to be fung for a few Months before. I must confess, says he, That fince in Conjunction with a damn'd mercenary Priest, he has forg'd a Will for his Brother-in-Law of Spain, and plac'd his Grandson upon that Throne, I should think the rest of Christendom in a very bad Condition indeed, if he should be suffered to go on quietly with his Show a few Years more: Then for all I know, he might bid fair to fet up a new Empire in the West, which he has been aiming at fo long. But if the last Advice from the other World den't deceive us: If the Parliament of England goes on as unanimously as they have begun, to support their Prince in so pious and necessary a War; in short, if the Emperor, the Dutch, and the other Allies, act with that Vigour and Resolution as it becomes them upon this pressing Occasion, I make no Question to see this mighty Heroe plunder'd like the Fay in the Fable, of all the fine Plumes he has borrow'd, and reduc'd to fo low an Ebb, that he shall not find it in his Power, though he has never fo much in his Will, to disturb the Peace of the Christian World any more. And this, continues

continues he, is as favourable an Opportunity as we could defire, to ftrip him of all his Usurpations; for Heaven be praised, Spain at present is a Burthen to him, and by grasping at too much, he's in a fair way to lofe every Farthing. Besides, this late Forgery of the Will has pluck'd off his old Mask. and shews that 'tis an Universal Monarchy he intends, and not the repose of Europe, which has been so fortunate a Sham to him in all his other Treaties; so that the Devil's in the Allies now, if they don't fee through these thin Pretences he so often bubbled them with formerly, or lay down their Arms, till they have made this French Buffard, who is all Feathers, and no Substance, as bare and naked as a Skeleton; and effectually spoil his new Trade of making Wills for other People. And this they may eafily bring about, continues he, if they lay hold on the present Opportunity; for as I observed to you before, he has taken more Business upon his Hands than he'll ever be able to manage, and by grasping at too much, is in the direct Road to lose all. For my part, I never think of him, but he puts me in mind of a filly foolish Fellow I knew once in London, who was a common Knife-grinder about the Streets, and having in this humble Occupation gathered a few stragling Pence, must needs take a great House in Fleet-ffreet, and fet up for a Sword Cutler; but before Quarter-Day came, finding the Rent too bulky for him, he very fairly rubb'd off with all his Effects, and left his Landford the Key under the Door. Without pretending to the Spirit of Noftradamus, or Lilly, this I foresce, will be the Fate of Lewis le Grand; therefore when you write next to your glorious Monarch, pray give my Refrects to him. and bid him remember the fad Destiny of the poor Knife-grinder of London:

Thus you see, Sir, how I am daily plagn'd and harrass'd by a parcel of brawny impudent Rascals, and all for espousing your Quarrel, and crying up

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the Justice of your Arms. For Pluto's sake let me conjure your Majesty to lay your Commands upon Boileau, Racine, or any of your Panegyrists, to instruct me how I may stop the Mouths of these impertinent Babblers for the future, who make Hell ten times more insupportable than otherwise it would be, and threaten to toss me in a Blanket the next time I come unprovided for your Defence into their Company. In the mean time, humbly desiring your Majesty to present my Love to the quondam Wise of my Bosom, I mean the virtuous Madam Maintenon, who, in Conjunction with your most Christian Majesty, now governs all France, and put her in mind of sending me a dozen of new Shirts by the next Pacquet, I remain,

Your MAFESTY's

most obedient, and most obliged

Subject and Servant,

SCARRON.

KAN EET THEENHEEN, KAN KANKEN

of SAVOY. By Mr. THO. BROWN.

Was with infinite Satisfaction that I re
'T ceiv'd the News of the happy Success of

your Arms in Italy. My worthy Friend

Scipio, (for so I may justily call him, since we have dropt our old Animosities, and now live amicably together) is eternally talking of your Conduct and Bravery; nay, Alexander the Great, who can hardly bear any Competitor in the point of Glory, has freely confessed, that your Gallantry in passing the Po and the Adige, in the Face of so powerful an Enemy, falls not short of what he him
felf

felf formerly shew'd upon the Banks of the Granicus. For my part, I have a thousand Obligations to you. My March over the Aipes, upon which I may defervedly value my felf, was look'd upon here to be fabulous, till your late Expedition over those rugged Mountains confirm'd the Belief of it. Thus. neither Hills nor Rivers can stop the Progress of your Victories, and 'tis you who have found out the lucky Secret, how to baffle the circumspect Gravity of the Spaniards, and repress the furious Impetuolity of the French. His Gallie Majesty, who minds keeping his Word as little, as that mercenary Republick of Tradesmen whom it was my Misfortune to serve, will find to his Cost, that all the Laurels he has been fo long a plundering, will at last fall to your Excellency's Share; and that he has been labouring forty Years together to no other purpose, than to enrich you with the Spoils of his former Triumphs. Go on therefore in the glorious Track as you have begun, and be affured, that the good Wishes of all the the great and illustrious Persons now resident in this lower. World attend you in all your Enterprizes: As nothing can be a greater Pleasure to virtuous Men. than to fee Villains rewarded according to their Deferts, so true Heroes never rejoice more than when they fee a fham-Conqueror, and vain-glorious Bully, fuch as Lewis the XIVth plunder'd of all his unjust Acquisitions, and reduced to his primitive State of nothing. Were there a free Communication between our Territories and yours, Cyrus, Miltiades, Cafar, and a thousand other Generals, would be proud to offer you their Service the next Campaign; but 'tis your Happiness that you want not their Affistance; your own personal Bravery, join'd to that of your Troops, and the Justice of your Cause, being sufficient to carry you thro' all your Undertakings.

Farewel.

PINDAR of THEBES to TOM D'URFEY. By, Mr. THO. BROWN.

कुंद्रेक्ट्रें Owever it happen'd fo, I can't tell, but I H cou'd never get a Sight of thy famous Pindarie upon the late Q. Mary, till about a Month ago. Most of the Company would needs have me declare open War against thee that very Minute, for prophaning my Name with fuch execrable Doggrel. Stefichorus rail'd at thee worfe than the Man of the Horf - Shoe-Tavern in Drury-Lane : Alcaus, I believe, will hardly be his own Managain this Fortnight, so much concern'd he is to find thee crowding thy felf upon the Lyric Poets: Nay, Sapplo the Patient laid about her like a Fury, and call'd thee a thousand rimping, fluttering Ballad-fingers. Asforme, far from taking any thing amiss at thy Hands, I am mightily pleased with the Honour thou hast done me, and besides, must own thou hast been the cheapest; kindest Physican to me I ever met with; for whenever my Circumstances fit uneasy upon me, (and for thy Comfort Tom, we Poets have our Plagues in this World, as well as we had in yours) when my Landlord persecutes me for Rent, my Sempstress for my Linnen, my Taylor for Cloaths, or my Vintner for a long Pagan-score behind the Bar, I immediately read but half a dozen Lines of thy admirable Ode, and sleep as heartily as the Monks in Rabelais, after finging a Verse or two of the seven-Penitential Psalms. All I am afraid of, is, that when the Virtues of it are known, some body or other will be perpetually borrowing it of me, either to help him to a Nap, or cure him of the Spleen, for I find its an excellent Specifick for both; therefore I must desire thee to order trusty Sam. to fend me as many of them as have escap'd the Pastry-Cook, and I will remit him his Money by the next Opportunity. If Augustus Cafar thought a Roman Gen-

Farewel.

owen in what I value most, my Versification and good Name, for which Apollo in due time reward

King JAMES II. LETTER to LEWIS XIV. By Mr. BOYER.

Tear Royal Brother and Confin,

More-

To betwint us; and am now at some hundred millions of Leagues distance from you, yet

do I still remember the Promise I made you before my Departure, to send you an account of my Journey hither. Know then, that all the Stories you hear of the Mansions of the Dead, are Flim-slams, invented by the Crafty, to terrify and manage the Weak. Here's no such thing as Hell or Purgatory; no Lake of Fire and Brimstone; no Cloven-footed Devils; no Land of Darkness. This Place is wonderfully well lighted by a never decaying Essulgence, which slows from the Almighty; and the Pleasures we Dead in enjoy, and the Torments we endure, consist in a full and clear View of our past Actions, whether good or bad; and in being in such or such Com-

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pany as is allotted us. For my part, I am continually tormented with the Thoughts of having lost three goodly Kingdoms by my Infatuation and Bigotry; and to aggravate my Pain, I am quarter'd with my honour'd Royal Father Charles I. my honest well meaning Brother Charles II. and the subtle Machiavel; the first reproaches me ever and anon, with my not having made better use of his dreadful Examples; the second with having despis'd his wholesome Advices; and the third, with having misapply'd his Maxims, through the wrong Suggestions of my Father Confessor. Oh! that I had as little Religion as your felf, or as 5-M-R----H and fome other of my Ministers and my Predecessors! Then might I have reign d with Honour, and im Flenty over a Nation, which is ever loyal and faithful to a Prince who is tender of their Laws and Liberties; and peacefully refigured my Crown to my lawfully begothen Son; whereas through the Delmhous of Prieff-Craft, and the fond holinactions of a biggoted Wife, Fenderwour'd no effablish the Superflations of Patient, and the fatal Maxims of a desposick, dispending Power, upon the Ruins of the Protestant Religion, and of the fundamental Laws of a fire People, which at last, concluded with my Abdication and Exile. I am forry you have deviated from your wonted Cultom of breaking your Word, and that you have panchually observed the Promise you made me at my dying Fed, of acknowledging my dear Son as: King of Great-Britain; for I fear my quondam Subjects, who love to contradict you in every thing, will from thence take an occasion to Abjure him for ever; whereas had you disown'd him, they would perhaps have acknowledg'd him in meer spite. Cardinal Ric'lieu, who visits me often, professes still a great deal of Zeal and Affection for your Government, but is extreamly concern'd at the wrong Measures you take to arrive at universal Monarchy, He has desir'd me to advise you, to keep the old Method

Method he chalk'd out for you, which is, to trust more to your Gold, than to your Arms. I cannot but think he is in the right on't, considering the wonderful Success the fift has lately had with the Archbishop of Cologn, and some other German and Italian Princes, and the small Progress your Armies have made in the Milaneze. But the Wholefomeness of his Advice is yet better justify'd by your Dealings with the English, whom you know, you have always found more eafily brib'd than bully'd. Therefore, as you tender the Grandeur of your Monarchy, and the Interest of my dear Son, instead of raising new Forces, and fitting our Fleets, be fure to fend a Cart-load of your new-coin'd Lewis d'Ors in England, in order to divide the Nation, and fet the Whigs and Tories together by the Ears. But take care you trust your Money in the Hands of a Ferson that knows how to distribute it to more Advantage than either Count T----d or P-n, who, as I am told, have lavish'd away your Favours all at once upon infatiable Cormorants, and extravagant Gamesters and Spendthrifts. 'Tis true, by their Affiftance, and the unwearied Diligence of my loyal Facobites, you have made a shift to get the Old Ministry discarded, and to detard the grand Alliance; but let me tell you, unless you see them afresh, they will certainly leave you in the Lurch at the next Sessions; for Ingratitude and Corraption do always go together. Therefore to keep these mercenary Rogues to their Behaviour, and in perpetual Dependance, you must feed them with finall Portions, as weekly, or monthly Allowance. Above all, bid your Agents take heed how they deal with a certain indefatigable Writer, who, as long as your Gold has lasted, has been very useful to our Cause, and boldly descated the dangerous Counsels of the Whigs, your implacable Enemies; but who, upon the first withdrawing of your Bounty, will infallibly turn Cat in Pan, and write for the House of Austria.

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I could give you more Inftructions in Relation to England, but not knowing whether they would be taken in good part, I forbear them for the present. Pray comfort my dear Spoule with a Royal Kifs. and tell her, I wait her coming with Impatience. Bid my beloved Son not despair of ascending my Throne, that is, provided he shakes off the Fetters of the Romish Superstition; let him not despond upon Account of my unfaithful Servant Fuller's Evidence against his Legitimacy, for the Depositions of my Nobility, which are still upon Record in the Chancery, will eafily defeat that Perjur'd Fellow's pretended Proof, with all honest considering Men. And as for the numerous Addresses, which I hear, are daily presented to my Successor against him, he may find as many in my strong Box, which were presented to me in his Favour, both before and after his Birth. The last Courier brought us News of a pretended Miracle, wrought by my Body at the Benedictine's Church; I earnestly desire you to disabuse the World, and keep the Imposture from getting Ground; for how is it possible I should cure Eye-Fistulas, now I am dead, that could not eale my felf of a troublesome Corn in my Toe when living? My Service to all our Friends and Acquaintance; be affur'd that all the Lethean Waters shall never wash away from my Memory the great Services I have received at your Hands in the other World; nor the inviolable Affection, which makes me subscribe my felf,

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,

Your most obliged Friend,

JAMES REX.

LEWIS XIV. ANSWER to King JAMES II. By the Same Hand.

Most beloved Royal Brother and Cousin,

*** Our's I received this Morning, and no fooner

Y & cast my Eyes upon the Superscription, but I

*** gues'd it to be written by one of my Fellow

Kings, by the Scrawl and Ill-fpelling. I am glad your Account of the other World agrees fo well with the Thoughts I always entertained about it: For, between Friends, I never believ'd the Stories the Priefts tells us of Hell and Purgatory. Ambition has ever been my Religion; and my Grandeur the only Deity to which I have paid my Adorations. If I have perfecuted the Protestants of my Kingdom, 'twas not because I thought their Perswasons worse than the Romish, but because I look'd upon them as a fort of dangerous Antimonarchical People; who, as they had fixed the Crown upon my Head, fo they might as eafily take it off, to ferve their own Party; and because by that means, I fecur'd the Jesuits, who must be own'd the best Supporters of Arbitrary Power. Nay, to tell you the truth, my Defign in making you, by my Emiffaries, a flickler of Popery, was only to create Jealousies betwixt you and your Feople, so that ye might fland in need of my Assistance, and be tributary to my Power. I am forry you are in the Company of the three Persons you mention. get rid of their teazing and reproaching Converfation, I advise you to propose a match at Whisk, and if by casting Knaves you can but get Machiavel on your fide, I am fure you will get the better of the other two. Since you mention my owning the Prince your Son as King of Great Britain, I must needs tell you, that neither he nor you, have reafon to be beholden to me for it: For what I did was not to keep my Promise to you, but only to

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ferve my own Ends; I considered, that an Alliance being made between the English, the Emperor and the Dutch, in order to reduce my Exhorlitant Power, a War must inevitably follow. Now, I suppose, that after two or three Years fighting, my Finances will be pretty near exhaufted, and that I shall be forced to condescend to give Peace to Europe, as I did four Years ago. The Emperor, I recken, will be brought to Sign and Seal upon reasonable Terms, and be content with having some small share in the Spanish Monarchy; as will the Dutch also with a Barrier in Flanders. These two less considerable Enemies being quieted, how shall I pacify those I fear most, I mean the English? Why, by turning your dear Son out of my Kingdom, as I formerly did you and your Brother. Not that I will wholly abandon him neither: No, you may rest assured that I will re-espouse his Quarrel, as soon as I shall find an Opportunity to make him instrumental to the advancement of my Greatness. I am obliged to Cardinal Richlies for the Concern he shows for the Honour of France, and will not fail to make use ot his Advice, as far as my running Cash will let me. But I am somewhat puzzled how to manage Matters in England at the next Sessions; for my Agent P-n, by taking his leave in a publisk Tavern, of three of our best Friends, has render'd them suspected to the Nation, and consequently useless to me. I wish you could direct me to some trusty Facebite in England, to distribute my Bribes; for I find my own Subjects unqualify'd for that Office, and eafily bubbled by the sharp mercenary English. How ever, I will not fo much depend upon my Lewis d'Ors, as to disband my Armies, and lay up my Fleets, as you and Cardinal Richlieu feem to couniel me to do. I suppose you have no other Intelligence but the London-Gazette, else you would not entertain so despicable an Opinion of my Arms in Italy. I fend you here enclos'd a Collection of the Gazettes printed this Year in my good City of Paris.

Paris, whereby you will find, upon a right Computation, that the Germans have lost ten Men to one of the Confederates. Pray fail not fending me by the next Post, all the Instructions you can think of, in Relation to England: For though you made more false Steps in this World, than any of your Predecessors; yet I find by your Letter, you have wonderfully improv'd your Politicks by the Conversation of Machiavel and Richlieu. I have communicated your Letter to your dear Spouse and beloved Son, who cannot be perfwaded to believe it came from you; not thinking it possible that so Religious a Man, whilst living, should turn Libertine after his Death: I cannot with Safety comply to your Defire of disabusing the World, concerning the miraculous Cure pretended to be wrought by your Body at the Benedictine's Church. Such tious Erauds being the main Prop of the Popish Religion; as this is of my Sovereign Authority. Your Son may hope to be one day feated on your Throne, not by turning Protestant (to which he is intirely averse, and which I shall be sure to prevent) but by the SUPERIORITY of my Arms, and the EX-TENSIVENESS of my POWER, after I shall have fix'd my Son on the Monarchy of Spain, Madam Maintenon desires to be remembred to you, The writes by this Post to Mr. Scarron her former Husband, to defire him to wait on you, and endeavour to divert your melancholly Thoughts, by reading to you the third Part of his Comical Romance, which we are inform'd he has lately written, for the Entertainment of the Dead. I remain as faithfully as ever,

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,

Your Affectionate Friend,

LEWIS REX.

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Wa lo From JULIAN, late Secretary to the MUSES. to WILL. PIERRE of Lincolns-Inn Field's Play House. By another Hand.

Pandamonium the 8th of the Month of Belzebub.

Worthy and Right Well-beloved,

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VOL. II.

HAT you may not wonder at an Address The from Hell, or be scandalis'd at the Corrego qo fpondence, I must let you know first, that by the uncertainty of the Road, and the forgetfulnels of my old Acquaintance, all my former Letters are either miscarried, or have been neglected by my Correspondents, who, though they were fond enough of my Scandal, nay, courted my Favours when living, now I am past gratifying their Vices, like true Men, they think no more of me. The conscious Tub Tavern can witness, and my Berry-fireet Apartment testify the Solicitations I have had, for the first Copy of a new Lampoon, from the greatest Lords of the Court; though their own Folly, and their Wives Vices were the Subjects. My Person was so sacred, that the terrible Scan-man had no Terrors for me, whose Business was so publick and fo useful, as conveying about the Faults of the Great and the Fair; for in my Books the Lord was shewn a Knave or Fool, though his Power defended the former, and his Pride would not fee the latter. The antiquated Coquet was told of her Age and Uglinels, though her Vanity plac'd her in the first Row in the King's Box at the Play-House, and in the View of the Congregation at St. Fames's The precise Countess that would be scandalis'd at a double entendre, was shewn betwixt a pair of Sheets with a well made Footman, in ipite of her Quality and conjugal Vow. The formal Statesman that fet up for Wildom and Honesty. was expos'd as a dull Tool, and yet a Knave, lofing at play his own Revenue, and the Bribes incident

cident to his Post, besides enjoying the Infamy of a poor and fruitless Knavery without any Concern. The demure Lady, that wou'd scarce sip off the Glass in Company, carousing her Bottles in private. of cool Nants too, sometimes to correct the Crudities of her last Nights Debauch. In short, in my Books were feen Men and Women as they were, not as they wou'd feem; strip'd of their Hypocrify, spoil'd of their Fig-leaves of their Quality. A Knave was call'd a Knave, a Fool a Fool, a Jilt a Jilt, and a Whore a Whore. And the love of Scandal and native Malice that Men and Women have to one another, made me in fuch Request when alive. that I was admitted to the Lord's Closet, when a Man of Letters and Merit would be thrust out of Doors. And I was as familiar with the Ladies, as their Lap-Dogs; for to them I did often good Services, under pretence of a Lampoon, I conveying a Billet deux; and so whilft I expos'd their past Vices in the present, I prompted matter for the next Lampoon. After all these Services, believe me, Sir, I was no sooner dead, than forgotten: I have writ many Letters to the brib'd Countries, of their Forcrunner's arrival in these Parts, but not one word of Answer. I sent word tomy Lord Squeezeall that his good Friend Sir Parcimony Spareall was newly arriv'd, and clap'd into the Bilbows for a Fool as well as a Knave, that starv'd himself to supply the Prodigality of his Heirs. But he despites good Counsel I hear, and starves both himself and his Children, to raise them Portions. I writ another Letter to my Lady Manishim, that virtuous Mrs. Vizor was brought in here, and made shroving Fritters for the Hackney Devils, for her unnatural Lusts; but Sue Frousy that came hither the other Day, affures me, that the either received not my Letter, or at least took no notice of it; for that she went on in her old Road, and had brought her Vice almost into Fashion; and that the practical Vices of the Town boaded an eternal Breach betwixt

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twixt the Sexes, while each confin'd it felf to the same Sex, and so threatned a Cessation of Commerce in Propagation betwixt then. In short, Sir, I have tired my felf with Advices to my quondam Acquaintance, and that should take away your Surprife at my fending to you, who must be honest, because you are so poor; and a Man of Merit because you were never promoted; for your World of the Theatre, is the true Picture of the greater World, where Honesty and Merit starve, while Knavery and Impudence get favour from all Men. For you, Sir, if I mistake not, are one of the most ancient of his Majesty's Servants, under the Denomination of a Player, and yet cannot advance above the delivering of a scurvy Message, which the strutting Leaders of your House wou'd de much more aukardly, and by confequence 'tis the Partiality of them, or the Town, that have kept you in this low Post all this while. This perswades me, that from you I may hope a true and fincere Account of Things, and how Matters are now carried above; for Lying, Hypocrify and Compliment, fo take up all that taste of Fortune's Favour, that there is scarce any Credit to be given to their Narrations; for either out of Favour or Malice, they give a false Face to Histories, and misreprefent Mankind to that abominable Degree, that the best History is not much better than a probable Romance; and Quintus Curtius, and Calprenede, are distinguished more by their Language than Sincerity. Thus much by shewing the Motive of my writing to you, to take away your Surprise; though before I pass to remove the Shame of such a Correspondence, I must tell you, that your Station qualifying you for a right Information of the Scandal of the Town, I hope you will not fail to answer my Expectation: Behind your Scenes come all the young Wits, and all the young and old Beaus, both Animals of Malice, and wou'd no more conceal any be-Woman's Frailty, or any Man's Folly, than they D 2

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I know that Hell lyes under some Disadvantages. in the Opinion even of those who are industrious enough to secure themselves a Retreat here. They play the Devil among you, and yet are ashamed of their Master, and rail at his Abode, as much as if they had no right to the Inheritance. The Mifer. whose daily Toils, and nightly Cares and Study is how to oppress the Poor, cheat or over-reach his Neighbour, to betray the Trusts his Hypocrify procured; and, in fhort, to break all the positive Laws of Morality, cries out, Ob Diabolical! at a poor harmless double Meaning in a Play, and bleffes himself that he is not one of the ungodly; rails at Hell and the Devil all the while he is riding Post to them. The holy Sifter, that Sacrifiles in the Righteousness of her Spirit the Reputation of some of her Acquaintance or other every Day; that Cuckolds her Husband in the Fear of the Lord with one of the Elect; rails at the Whore of Babylon, and Lawn-fleeves, as the Diabolical Invention of Lucifer, though the is laying up Provisions here for a long Abode in these Shades of Reverend Satan, whom the fo much all her Life declaims against. The Lawyer that has watched whole Nights, and bawl'd away whole Days in bad Caufes, for good Gold; that never car'd how crafy his Client's Title was, if his Bags were full; that has made a hundred Conveyances with Flaws, to beget Law-Suits, and litigious Broils; when he's with the Devil, has the Detestation of Hell and the Devil in his Mouth, all the while that the love of them fills his whole Heart; and so thro' the rest of our false Brothers, whose Mouths bely their Minds, and fix an Infamy on what they most pursue.

This is what may make you ashamed of my Correspondence, but when you will restect on what good Company we keep here, you will think it more an Honour than Disgrace; for our Company

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here is chiefly composed of Princes, great Lords, modern Statesmen, Courtiers, Lawyers, Judges, Doctors of Divinity, and Doctors of the Civil-Law, Beaus, Ladies of Beauty and Quality, Wits of Title, Men of noisy Honour, gifted Brothers, Boasters of the Spirits supply'd them from hence: In short, all that make most Noise against us: Which will, I hope, satisfy you so far, as to make me happy in a speedy Answer; which will oblige,

Your very kumble and

Thernal Servant,

. AALU JUCCIIC Samowale Valenty Linguist Store

RESISENT RESISENT CONTRACTOR OF THE STATE OF

WILL. PIERRE's ANSWER. By the same Hand.

Behind the Scenes, Lincolns-Inn-Fields, Nov. 5. 1701.

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Worthy Sir, of venerable Memory.

* * * Ours I received, and have been to far from * Y * being furpris'd at, or asham'd of your Cor-* * respondence, that the first I desired, and the

latter was transported with. My Mind has been long burthen'd, and I wanted such a Correspondent to disclose my Grievances to, for there is no Man on Earth that wou'd give me the hearing, for Popery makes a Man of the best Parts a Jest, and every Fool with a Feather in his Cap, can everlook a Man of Merit in Rags. Wit from one out at Heels, sounds like Nonsense in the Ears of a gay Fop, that knows no other furniture of a Head, but a full Wig; and he that would split himself with the half Jest of a Lord he wou'd flatter, is deaf to the best thing from the Mouth, of a poor Fellow he

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can't get by. These Considerations, Sir, have made me proud of this Occasion, of replying to your obliging Letter, in the manner you defire, For as Scandal was your Occupation here above, you, like Vintners and Bawds, living on the Sins of the Times; so a short impartial Account of the present State of Iniquity and Folly, cannot be dis-

agreeable to you.

Poetry was the Vehicle that conveyed all your Scandal to the Town, and I being conversant about the Skirts of that Art, my Scandal must dwell chiefly thereabouts; not omitting that scantling of general Scandal of the Town, that is come to my Knowledge; for you must know, since your death, and your Successor Summerton's Madness, Lampoon has felt a very sensible Decay, and seldom is there any attempt at it, and when there is, 'tis very heavy and dull, curfed Verfe, or worse Prose: So gone is the brisk Spirit of Verse, that us'd to watch the Follies and Vice of the Men and Women of Figure, that they could not start new ones faster than Lampoons expos'd them. This Deficiency of Satyr is not from a scarcity of Vices, which abound more than ever, or Follies more numerous than in your time, but from a meer Impotence of Malice, which tho as general as ever, confines it felt to Discourse; and Railing is its utmost Effort, defaming lover one Bottle, those they caress over another. Every Man abuses his Friend behind his Back, and no Man ever takes notice of it, but does the fame thing in his Turn? And for Sincerity, Women have as much: The Women grow greater Hypecrites than ever, lewder in their Chamber Practice, and more formal in Publick; they rail at the Vices they indulge; they for fake publick Diversions, as Plays, &c. to gain the Reputation of Virtue, to give a greater loofe to the domestick Diversions of a Bottle and Gallant; and Hypocrify heightens their Pleasures. The Mode now is not as of old, in all amerous Encounters, every Man

to his Woman, but like Nuns in a Cloyfter, every Female has her Privado of her own Sex; and the honester part of Men, must either fall in with the modifh Vice, or live chaftly; to both which I find a great many extreamly averse. There has a terrible Enemy arose to the Stage, an abdicated Divine, who when he had escaped the Pillory for Sedition, and Reforming the State, fet up for the Refermation of the Stage. The Event was admirable, Fanaticks presented the Nonjuror, and Misers and Extortioners gave him bountiful Rewards; one grave Citizen, that had found the Character too often on the Stage, and famous for the Ruin of some hundreds of poor under-Tradesmens Families, laid out Threescore Pounds in the Impression, to distribute among the Saints, that are zealous for God and Mammon at the same time: Bullies and Republicans quarrell'd for the Paffive Obedience Spark; grave Divines extoll'd his Wit, and Atheifts his Religion; the Fanaticks his Honesty, the Hypocrite his Zeal, and the Ladies were of his fide, because he was for submitting to Force. There is yet a greater" Mischief befall'n the Stage; here are Societies set up for Reformation of Manners; Troops of Informers, who are maintain'd by Perjury, serve God for Gain, and ferret out Whores for Subfiftence. This noble Society consists of Divines of both Churches, Fanatick as well as Orthodox Saints and Sinners, Knights of the Post, and Knights of the Elbow, and they are not more unanimous against Immorality in their Informations, than for it in their Praflice; they avoid no Sins in themselves, and will luffer none in any one else. The Fanaticks, that never preached up Morality in their Pulpits, or knew it in their Dealings, would feem to promote. it in the ungodly. The Churchmen, that would enjoy the Pleasure of Sinners, and the Reputation of Saints, are for punishing Whores and Drinking in all but themselves. In short, the Motive that carries the Popish Aposses to the richer Continents, D. 4. makes :

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makes these Gentlemen so busy in our Reformation Money. Nay, Reformation is grown a flaple. Commodity, and the Dealers in it are fuddenly to be made into a Corporation, and their Privileges peculiar are to be Perjury without Punishment, and Lying with Impunity. The Whores have a Tax laid on them towards their Maintenance, in which they fhare with Captain W----, and the Justices of the Peace; for New-Prison knows them in all their Turns, and Twenty or Thirty Shillings gives them a License for whoring, till next Pay-day; so that the Effect of their Punishment only railes the Price of the Sin, and the Vices of the Nation maintain the Informers. Drinking, Swearing and Whoring are the Manufactures they deal in; for should they stretch their Zeal to Cozening, Cheating, Usury, Extortion, Oppression, Defamation, Secret Adulteries and Fernication, and a thousand other of these more crying Immoralities, the City would rife against these Invaders of their Liberties, and the Cuckolds one and all, for their own and their Wives fakes, rife against the Reformers. These worthy Gentlemen, for promoting the Interest of the Crown-Office, and some such honest Place, pick harmless words out of Plays, to indist the Players and squeeze Twenty Pound a Week cut of them, if they can, for their exposing Price, Vanity, Hypecrify, Ufury, Oppression, Cheating, and the other darling Vices of the Mafter Reformers, who owe them a Grudge, not to be appeas'd without confiderable Offerings; for Money in these Cases wipes off all Defects.

There are other matters of smaller Importance, I shall refer to my next, as who kisses who in our Dominions; that Hypocrify has infected the Stage too, where Whores with great Bellies wou'd thrust themselves off for Virgins, and bully the Audience out of their Sight and Understanding; where Maids can talk bawdy for Wit, and Footmen pass on Quality for Gentlemen; Fools sit as Judges on Wit, and the Ignorant on Men of Learning; where the Motto is Vivitur

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Vivitur Ingenio, the dull Rogues have the Management and the Profits; where Farce is a Darling, and good Sense and good Writing not understood: And this brings to my Mind a thing I lately heard from a false Smatterer in Poetry behind the Scenes. and which if you see Ben. Folinson, I desire you to communicate to him. A new Author, fays one that has wrote a Taking Play, is writing a Treatife of Comedy, in which he mauls the learned Roues, the Writers, to some Purpose; he shews what a Coxcomb Aristotle was, and what a Company of senseless Pedants the Scaligers, Rapines, Vossii, &c. are; proves. that no good Play can be Regular, and that all Rules. are as ridiculous as useless. He tells us, Aristotle knew nothing of Poetry, (for he knew nothing of his Fragments fo extoll'd by Scaliger) and that common Sense and Nature was not the same in Athens, as in Drury-Lane; that Uniformity and Coberence was Green-fleeves, and Pudding-Pies, and that Irregularity and Nonsense were the chief Perfections of the Drama. That the Silent Woman, by consequence was before the Trip to the Jubilee, and the Ambitious Step-mother, better than the Orphan: That Hiccius Doctius was Arabick, and that Bonnyclabber is the black-Broth of the Lacedemonians; and thus he runs on with Paradoxes as new as unintelligible; but this noble Treatise being yet in Embrio, you may expect a farther Account of it in the next, from, above. To bid me welcome into this!

ror sand region me after my Koyage, I was were a Bern of Fire and Lumblenc, cutt by

the Mealine's and because my falls we

Your obliged humble Servant,

WILL PIERRE.

with a mas at Paterrainmo.

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ANTIOCHUS, to LEWIS XIV. By Mr.

Dear Brother.

** * OU will be surprised I know, to receive this *Y * Letter from a Stranger; and of all the Damn'd

* * perhaps, I am the only Man from whom you

least of all expect any News; because I have always pass d for so impious and cruel a Prince, and my Name has given People such horrid Ideas of me, that they think me insensible of Pity, as having

never practifed any in my Life-time.

When I fat upon the Throne of Syria, having no more Religion than your Most Christian Majesty, I fifled all the Dictates of my Conscience, pillag'd the Temple of the Yews, caroufed with their Blood, and running from one Crime to another, drewinfinite Desolations every where after me. But after I had exercised my Tyranny on the innocent Poferity of feveral great Kings, and left a Thousand Monuments of my Barbarity, I found to my Sorrow, that I was mortal, and obliged to fubmit to that Hate, whose Attacks feeble Nature cannot relift. I then fell into an Abyls, which is enlightned only by thate Flames which will for ever roaft fuch Monsters as we; and where I was loaded with much heavier Irons than any I had plagued poor Mortals with above. To bid me welcome into this Place of Horror, and refresh me after my Voyage, I was plung'd into a Bath of Fire and Brimstone, cupt by a Mafler Devil, rubb'd, ferubb'd, &c. by a parcel of fmeaking, grinning Hobgoblins, and afterwards presented with a musical Entertainment of Groans, Howling and gnashing of Teeth. I soon began to play my part in this hideous Confort, where Difpair beat the Measure; and because my Pains were infinitely greater than those of others, I immediately asked the Reafon of my Torments, and was told it was for having hindred the peopling of Hell, by the

the multitude of Martyrs my long Perfecutions had made, and of which you cannot be ignorant, if you delight in useful reading. Since I have been in this Empire of Sorrow, where I found the Pharcohs, Ahabs, fezebels, Athaliahs, Nebuchadnezzars, &c. and where I have feen arrive the Neroes. Dioclesians, Decii, * Philips of Austria. Charles of Valois, whose Names wou'd fill a Volume; the Recruits of Loyola arrive every Day in search of their Cap- St. Barthotain, but in some Confusion, for fear of lomew's. meeting Clement and Ravillac, who never ceafe curfing them. Your Aparement, Most Christian Hero, has been some fifty Years a rearing, but now they redouble their Care, your coming being daily expected; I give you timely notice of it. that you may take your measures accordingly. . Perhaps you will be offended at this familiarity, and tell me no Man can deserve Hell for fighting against Hereticks, under the command of an infallible General; but if you know the prefent State of those Miter'd Leaders, it would not a little terrify you. Lucifer has turned them into feveral Shapes, and peopl'd his back-Yard with them; the Place 'ris true, is not so delightful as your Menagerie and Trianon at Versailles, but much excens it in variety and number of Monsters. Your Cell is in the same Yard, that you may be near your good Friends, who advis'd you to make the Habitation of the Shades a Defart; for which the Prince of Darknels hates you mortally, and defigns you fomething worle than a Fiftula, or the Bull of Phalaris. Your ingenious Emissaries, Marillac, la Rapine and la Chaife, will meet in the Squadrons of Pluto with more invenom'd Dragoons, than those they let loose against their poor Country-men in France: 'Twill be their Employment to keep this Menagerie clean, whose Stench would otherwise poison the rest of Hell. That Renegado Pelisson too makes so odious a Figure here, that he frights the boldest of our Jay-

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lors; and his Eyes, red with crying for his Sins, which were so much the greater, because they were voluntary, make him asham'd to look any one in the Face. Our Learned think him prosoundly ignorant; yet you must be the Trajan of that Pliny, for he is now writing your History in such a terrible manner, that it will but little resemble that which your Pensionary Wits are Composing. The Voyage having made him lose some part of his Memory, and forget the particulars of your Virtues; he will therefore take me for his Model, and draw my

* Madam dear * Dulcinea, whose Head he dresses like a Girls, at the Age of Threescore and Ten, makes the Court of Prosperine rejoice before-hand;

† Scarron. yet the deformed † Author of the comical Romance, cannot laugh, as facetions as he is; I will tell you no more, because some may think I give this Counsel out of my private Interest; for having been always ambitious, it would doubtless grieve me to see a more wicked

and cruel Tyrant than my self; but on the Faith

and Word of one that endures the sharpest of Torments, 'tis pure Compassion.

I am Yours, &c.

LEWIS the XIVth's ANSWER.

*** Just now receiv'd yours by a Courier, who,

* I * had he not been too nimble for me, had been

* * * * rewarded according to his Deserts for his impudent Message. But are you such a Coxcomb

as to imagine that the most ambitious Monarch upon

I arth, whose Power puts all the Princes and States
of Europe into Convulsions, can be frighted at the

Th. cats of a Wretch condemn'd to everlassing

Punish

punishments? The Insolence of your Comparison, I must confess, threw me into a Rage; and not reflecting at first on the Impossibility of the Thing, I fent immediately for Boufflers to Dragoon you. But Villain! Because your Malice has been rampant for io many Ages, must you now level it at the eldest Son of the Church, whom the godly Jesuits have already Canoniz'd? I am not so ignorant of the History of Asia, though I never read any of the Books of the Maccabees; but I know you were both Judge and Executioner, and that there is not in the Universe one Monument consecrated to your Glory. Thanks to the careful Fefuits, la Place des Victoris, is a sufficient Proof that my Reputation is no Chimera, and my Name, which is to be seen in golden Characters over several Monasteries, assures me of a glorious Immortality. "Tis true, to keep in favour with the Church, have compell'd a handful of obstinate Fools to leave their Country and Estates, by forcing them to renounce their God, and implicitly take up with mine. Therefore the World has no Reason to make fuch a Noise about it. Are you mad to call Pelisson, who has read more Volumes than a Rabbi, and cou'd give Lessons of Hypocrify to the most exquisite Sect of the Pharisees, a Block-head? Your Torments are fo great, you know not on whom to spit your Venom, and my poor * Mistress, forsooth, must suffer * Maintenon. from your Malice: Is she the worse for being born in the Reign of my Grand-father? Pray ask Boileau, whose fincerity has cost him many a Tear, what he thinks of her. All the World knows her Virtues, and that she is grown gray in the School of Dissimulation and Lewdness, which have render'd her so charming in the Feats of Love, that she pleases me more than the youngest Beauty; therefore are her wrinkles the Objects of my wonder, and the Provocatives of my enervated

Limbs, instead of being Antidotes; and I would

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Though I am feiz'd by a Cancer on the Shoulder, yet I am under no Apprehensions, for I have given a Fee to St. Damian, who will cure me of it, as well as of that nauseous Malady of Naples: And I have Plenipotentiaries now bribing Heaven for its Friendship, and a new Term of Years. Then its in vain for Lucifer or you, ever to expect me; and when I must leave this terrerstial Paradice, 'twill be with such a Convoy of Masses, as will hurry me by the very Gate of Purgatory, without touching there. In the mean time correct your saucy Liberty, and let a Monarch who wou'd scorn to entertain such a pitiful Wretch as thou art for his Pimp, still huss the World, and sleep quietly in his Seraglio.

Verfailles, July 14.

LEWIS R.

CATHARINE de Medicis, to the Dutchess of ORLEANS.

Madam,

Have long bewailed your Condition, and though I am in a Place of Horror, yet I should think my self in some measure happy, if I

knew how to deliver you from those Anxieties which torment you. We have some body or other arrives here daily from Versailles, and as my Curiofity inclines me to enquire after your Highness, I have received so advantageous a Character of your Goodness from all Hands, that I think every one ought to pity you. Your Life, Madam, has been very unhappy, for you were married very young to a jealous ill-natur'd Prince, who had no love for you; though no Person in the World was fitter either to inspire or receive it than your self: However, you have had better lack than his former Wife.

Wife, which I take to be owing to your Prudence, and not his Generofity. The Desolations of the Palatine, and Persecution of a Religion you once approved, must infallibly have given you many uneasy Moments, but your Misfortunes did not stop here, for even your domestick Pleasures have been poilon'd by the Dishonour and Injustice of the Court you live in. In short, though I was every unfortunate, yet I think you much more worthy of Compassion: When I married Henry II. I was both young and handsome, yet his doting on the haughty Dutchess of Valentinois, who was a Grand-mother before Francis II. was born, made me pals many melancholly Nights. Notwithstanding the Injustice as well as Cruelty of keeping a fancy Strumpet under my Nose, yet with the Veil of Prudence and Religion, I eafily cover'd my Inclinations, because the pious Cardinal of Lorrain, who had an admirable Talent to comfort an afflicted Heart, commiferating my Condition, gave me wonderful Confolation. As the refreshing Cordials of the Church foon made me forget the King's ill Ufage of me, fo, Madam, it is not so much the Infidelity of your Husband, as the cruel Conftraint and Jealoufy, that makes me think your Life to be miferable; for how great foever your Occasions are, you dare not I know, accept of those Assistances I daily receive from a plump agreeable Prelate, and I am heartily forry for it. To divert this Discourse, which may perhaps aggravate your Uneafiness, by renewing your Necessities, you'll tell me, I suppose, that I thou'd have had as much Compassion, when France was dyed with the Blood of so many Thousand Victims, and that I might eafily have moderated the Fury of my Son, and of the House of Guise; but besides, you must consider, I was a zcalous Papist; and they, you know, think the cutting of poor Hereticks Throats, is doing Heaven good Service; so that I beheld the dreadful Massacre of St. Bartholomew with as much Satisfaction as ever I

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did the most glorious and solemn Festival. I am not for it at present, Madam, and could I have been so sooner, it would have been much more for my Ease. All my Comfort is, that I am not my self in a strange and unknown Country: For the old Dutchess, who robbed me of my due Benevolence in the other World, continually follows me to upbraid me; the Guises rave, brandishing bloody Daggers in their Hands; and every Hour I meet with numbers of my former Acquaintance and nearest Relations, but I avoid their Company as much as I can, for the Love of my dear Cardinal, who continues as great a Gallant as ever. I ask no Masses of you, for the Dead are not a Farthing the better for them. But, Madam, fince all the World has not so good an Opinion of me at Brantome, let me conjure you not to let my Memory be too much infulted. Some may fay I was as cunning as Livia, that I was even with my Husband, and govern'd my Children; but their Fate did not answer my Care: For Francis liv'd but a little time, Elizabeth found her Tomb in the Arms of a jealous Husband, the Queen of Navarre was a wandering Star, Charles a cautious Coxcomb, that facrafifed all to his Safety; and Henry, on whom I had founded all my Hopes, a dissolute Debauchee, whom the Justice of Heaven would not spare. You know his History, and if you fhou'd fee a Tragedy, of the like nature acted on your Stage, let your Constancy, which makes you respected even in Hell support *Madam Main- you. Let old * Messalina enjoy the

*Madam Main- you. Let old * Messalina enjoy the tenon. infamous Honour of the Royal-Bed; you need not blush at it, since all

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the World esteems you as much as they.

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The ANSWER of the Dutchess of ORLEANS to CATHARINE de Medicis.

******Was with much reason you pity me; and tho'I

*'T * have said nothing all this while, yet I have not

**** thought the less. If the Practice of our Court

my self some Ease, by imparting many things to you, which would fill you with Horror; and then you would find that the Cruelties of your Sons were Trifles in Comparison of these. The most impartial Censurers of Barbarity maintain that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was milder than the present Persecution of the Protestants: Ambition was the chiefest Motive of the Guiss; but now their Cruelties are covered with the Cloak of Religion;

for the virtuous Favourite † Sulta- † Madam

ness, with the pitious * Musti in Maintenon.

waiting, are resolved to cause the * Father la

Christians to be more cruelly perse- Chaise.

cuted than they were at Algiers, and the Roman Church is resolved, at any Rate, to merit the Name of the Blood-thirsty Beast. They value not exposing the Reputation of Princes; I blush for my Race, and am often obliged to swallow my Tears. I believe the Efficacy of Masses no more than you, therefore I will not offer you any. I am very glad to hear the Cardinal of Lorrain proves so constant; for a Prelate of his Talent and Constitution must certainly be a great Consolation to a diffressed Princess. Brantome who has fo much flatter'd you, may do it again; and though Sancy has been too fincere, yet he dares not contradict him in your Presence. I hope to see the Ruins of my Country rais'd up again; for tho' our ambitious Monarch huffs and hectors all Christendome, yet his Game to me feems very desperate, and I believe he'll prove the Dog in the Fable; fince he has so depopulated and impoverish'd his Dominion

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by Persecutions, that those pious Drones the Monke, only can support the Church's Grandeur in their Faces, with three story-Chains; the rest of his People being reduc'd to wooden-Shoes and Garlick. Tho' our Gazettes are little better than Romances, yet they will serve to divert you and your Cardinal, when not better employ'd; and I wish I could send them to you Weekly 'Tistrue, great numbers set out daily from hence, for your Country; and among them, People of the best Quality, but I carefully avoid all Commerce with them; and tho' I have a wonderful Esteem for you, take it not amis, Madam, if I endeavour never to see you.

Cardinal MAZARINE, to the Marquis D' BARBASIEUX.

Am furpris'd to think you have profited for I little by your Father's Example: As great a Beaft as he was, he govern'd himself better than you; for contenting himself with pil-

laging all France, according to our Maxims, he

*The Murderer
of Henry IV.
†Grandval
bang'd in Flanders, for attempting to kill K. W.

mever attempted the Life of any
Man, nor ever fet any * Ravillacs
to work. Is it not a horrible thing
to fee the † Servant of a Minister
of State suffer upon the Wheel, and
publish the shame of him that
sing to kill K. W.

fet him to Work? You were mightily mistaken in the Choice of

your Villain; for whenever you have a King to dispatch, you must employ a Fesuit, or some Novice inspired by their Religious Society; and had you been

* K. William. fo wise, the Prince * you had a Plot against wou'd not be now in the way, to hinder the Designs of a † King, for whom I have the

Tenderness of a Father, who was always under my Subjection, and wou'd have married

but

ried my Niece, if I had pleas'd. I fell into a cold Sweat even in the midst of my Fire and Brimstone, at the News of your Conspiracy; because it so severely reflected on his Reputation. Ought you to have expos'd his Credit in so dubious an Enterprise? Is it not sufficient that Poets

fet upon him † Mont Pagnotte, † A place out of whilst other Princes gave glorious the reach of Can-

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Troops? That they Reproach him with Incest, Sodomy, Adultery, and an unbridled Passion for the Relict of a

poor * Poet, who is a Turn-spit * Scarron. here below, and who had nothing

to keep him from starving when upon Earth, but the Pension which the Charity of Anne of Austria granted to his Infirmities, rather than his Works, tho' very diverting. What was your Aim in this cowardly Design? Wou'd you have more Servants, and more Whores? Or, ought you to effect that, to revive those Scenes of Cruelty and Treachery which we banish'd after the Death of the most eminent Cardinal Richlieu? All the Wealth you can raife, will never amount to the Treasures I was Master of; and how much is there now left, ask the Duke of Mazarine, and my Nephew of Nevers; one has been the Bubble of the Priests, and the other of his Pleasures. So that the Children of the first will hardly share one Year of my Revenue. His Wife for feveral Years was no Charge to him, fhe for her Beauty, being kept by Strangers; whilft he fool'd away those yast Riches he had by her. In fhort, you fee the praying Coxcomb I made Choice of, which, I must confe's, I did when I was in my Cups, has through his Zeal and Bigotny ruin'd all, even my most beautiful Statues; and that there is a Curfe entail'd upon fuch Effates as begin with a Miracle, and end with a Prodigy. I was born at Mazare, without any other Advantage than that of my Beauty;

but as a young Fellow can scarce desire a better Portion than that, in Italy, so it mov'd Cardinal Anthony to lead me lovingly from his Chamber to his Closet, where on a foft easy Couch, he preach'd to me Morals after the Italian Fashion; by which, and some other virtuous Actions of the same Stamp, I became the richest Favourite in the Universe. You may as well as I, heap a mighty Treasure, and lese it foolishly. Do not be guilty then of Murther, for things fo uncertain in the Possessien. Poor Louvois! who left you all, who drank more than Alexander, and thiev'd better than Colbert, or I, has not now water to quench his Thirst. You will undoubtedly meet the same Destiny; for this is the Residence of Traiters, Murtherers, Thieves, and all other, notoricus Villains. 'lis not altogether so pleasant a Place as †

† G eat Houses Meudon and Chaville; for we drink near Paris.

near Paris.

hopether to pleasant a Place as †

Meudon and Chaville; for we drink nothing but Aqua-fortis, and eat burning Charcoal; all Happiness is

banish'd, Misery only triumphs; and notwithstanding all those lying Steries the Priests may tell you, yet you'll be strangely surprised, when you come to judge it by your own Experience.

The ANSWER of Monsieur le Marquis de BAR-BASIEUX, to Cardinal MAZARINE.

** Our Eminence I find, is in a great Passion, be-*Y acause my Father did not get an Estate in your ** Service: Must you therefore abuse him, and turn

that as a Crime upon me, which has been pra-Gis'd ever fince there have been Kings in the World? If your Talent only lay in Pillaging and Plundering, must it therefore prescribe to mine? And do you think the Glory of taking away by Dagger or Poifon the Enemies of one's Prince, deserves less Immortality, than of ruining of his Subjects? You have, I confess, very meritoriously eternis'd your Name by that Method, for which Reason you ought

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in Conscience to allow me the liberty to find out another. Your are much in the wrong on't, to complain of the Duke of Mazarine, who did you the Honour to think you were only in Purgatory, and lavish'd your Treasures upon Bigots, in hopes to pray you out of it. If he in a holy Fit of Zeal, difmembred your fine Statues, which perhaps too often recall'd to your Memory the pious Sermons of Cardinal Anthony, he is feverely punish'd in a Libel made against him, in Vindication of your beauteous Niece. If that Satyr reaches your Regions below, you'll foon be convinced what a Coxcomb you were when you chose the worst of Men, to couple with the most charming of Women. This, with feveral other Passages of your Life, makes me not much wonder at your condemning me by your Cardinal's Authority, to drink Aqua-fortis. and cat burning Charcoal: It may perhaps be a proper Diet for Epicurean Cardinals and Italians, who love hot Liquors, and high-feafon'd Ragoos; but the Lords of Chaville and Meudon do not defire your Entertainments. How do you know, I befeech you. but I may take the Cell of the young Marquis D' Ancre at * Mont V.la- * Hermitage rine, there by a long Penitence to near Pais. jurge me of those Sins you fay I have committed? Therefore if you reckon me in the number of those Reprobates, doom'd to people the infernal Shades. Time will at last make it appear, that your Eminence has reckon'd without your Hoft.

MaRY of ENGLAND to the POPE.

Most Holy Father,

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* HE malignant Planet that govern'd at my Birth, so influenc'd all the Faculties of my Soul, that I was the most outragious and barbarous Princess till that time mounted the English Throne;

Throne; and as it is no extraordinary thing to continue in the same Temper, in a Country inhabited only with Tyrants, and the Butchers of their Subjects. To you ought not to be surprised, if I am not now

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disposses'd of it. I had not long * O.Catharine troubled the Word before my * of Spain. Mother was Divorc'd, and I my felf declar'd incapable of fucceeding

Henry VIII. Anne of Bulloign was then brought to the Royal Bed; and what was worse, with her was introduc'd a Religion fo conformable to the Laws of God that it never fuited with my Inclinations. The proud Rival of Catharine, was afterwards facrifis'd to the Inconstancy of her voluptuous Husband; but that infipid Religion to my Grief, was not confounded with her; for the young and fimple Edward countenanc'd it during his Reign. But then came my Turn, and you know, Sovereign Pontiff, with what Pride and Malice I mounted the Throne; the Means I us'd to destroy that cursed Heretical Doctrine; the Pleafure I took in shedding my Subjects Blood; what Magnificence and Splendour I gave to the Mass; how barbaroufly I treated that innocent and beautiful Princess Fane Suffolk; with what Severity I as'd my Sifter Elizabeth, and also the immoderate Joy that feiz'd my precious Soul, when I married a Prince, who had as well as I, the good quality of being cruel to the highest Degree, is not unknown to you. Notwithstanding what I said in the beginning of my Letter, you may, perhaps, think my Sentiments now alter'd, but I assure you the contrary, and that I cannot behold with Patience your present Insensibility and Mildness. Is it possible you can suffer a Religion, destitute of all Ornaments, that has nothing but Truth and Simplicity to recommend it, to get the Advantage of your Rome, which reigns in Blood and Furple, fubfifts by Falshood and Idolatry, and fets up and pulls down Kings.? How can you endure it? What a horrid Shame

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Shame and Weakness is this? Are there no more Ravillacs? Is there neither Powder nor Daggers in the Arsenal of the Fesuits? Have they forgot how to build Wheels, Gibbets and Scaffolds? Or is your Malice, Envy, Hatred and Fury seiz'd with a Lethargy? 'Sdeath, holy Father! I am di-Aracted when I think that nothing succeeds in England, where I took fo much Pains, and practis'd so much Cruelty to establish Popery, and root out the Doctrine of the Apostles; and where your pious Emissaries following my Zeal, had invented most admirable Machines to Sacrifile, with Fames I. all the Enemies of your Antichristian Holines! Do you sleep? and must France only brandish the glorious Flambeau of Persecution? Consider I pray, that I employ the best of my Time in Imprecations against the Deserters from your Church; that I so inflam'd my Blood in those Transports, that it threw me into a Dropfy, which hurried me to the Grave. My Husband, who was too much of my Temper, to love me, was very little concern'd: In short, that filthy Disease stifled me, a certain Presage of the continual Thirst I now suffer. But I once more befeech you, most holy Father, to reinforce your Squadrons, to join them with the most Christian King's, and with your holy Benediction, give them strict Orders to grant no Quarters to the Disciples of St. Paul. You will infinitely oblige by it both me and Lucifer, who is now as zealous a Romanist as your eldest Son, and who, like him, wou'd not willingly fuffer any but good Papists, the Friends and Pensioners of Verfalles, those sworn Enemies of Liberty and Property, in his Dominions. I am so ill natur'd, that my Husband Philip is as cautious of Imbracing me, as he was in the other World; but that's no Misfortune either to Earth or Hell, for we could produce nothing but a Monster between us, which wou'd be the Terror of Mankind, and Horror of Devils.

The POPE's Answer to MARY of ENGLAND.

* * OU are too violent, dear Madam, and Men *Y * of my Age and Grandeur require more Mo-* * deration. I'm acquainted with your History,

and know your Zeal, by the same Token, you need not waste your Lungs to acquaint me with either the one or the other. To be free with you, I am not of the Humour to espouse madly other Peoples Passions, tho' I should leave the Triple Crown destitute of all Pomp and Greatness. But I will make the Hereticks blot out of their Writings, if possible, the Names of Antickrift, devouring Dragon, Wolf difguifed in Sheeps-skin, and several others as abusive. Do you not believe People are weary of paying a blind Obedience to the See of Rome? Imperious France has made us fensible of it; and 'tis not the Fault of the eldest Son of the Church, if he does not dethrone his Mother. Ecclefiastical Censures are now out of Fashion, and no more minded than Pasquinades. We were fcorn'd and ridicul'd in your Father's Time; and tho' you were as handsome as my quondam Mistress, Donna Maria di S. Germano, you wou'd not oblige me to put up fresh Affronts for your fake. Your Husband is to blame, to treat you with such Indisference, and I think it very ill for an infected Worm-eaten Carcafs to despife so devout a Queen. But I cannot imagine why the Popes, who live all under the same Zone with you, fuffer fuch Coldness. Suppose your Husband shou'd, like a Heretick, despise their Exhortations, one of their Decrees has power enough to Divorce you; which in time, I hope, may advance your Grandeur. For we hear Pluto is in Love with you for your Zeal, and Proferpine is given over by the Physicians. Therefore take my Advice, and drink as little Water as you can; for being dropfical, the Water of Styx must needs be prejudicial to you, and the Church wou'd lofe an admirable good Friend.

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Friend. I offer you no Indulgences, they are pure Mountebank Drugs; and were you got no farther yet than Purgatery, have not the Virtue to bring you out. But grant they had that Power, as your Amours stand now, I suppose you wou'd not desire it; so till I have the Happiness of wishing your Imperial Majesty much Joy.

I am, &c.

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HARLEQUIN to Father la CHAISE.

*** Ince we were of the same Trade, with this S & difference only, that I compos'd Farces to make the World laugh, and that you invent Tragedies that gave them Horror: I believe, Reverend Father, you will not condemn the

Liberty I take of writing to you.

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In the first Place, I beseech your Reverence, not to put your Penitents out of Conceit with those harmless Diversions which makes me and my Brother-Players live so plentifully; but be pleased to take our small Flock into your Protection: That Power lies in the Breast of you and your pious Society: And who wou'd grudge it to fuch holy Men, who have no other Aim than fettling and fatisfying Mens Consciences, by clearing all the controverted Difficulties of Christianity, and rendring Religion so plain and easy, that our Enemics cannot find the least Doubt or Difficulty in it. Nay, like dexterous Artis you can, with your admirable Morals, remove the justoft Scruples; for they give so pious an Air, to devout a Shade to the greatest Crimes, that they inchant the World, and hide their Deformity, without opposing the Licentiotisness of Passions, or destroying their Pleasures or Intention. Theie admirable Talents, most kely Confessor, open to your Society the Cholets a d'Hearts of Princes, and being VOL. II.

all the Lovers of Voluptuousness and Barbarity to be your Confessionaries. Truly, Reverend Father, · your Fame is infinite, and the great St. Loyola may be proud of having so many righteous Disciples. But , these Miracles make the World believe him something related to Simon Magus; for without Inchantments, 'tis impossible to do so many Predigies. The Lamenels in his Feet, and Megrim he's daily troubled with, by being too near a hot Furnace of Brimstone, makes him so pecvish and out of Humour, that he cannot write to any of you; therefore look upon me as his Secretary, and not a jot the leffer Saint for having been upon the Stage; all Paris can witness for me, that as soon as I laid aside my comical Mask and Habit, I cou'd, upon Occasion, look as demure and devout as a fresh pardoned Penitent; fo that the Imployment is neither above - my Gravity, nor I hope above my Sincerity and Capacity; for I have often had the Honour of shewing my Parts before his most Christian Majesty, in his Seraglio, to make him more Prolifick, and more disposed to the mighty Work of Propagation. But, Reverend Father, 'tis time now tell you, as a good Catholick and your Friend, that we are fo fcandalils'd here at his Conduct, that we cannot believe he follows your holy Advice; and were it not for this Doubt, and our Sollicitations, Lucifer had last Summer fent Loyola under the Command of Monficur Luxembourg, to Dragoon you. Zounds! fays he, is the Order that daily fent me so many Subjects revolted? 'Tis true, the Rogues Ravilac and Clemert have a little difgrac'd you, but we don't value now what they fay, for the Wits have espoused your Quarrel, and blinded the Eyes of Detraction. Indeed it is no wonder to us, fince they fing to Apollo's Harp, which had the Power to claim the Transports of Jup ter. Is there any thing so charming as the Discourse of * Ariste and

* Father Bahours Eugene, and that little Fe ne foai Father le Mone. Fesuts.

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tion in the work of Wit, or an exquisite Choice of good Verses? And who would not be charm'd with all those Panegyricks upon the Ladies? Is not once reading of them a thousand times more diverting. than those profound Writings you so prudently forbid your Penitents the perusal of? I own indeed, that this Conduct is not a together so Apostolical, but 'tis much easier than to be always puzling and hammering out Parables. 'Tis certain, most Reverend Father, shou'd you leave the facred Writ open to all Readers, it would fare with a thousand good Souls, as with King Abafuerus, who became favourable to the true Religion, by reading a true Chronicle, How many blind Wretches think ye would fee clear? How many Favourites wou'd be hang'd, and Mordecais railed to Honour? And how many Fesuits would be treated as the Priests of Baal? But you, I'm fure, will take care to hinder that; for truly twou'd be contrary to your-Ecclefiaftical Prudence; and it is much fafer for you to darken the divine Lights, and confound by Sophisms the facred Truths of Holy Writ; for what would become of your Church, if the Clouds were once dispersed; fince it flourishes by their Favour, and the Protettion of Ignorance? Nothing can keep up the Credit of a repudiated Cheat, whose Shams are so notorious, and whose Equipage so different from that of the Legitimate Spouse of Fesus Christ, that neither he, nor any of his faithful Servants know or own her, but Ignorance and Falshood. I ask your Pardon, most Reverend Father, these Expressions flow so natural y from my Subject, that they have escaped my Sincerity; and I own this is not the Style of a Flatterer. But to attone for my Fault, I will give you some wholesome Advice, which is, to make Hay while the Sur hines, for you must not expect much fair Weather in these doleful Quarters. The'e worthy Gentlethen called Confessors, being looked upon here to be no better than so many Iones Fatui, that lead their Followers into Precipies; for which Reafon they E 2 SIN

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are not allowed Ice with their Liquor. This I can affure you to be true, in verbo Histrionis: Therefore fince you know what you must trust to, I need not advise a Person of your profound Parts, what Measures to take, Amen.

Father la CHAISE's Answer to HARLEQUIN.

*** HO' you convers'd with none but impudent T in loufy Rhimers, yet you are not ignorant, you have little fack-Pudding of the Stage, that all Comparisons are odicus; and that there can be none between the Confessor of a Monarch, and a Buffoon.

none between the Confessor of a Monarch, and a Buffoon. But to answer your Letter with the Moderation and Prudence of a Fefuit, I will fur pose the first Part of it not meant to me. And now to take into Confideration the effential Points in it: Have we not prescribed Herefy by sound of Trumpet? And notwithstanding all the pretty Books we have published, and the cajoling Tricks we have used, is not Herely still the same? But to be serious, Harlequin, good Roman Catholicks must follow no other Lights than those of Tradition; and they, who are so incredulous and obstinate as not to believe it, must have their Eyes opened with the Sword. 'Twou'd be a fine Enterprise, wou'd it not, and very profitable to the Church, to condemn Images, Candles, Holy-water, Beads, Scapularies, Relicks, with an hundred others, which are fo many golden Mines, and offer only to Bigots the flovenly Equipage of Calvin's Reformation? Devotion meerly Spiritual, is too flat and infipid; therefore we must set it off with Jubilees, Pilgrimages, Processions, Drums, Trumpets, Croses, Banners, and all the Mountebank Tricks, and noble Knick-knacks of St. German's Fair. If I did not know that jeffing was an habitual Sin in you, I wen'd never Pardon you; for the Society of Fesus does

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does not teach us to forgive Injuries. Tell St. Loyola, the first of us that shall be sent Post to mighty Lucifer, to desire his Assistance in those important Assistance our great Monarch has undertaken by his Instigation, and which are too tedious now to relate, shall put into his Portmantle some Ice to resresh him, Plaisters for his Megrim, and Ointment for his Burns: Tell him also, that the Memory of the glorious Prophet Makomet, is not more respected than his; and that I am,

His most Zealous,

and very humble Servant,

La CHAISE.

The Duke of ALVA to the CLERGY of FRANCE.

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Believe, wor thy Gentlemen, you are very I well fatisfy'd that I am Damn'd; and-indeed there was little Likelyhood that fuch. a Monster as my felf should enjoy Happiness, after having committed so much Wickedness, and taken so much Pleasure in it. I took a Fancy to acts. of Cruelty from my very Cradle, and with great Fidelity ferv'd Philip II. The celebrated Apostle of the Gentiles never made so many miserable Wretches, when he was a violent a Zealot of the Law, I like him, made use of Chains, Racks, Fire, and all that an ingenious Fury cou'd imagine most tormenting; but it was never any part of my Destiny to be converted. at last like him. Thus I went on in my Iniquities, and became the ftrongest Brute that Bigotry, ever debauch'd; fo that at my first arrival to Hell, there was never a Devil of the whole Pack but fell a trembling, though he had been never fo much accustomen E. 3

ed to fuch Company before. But, Gentlemen, why are you not become wife by my Example? For you must not flatter your selves, that the difference of cur Professions makes any in our Crimes. You are Warriors when you please; for the Monastick Soldiery follow'd the Duke of Mayeney's Standard during the League; crowned themselves with immortal Shame at the barbarous Triumph of St. Barthohomew; and shouldred the Musket after they had preached those bloody Sermons, which made Chrihinns treat their Fellow Creatures like Beafts of Prey. I confess, I never troubled my Head about Scruples of Confcience, and if I have not obeyed that Article of the Decalogue, Thou shalt not kill, I never roared out with a wide Mouth, as the Priests of the Roman Church, Persecute, Imprison, Kill, Deftroy, force them to Obey. My Fury came only from your Brethren, who had fo thoroughly corrupted me, that I thought Heaven wou'd be my Reward, if I butcher'd all they were pleased to stigmatise with Herefy. So I gave a loofe to my Passions, as you may read in Hilfory, where I think they have nied me but too kindly. To feduce Men of weak Understandings is no extraordinary Matter; but that Princes, who ought to have a competent Knowledge of every thing, shou'd be cheated by you, is a Miracle to me. No Age of the World ever faw a greater Example of it, than in my Mafler Philip, whose natural Sloth, and besotted Bigottry, gave fo fair a Field to these Ecclesiastical Imposters, fo fair an Opportunity to manage him as they pleased; and his * Father's

*Charles V. Ashes are a sufficient Proof of it.

Instead of setting before his Eyes
the Examples of that invincible Prince, these sanstify'd Villains only plunged him deeper in Superstition and Idolatry. And as a domineering lazy
Lord of a Country Village, will never go out of
his own Parish, so he never travelled farther than
from Madrid to the Escural. His Wife, Father,

Son,

Son, and Brother felt the Effects of their barbarous Doctrine. And, to leave behind him a pious Idea of his Soul, when he was dying, he ordered his Crown and Coffin to be fet before him, This was Hypocrify with a witness, but that is no Crime in a Zealot. You'll tell me perhaps, I direct my Difcourse to improper Persons, who know not the History of Philip of Austria, Ignorance being common enough in those of your Fraternity, yet let me tell you, I am not mistaken; for the diabolical Spirit that now possesses you, is the very same that influenced the Priests of my Time; and I may fafely Affirm, that France is the Theatre of Cruelty. and Iniquity. Your Monarch, who is much fuch another Saint as my Master, spares the poor Protestants Lives, for no other Reason but to make by his inhuman Terments, Death more defirable to them. These and a Thousand more unjust Actions does he commit, to fatiate your hellish Vanity, which would for ever demincer in the Chy built on seven Mountains. To this you will sufwer, What doth it fignify if we make him 1995 cute the Protestants, murther their Kings, and keep no Faith or Treaties with them, fince it increases our Power, and Propagates our Religion? But Gentlemen, when you come to be where I am, you will I'm certain, fing another Tune.

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The Answer of the CLERGY of FRANCE, to the Duke of ALVA.

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**** A D you made as fincere a Confession in the

** H ** Days of Yore, as you do now, you might,

*** for your Zeal in persecuting Heresy have obtained an ample Absolution of all your Sins,
though they had been never so numerous and black,
and been a glorious Saint in the Roman Calender;
which induces us to believe, your Zeal tended rather

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towards the Propagation of your own Power and Interest, than that of the Church. Thus in cheating us, you likewife cheated your felf, and we are net forry at your Calamities. But, does it become you, who once fill'd Flanders and Spain with Horror, to reproach the Apostolick Legions with the noble Effects of their Fervency? And was it not absolutely necessary, after we had once preached the Destruction of the Protestants, that Lewis the Great, to compleat his Glory, and our Satisfaction, thould fend his holy Troops to burn, ravish, and pillage at Discretion; that he might say with an Emperor of Rome, whom he very much refembles, Let them hate, so they fear me? Where, Sir, do you find us commanded to keep Faith with Henticks, or fuffer their Princes to live, when 'tis against our Interest? Does not the Roman Church dispense with these little Peccad llos, and are not those who wear her Cloth, and eat her Bread, obliged to obey her Precepts? What pleases us most, is to hear a whining Recreant as thou art, fing pescavi at this time of Day, and pretend to remorfe of Conscience. For your Comfort, you may defire Cerebus, if you please to join in the Confort with you; but rest assured, that if you end three Months like that tripple-headed Cur, your Barking would be all in vain.

PHILIP of AUSTRIA to the DAUPHIN.

W pretending to be a Man of Honour? Does it become a Person of your Birth? Do you find any Precedent for it in your Family? Did your Eather make himself formidable by it? Or do you find in History, that any merciful or generous Trince made himself so great, or reigned so properously for almost sixty Years, as your debauched and perjured Father has done, who is now the Terror

Terror and Scourge of Europe, and will be its Tyrant, if Treachery and Gold can prevail? But do you think those things to be Crimes in Sovereigns? if he has indulg'd his Luft, does he not feverely persecute Herely? And besides, does not his Mistress constantly pray and offer Sacrifice? You know she's old e-. * Madam nough to be prudent, and lives up- Maintenon. on the gravity of her Age, fince she firetches her Devotion, even to the Stage, by the fame Token, she will fuffer none of her * Husband's diverting Farces * Scarron. to be acted there any more. Thank † Madam Main-Heaven therefore for fending you tenon was born that bountiful Patronnels from the in Martenico. New World, who is the Comfort and Preservation of your Father and his Kingdoms and though your Mother was my near Relation, yet I am not ashamed to see so pure and zealous a Saint supply her place in the Royal-Bed. I wonder the has not yet prevailed with you to have more regard for the Interest of the Roman Church; to promore the Grandeur, whereof I destroy'd many thousands of its Enemies, by the Ministry of the Duke of Alva, and o der'd my Father's Bones to be dug out of the Ground and burnt, for having tolerated Luther's Herefy. Otherwife I fhould never have concern'd my felf about it, supposing none but Flegmatick Coxcombs wou'd espouse a Church which does not keep open House all the Year round;

* Son and + Wife, and how I treat-* Don Carolos ed the || Conqueror at Levanto: To + Elizabeth of balance that Account with Heaven, France. I gave largely to the Priests, built Monasteries, went to Paressions, was

Don John of Austria. loaded like a Mule with Beads and

and won't pardon the greatest Crimes for Money. You know I don't doubt, what my Jealoufy cost my

Relicks; and by this Means passed for a Saint. And this I think may properly enough be called a good

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Religion. 'Tis true, I never saw any Engage ment but in my Closet, or at a distance, like your prudent Father: What then, does the World talk less of me, or him for that? The end of my Life, I must consess, was something singular, for the Worms serv'd an Execution upon my Carcase before the time; and so we hear they do his. But what does that signify, so a Man satisfies his own Humour? Be not insatuated then with vain Glory; for if they, who are exempt from the Flames of Hell, boast of having Angels, Saints and Martyrs for their Companions, we can brag of having Popes, Cardinals, Emperors, Kings, Queens, Fesuits, Monks and Priests in abundance. I must own our Walks have not the charming Fountains and Shades of

*Versailles, and the Escurial; and that it is always as hot Weather Houses of France with us here, as with the good and Spain.

Folks under the torrid Zone: But such a Trifle as this, ought not to

make you shun the Company of so many choice Friends, as have an entire Affection for you.

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The DAUPHIN's Answer to PHILIP of AUSTRIA.

*** Either the Examples you have quoted, nor N those which are daily before my Eyes, have Power enough to pervert me; I have a Veneration for Virtue, which you, forsooth, call the quality of a Coxcomb; and an Abhorrence for all that bears the Stamp of Vice, though you have illustrated it with the prosperous and glorious Reign of the French Monarch. But were the first unknown to me, I would not look for it in your Life; since according to your best Friends, it is a thing you never practised. As Sons have no Authority to condemn the Conduct of their Fathers, so I will not presume

presume to examine into that of Lewis XIV. But tell me I befeech you, what Advantages you reaped from your Bigotry and Superstition? For my part, had I some of the Ashes of every Saint in the Roman Calender in my Snuff-box, and carried Beads as big as Cannon-bullets about me, I should not believe my felf either a better Christian, or less exposed to Danger. But to what Purpose did you, who never exposed your Royal Person in Battle, arm your felf with all those imaginary Preservatives? Or can you fay they defended you rom being devoured alive by Millions of Vermine; that punished you in this Life, for the Iniquities you daily comitted, and were only the Prelude to more terrible Punishment. Let not my indifference for the Church of Rome break your Rest; I have no Power at present, and I can't tell what my Sentiments would be had I a Crown on my Head: But it now cruelly troubles me, to fee France fo weakened by the Dispersion of so many thousand innocent People; and did my Opinion fignify any more in our Councils than. Wind, I would advise the recalling of them. But the Nymph you fee with fo much Satisfaction supply the place of your Grandchild, and who has more Power now than ever, is there as absolute as a Distator. The French Monarchy, which has subsisted for so many Ages, might be still supported without her; she being good for nothing that I know of, but to infrust Youth in the nicest ways of Debauchery; therefore I could wish the King would transport her to her native Soil, and make her Governess of the American Monkies; a fitter Employment for her than that the usurps over our Princeffes. To deal plainly with you, I have no Ambition to see your Majest. being fatisfy'd with knowing you from publick Rcport, fo will carefully avoid coming near your Torvid Zone, if 'tis possible for a Man to be any time a King of France, without it.

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TUVENAL to BOILEAU.

Ince we don't dispatch Couriers every Day S & from the Kingdom of Pluto, you ought not to ** be furprifed, that I have not had an Oppor-

tunity till now, of telling you what flicks in my Stomach. I thought your first Satyrs very admirable, your Expressions just and laboriously turn'd, yet charming and natural. Were the Diffribution of Rewards in my Power, I should certainly give you fomething for your Art of Poetry: But for your Lutrin, that Master piece of your Wit, that highest Effort of your Imagination, I see nothing in it worthy of you, but the Versification. Every one owns you can write, nay, your very Enemies allow it; but you know a Metamorphofis requires an entire Change, therefore fince you resolve to imitate Virgil, you should have made Choice of noble Heroes. He that travefted the Æneis, underflood it better than you, and did not fatigue himfelf formuch; and as he was a Man of clear and good Sense, has, judiciously remark'd, that, his Queen disguised like a Country-Wench, is infittely beyond your Clock-maker's Wife drefs'd like an Empress. But let us leave this Subject, which now it is too late to amend, fince what is done, cannot be undone. What did you mean, you I fay, who have been accused of stealing my Lines, and who to deal honeftly with you, have often followed the fame Read I have traced? What did you mean, I fay, by reflecting on particulars in your Satyr again a Women: Did I ever fet you that Example? Is not my Sixth Satyr against the Sex in genural, and when I look back as far as the Reigns of Saturn and Rhea for * Modesty, do I pre-

ratam.

*Credopudicitiam tend the least Shadow of it is left Saturno Rege mo- upon the Earth? Unthinking Fool those different Characters you have drawn, will make you fomany par-

ticular Incmies; and I question, if the Patroness

you have chosen can secure you from their Claws, If an affected Zeal inspires you with so much Veneration for a Saint of the Italian Fashion, in truth, you ought to have burnt your Incense so privately, that the Smoke might not have offended others. How can the Bard that boasts of eating no Flesh in Lent, that would frankly discipline himself in the Face of the godly, like one of the

Militia of St. Francis, adore a † Monks.

golden Cow, and adorn an Idel each

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blast of Wind can overthrow, with those Garlands which shou'd be preserved for the Statues of the greatest Heroes! She is, 'tis true, very singular in. her Kind; but will you stain your Name of illustrious Poet, by creeping before a walking Mummy of. her superannuated Gallantry? Your fordid Interest has made you a Traytor to Satyr; and thereby

you occasion here continual Divisions, † Chaquelian and St. Amant have been at Cuffs with *Mellier and Cornielle, because you have not treated them so civily as your | Urgande. The two first ridicule your fordid covetousHumour, and fay you learnt, that Baseness while you belong'd

to the Register's-The other two, who were perhaps of your Trade, defend the Honour of your Extraction.

But St. Amant, † who will never forget the unworthy Character you have given him concerning his Poverty, which he swears is falle; and fubmitting his Verses to the Judgement of unprejudiced Persons, for

A French Poet, whem Boileau makes free with in his first Satyr, and elsewhere.

Two Ancient

* Two Modern

† Madam Main-

Poets.

Poets.

tenon.

which you ridicule him, faid in a haughty Tone, (which fet us all a laughing) that when he was a Gentleman of the Chamber in Ordinary to the Queen of Poland, and Embassador Extraordinary at the Coronation of the Queen of Sweden, he kept several Footmen of better Quality than your seif, Chaquelian, who cannot say so much for him-

felf, is content with finging the terrible Valour of the Duke de Nevers Lackeys, who kept time with their Cudgels on your Shoulders. We were forc'd to call for a Bottle to appeale this War; and St. Amant taking the Glass in his Hand, swore by his Maker, he had rather you had call'd him. Drunkard than Fool, though he drinks very moderately in this Place, where 'tis no great Scandal to be thirfty. Be not concerned at this Paragraph. because the rest of my Letter sufficiently testifies the Esteem I have for you, and my Concern for your Welfare: Therefore to preferve both, renounce your fordid way of praising Vice, and employ your happy Talent in teaching good Manners, and correcting the Bad, which will be an Employment worthy of your great Genius, and is the only way to recommend you to the good Opinion of the learned Ancients.

BOILEAU's Answer to JUVENAL.

Illustrious Ghost,

*** Messenger from the Muses never fill'd me with A & so much Transport, as the first fight of your *** Letter; but I had not read fix Lines, before

I wish'd you had never done me that Honour. To praise my Satyrs and fall foul upon my Lutrin, which made me sweat more drops of Water, than your Drunkard St Amant, (since I must call him so) ever drank of Wine, is no Favour. Aftermany laborious and fruitless Endeavours, finding to my great Grief and Distraction, I could match you in Wit, I resolv'd if possible to out-do you in Malice, which made me take the Liberty of romancing a little on St. Amant, falling foul upon Peoples Characters and Manners. and treating several scurvy Poets more roughly, than you did the Theseis of Codrus, when you fang,

Semper

Semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam? Vexatus toties rauci Therseide Codri?

Thus fuffering the Gall of my Heart to flow thro' the Channel of my Pen, I procur'd my felf Enemies in abundance, and fince I must confess all to you, some Stripes with a Bull's-Pizzle, which was a most terrible Mortification to my Shoulders; but I bore all this with the Patience of a Philosopher, as will appear by the following Lines.

Let Codrus, that nauseous pretender to Wit, Condemn all my Works before Courtier and Cit; I bear all with Patience, whatever he says, And value as little his Scandal as Praise. Vain-glory no longer my Genius does fire, 'Tis Interest alone tunes the Strings of my Lyre. Integrity's nought but a plausible Sham, For Money I Praise, and for Money I Damn. Old politic Bards, for Fame have no itching, The Apollo I court, is the Steam of a Kitchin.

The four first Lines I must own, are something against the Grain, and the natural Inclination I have to Rail, and be thought an excellent Poet, gives my Tongue the Lye; but the four last, which shew more Prudence than Wit, reconcile that Matter. 'Tis certainly, illustrious Bard, more difficult to please the World now than it was in your Time; for if I write Satyr, I'm beaten for it; if I praise, I'm call'd a mercenary Flatterer, which fo disheartens me, that I address my self now to my Gardener only; and don't doubt but some busy nice Critick, will be censuring this Poem also. Not being in the best Humour when I writ it, perhaps it may appear fomething dark and abstrufe; but I can eafily excuse that, by maintaining that 'tis imposfible for the best Author in the World to keep up always to the same Strain. Have you ever heard

of the Tales of the Peau d' Afne, & Grifedilis? If Proserpina had any any little Children, 'twould be a most agreeable Diversion for them, and I wou'd send it 'em for a Present. Tho' that Author surnishes you with sufficient Matter to laugh at me, yet I must confess he has found the Art of making semething of a Trisse. Every one here learns his Verses by Heart; and in spight of my Translation of Longinus, which makes it so plainly appear, I understand Greek, and know something of Poetry, my Book begins to be dispis'd. Wou'd it not break a Man's Heart to see such impertinent Stuff preserr'd before so many sublime Pieces? But, as for your Glory, that will eternally subsist, and nothing can destroy it, since Time has not already done it.

REALERA REALERANGERARERERERER

* Mistress to King * DIANA of POICTIERS to Hen.II. of France. Madam MAINTENON.

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INCE the Spirit of Curiofity possesses us S here in this World, no less than it did in yours, 'tis aninfinite trouble for those Persons, Madam, who were acquainted with everything while they liv'd, not to know all that passes after their Death; and of this you'll one Day make an Experiment. I am not desirous to know, Madim, what you have done to fucceed the greatest Beauties of the Earth, in the Affection of an old libidinous Monarch, nor what Charms you make use of to secure the Possession of his Heart, at an Age you cannot please without a Miracle. My Planet, dear Madam, has rendred me somewhat knowing in these Affairs, for Henry II. was my Gallant as long as he liv'd; and tho' I was little handsomer than you, I was not, I think much younger. But I must rell you, I cannot comprehend what procures you those loud Commendations and Applaules which

which reach even to our Ears, and are by their Noise most horribly offensive to us. The Advantages of my Birth were great; and it is well known my Charms fo captivated Francis I. that they redeem'd my Father from the Gallows. I marry'd a very confiderable Man, and the Name of Breze Reneschal of Normandy, sounds somewhat better than that of Scarron the Queen's Ballad-maker. The House of Poictiers too, from which I was descended, may surely take place of those Monarchs. from whom that mercenary Fellow Boileau derives your Extraction; and lastly, if I had a few particular Enemies, I did nothing to make my felf generally odious. Yet for all this, I was neither canoniz'd nor prais'd, but openly laugh'd at, and by one of my own Profession, I mean the Dutchess of Estampe, who was Mistress to the Father of my Lover, and faid she was born on my Wedding-Day. Blundering imprudent Bayard was banish'd for speaking too freely of me; and tho' it was said, that for me alone Beauty had the Privilege not to grow old, the Compliment was so forc'd, that I was little the better for it. Ragged Marot was the only Poet that ever pretended to couple Rhimes in my Praise, and I will appeal to you if he did not deferve to go naked.

I dare not, (were't to fave my Ransom)
Affirm your Ladyship is Handsome;
Nor without telling monstrous Lyes,
Defend the Lightning of your Eyes;
For, Madam, to declare the Truth,
You've neither Face, nor Shape, nor Youth.

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Howe'er, all Flattery apart,
You've plaid your Cards with wondrous Art.
When young, no Lover saw your Charms,
Or press'd you in his eager Arms:
But Triumphs your old Age attend,
And you begin where others end.

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What think you, Madam, of this, is it not rather Satyr than Praise? Shou'd the Bard, that fings vour Virtues from the top of Parnassus, down to the Market-place be as fincere, how wou'd you reward him? Tho' I know he has more Prudence. yet I cannot believe he compares you to Helen for Beauty, to Hebe for Youth, for Chastity to Lucretia, for Courage to Clelia, and for Wildom to Minerva. as common Report fays; because were it true, it is not to be suppos'd you wou'd have but a poor deform'd Poet in Possession of such mighty Treasures, For were there not Scepters and Crowns then inticing? Were not then the Eyes of Princes open? Did you chuse an Author for your Love, out of Caprice or Despair? Did you take his wicker-Chair for a Throne? Or did the Love of Philosophy draw you in? Had the latter wrought upon you, you wou'd not have been the first, I must confess; for the famous Hirparchia, Handsome, Young and Rich, preferr'd poor crooked Crates before the wealthiest and most beautiful Gentleman of Greece. I am unwilling to judge uncharitably, but I cannot be perswaded that such an Alliance cou'd be contraded without some pressing Necessity. When I reflect on the Beginning, Increase and Circumstances of your Fortune, I am astenish'd! for neither your Hair, which was grey when you be-

* Madam la
Valiere.
† Madam de
Fontagne.
|| Madam de
Montespan.

gan to grow in Favour, nor the Remebrance of * a Vastal once adorn'd, nor the Idea of a † blooming Beauty, whom cruel Death suddenly snatch'd away by the help of a little Poison; nor the Presence of a || Rival, by so much the more

dangerous, because she had triumph'd over several other, could I prove any Obstacles to your Prosperity. The beautiful Lady that brought you out of your mean Obscurity; and in whose Service you thought your self happy, is now content if you let her enjoy the least shew of her former Greatness.

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In this Chaos I lose my self, Madam; but if you will bring me out of my Consusion, I faithfully promise to give you an exact Account of all that concerns me, when I shall have the Pleasure of embracing you. I exceedingly commend your prudent Conduct; for those young Plants you cultivate in a * terrestial Paradice, will one Day produce-Flowers to crown † The Nuns of you; and the Zeal you profess for a St. Cyr. Religion which began to act suriously in my Time, must stop the Mouths of the nicest Bigots and make the Tribunal of Confession favourable to you; tho perhaps, dear Madam, it may make that of Minos a little more severe.

M dan MAINTENON's Answer to DIANA of POICTIERS.

WARN Uriofity, Madam, being the Character of the C & Great and Buly, I will answer you according to your Merit and Birth, the you have not

Lover when Youth is gone, I'll dismiss that Point to come to the History of my Life, and the virtuous Actions I am prais'd for. I know you are of an an ient Family, that you marry'd a Man of Power and Riches; and that you were Francis the First's Bedfellow, before his Son fell in Love with you. Assorme, I was born in the * New

World, under a favourable Con- * West-Indies.

stellation; and the Osspring of a Goaler's Daughter, with whom my Father, tho' of Royal Blood, was oblig'd either thro' Love, or rather Necessity, to cohabit. Fortune, which never yet forsook me, first depriv'd me of my beggarly Relations, without leaving me wherewithal to cover my Nakedness, and then brought me into Europe, where I found a great many Lovers, and

few Husbands. Poor deform'd Scarron at last offer'd me his Hand; I had my reasons for acceptaing him, and his Infirmities did not hinder me from receiving that Title which was convenient for one in my Circumstances. In short, I lost him without much Concern: And liv'd fo prudently during my Widowhood, that Madam Montespan took me out of my Cell, to bring me into the Intrigues of the Court. Every one knows I drove my generous Patroness from the Royal Bed; and that fince my being in Favour, I have been profusely liberal to all my Idolaters. Our Poets, who do not refemble Marot, value not Honour, provided they have good Penfions, which I generously bestow on them, and they repay me in Panegyricks; by which Means I am handfome, young, chafte, virtuous, wife, and of as noble Blood as Alexander the Great. Tho' I was a Protestant, the Church is not fo foolish as to enquire into my Religion: Thus out of a Principle of Gratitude, and to fix her in my Interest, I have fill'd the Heart of our Monarch, with the godly Zeal of Perfecution. I have also

found a stately † Edifice, where I † St. Cyr. breed up a great many pretty young Virgins, who, no doubt on't, will

prove as modest and discreet as their Founder; and I play so well the part of a Queen, that the World thinks me fo in reality. These few Hints may give you some light into my History, Madam; therefore to reward my Sincerity, if you find Minos dispos'd to use me severely, prepare him, I befeech you to be more favourable.

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fo th tl *HUGH SPENCER the younger, to all the Favourites and Ministers whom it may concern.

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* The Minion of Edw. II.

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*** ET all those that are ambitious of the Title * L * of Favourite learn by the History of my Life, **** how dangerous a Folly it is to monoplife their Prince's Smiles. A Manclimbs to the top of this flippery Ascent through a thousand Difficulties; and if he is not moderate in his Prosperity, (which few are) he often falls with a more precipitated Shame into Disgrace. I acquir'd, or rather usurp'd the Favour of Edward the Second, in whose Breast the proud Gaveston had before me licentiously revell'd. To effect this, my Father lent me his helping Hand; but without growing wifer by the Examples of others, the Vanity of my Ambition made me follow that wandling Star, call'd Fortune. I no sooner had possess'd my self of the King's Ear, but I crept into the Secrets of his Heart, and infected it with the blackest Venom of mine; asing the part of a Self-interest'd, not an honest Minister. As I valued not the Glory of his Reign, or Ease of his People, provided I govern'd him, and render'd my self Master of his Treasures; fo did I never move him to relieve the Miserable, or reward the Faithful and Deserving, but endeavour'd to blacken the Me it of their greatest Actions, and so settled the first Motions of his Liberality, with Reasons of fordid Interest. If any Places of Trust were to be fill'd, covering my Treachery still with the Veil of Zeal and Love for my Country, I recommended only fuch as were devoted to my Service; pretending ill Management in every thing that went not through my Hands; and that the Nation was betray'd, whilft I, like some of you now, was selling it, and was in reality the worst Enemy it had. After I had facrifis'd the great Duke of Lancaster to my Revenue, and a

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hundred Persons of Quality besides, I sow'd Difcord in the Royal Family. The Queen, with the Prince of Wales her Son, and the Earl of Kent, the King's Brother, retir'd into France; during which time I govern'd at my Ease, wallow'd in Luxury and Riches, and had Interest enough to hinder Charles the Fair from protecting his Sifter. The Pope, who was of my Religion, form'd like a true Father, Son of the Church, and so frighted the King of France, that in spite of their nearness of Blood, he hunted the Queen of England out of his Dominions. But at last the King being reconciled, the Queen returns; I was taken Prisoner, and by the Laws of the Kingdom, sentenc'd to be drawn on a Sledge, at found of Trumpet, through the Streets of Hereford. The Circumstances of my Death were infamous; my Head was expes'd at London, my Bowels, Heart, and some other parts of my Body burn'd, my Carcass abandon'd to the Crows, in four parts of the Kingdom; the justest Reward a Villain, who had almost deftroy'd both King and Country cou'd expect. This is, Gentlemen, Favourites and Ministers, a Picture you ought all to have in your Closets, to keep you from resembling it. When in Favour, banish not Justice, Clemency and Generofity, from the Thrones of your Master; and to avoid a just hatred, and make Men of Virtue your Friends, study the publick Intereft. Turn over old Histories and you'll find the e is scarce one, or few of us, got peaceably to the Grave, but either starv'd or rotted, or immortalis'd a Cibbet. Not one Eye ever wept for our Sufferings, Fity it felf rejoyced. Thus detefted on Farth, and curs'd by Heaven, cur last Refuge is to become the prey of Devils. Confider well, Centlemen, and arm your felves against all those vicious Passions, which will certainly undo you, if you liften to them as I did. Therefore in the slippery Paths of a Court, take Prudence and Justice for your Sup-Terters. The

The ANSWER of the Chief Minister of the King of Iveter to HUGH SPENCER.

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數數數HE Picture you have drawn of your Life and 象 T 实 Death, shews you were notoriously wicked, 新海路 and rewarded according to your Deserts. But

let me tell you, Sir, that 'tis a great mistake to believe a Minister cannot manage or steer his Prince, without abusing him and the Publick. Because you were the Horror of your Age, it is an inevitable Deltiny for other Favourites to be so too? I will not here make my own Panegyrick, but leave that care to Posterity: However I will boldly maintain, that to fuffer a Master to divide his Benevolence, when one can fecure it all to ones felf, is Folly and Stupidity. A prudent Man knows how to make a right use of his Master's weakness; and if he finds him inclin'd now and then to gratify eminent Services, he will not feem much averse to it, provided still he loses nothing by the Bargain: But if his Prince . is of a covetous Temper, Charity, which always begins at home, then bids him shut up his Exchequer, and referve to himself the sole Privilege of opening it at leifure. 'Tis likewise no ill Step in our Politicks to cry down those Actions, which might otherwise by their Weight out-value ours: Upon such occasions to testify the least Zeal, Fidelity and Care, will be thought meritorious. Tho the Escutcheons we leave our Children, have some Blots in them, what fignifies that, provided we leave them rich and noble Titles, which will procure them Henour, and all forts of Pleasures in this World, and a Saint's place hereafter, in that unering Volume of the Roman Almanack.

JULIA to the Princess of CONTI.

*** S you may wonder, Madam, that I who lived

** A * fo many Ages ago, and at prefent am fo many *** thousand Leagues from you, should esteem and love you; might I wonder too, in my Turn, if you should have a good Opinion of me, after so many Historians have conspired to blacken my Reputation. But there are, Dear S ster, such Circumstances in our Fortunes, as ought to make us love one another, and hold a friendly Correspondence; since you are like me, the Daughter of a beautiful, treacherous Prince, who drags good Fortune at his Heels; and of a Mother who renounced the World before it did her the Injury of renouncing her. I was once the Ornament of the Court of Augustus, and you now shine like a Star, in that of Lewis XIV. I was marry'd very young to Marcellus, the Hopes

were given to the most amiable Man that ever was of the Bourbons: I lest the Son of Octavia some Months after our Marriage, and your Forchead

was bound with the fatal Sable, before Hymen's Carlands were in the least wither'd, You are handsome, I was not ugly; you occasion Jealousy, and I suffered the Control Death of Death which

and I suffer'd the sharpest Darts of Dest uction: I had Lovers beyond number; and who is able to reckon Yours? They have not perhaps been so fa-

want of Opportunity, not our Inclinations, to be the cause, for you never yet despised these Pleasures

I daily enjoy'd and figh'd after; and the by the Death of Agrippa, I came under the Tyranny of Therius, I pursu'd my Inclinations to the last. Wi-

dews of your Age generally enter the List again: Put, Princess, the Counsel I have to give you, is, to reserve to your self the liberty of your Choice.

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There are so many Tiberius's where you are, that one may easily fall to your Share, and after that nothing but Banishment will be wanting to finish the comparison. A very * Madam

malignant * Planet at present com- Maintenon.
mands your Destiny; and 'tis in vain

to expect Justice from that jealous, ill-natur'd Fury. Now I have given you Advice, which, if I could return into the World, I would follow my

felf, permit me to justify my Actions.

Historians tell you, I endeavoured to reign in every Heart, whatever it cost me, without any regard to the Owner's Birth and Condition: But do you think that fo very criminal? Does a little Kindness deserve so severe a Censure? Must Perfons of Quality be always oblig'd to have an Eye on their Dignity? And did not he that made the Prince, make the Coachman? But what I cannot with Patience fuffer, is the impudent Lye fome have made concerning Ovid; that Versifyer had a nicer Fancy in Poetry than Beauty; like your Father, My dear Sifter, he imagin'd wonderful Charms in grey Hairs; for Marcellus was but newly dead when he fell in love with Livia. 'Twas her he celebrated under the feigned Name of Corinna, and when he pleas'd, disciplin'd, she, like a Child not daring to refift. Thus People being ignorant of closer Privacies, invent malicious Lies; for do you suppose I would have suffer'd such insolent Usage? And that if I had not been strong enough to have tuff'd that rhiming Puppy, I would not have found out some other way to have been even with him? You very well fee my Reasons have some apbearance of Truth, and I am confident, that when we meet we shall agree very well. The Emperor who had his private Amours, never troubled those of his Wife; and Merena's Spouse, proud of possesing the Affections of so great a Monarch, returned a loft Embraces the Favours bestowed on her Husand. I have infensibly made you an ingenuous VOL. II. ConConfession; Do you the same, Madam, for Hellisso damnable tiresome, that I gape and stretch a thousand times an Hour. When your hand is in, pray fend me word what they are doing in your part of the World; but above all, give me a true account of your Amours and Conquests; for those Relations tickle us, even when we have lost the Power of acting. Therefore to invite you to be very plain with me, as likewise to divert my self in my present melancholly Moments, I will give you some of my Thoughts in Metre, such as it is.

I.

A mighty Monarch you begot,
Who's pious as the Devil;
Your Mother too, by all is thought,
To be extreamly civil.

II.

Descended from so bright a Pair, You both their Gifts inherit; All your great Father's Virtue share, And all your Mother's merit.

III.

When I was young and gay like you, I lov'd my Recreation; Mamma' dear Steps I did pursue, And balk'd no Inclination.

IV.

And, Madam, when your Charms are gone, Your Lovers will for ake you; They'l cry your sporting Days are done, And bid old Pluto take you.

V.

Thus I have given all Trading o'er,
And wifely leave off sporting;
Refolv'd to practife it no more,
After my reign of courting,

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As reproaching and talking freely is not here discouraged; so had I done any lewd Trick, your Confessor wou'd have acquainted you with it; for he keeps a strict Correspondence with the chiefest Ministers of our Monarch. You have been jealous where you ought not, and the Saints of St. Germains and Verfailles, when they come to discover the Mystery of your Curiosity, will never forgive you. The mealy mouth'd Goddess was always easy to be corrupted, and the old Monster Envy prospers but too much; therefore take care of one, and prevent the other, that the Sins of others may not be imputed to you. All that the World can fay against your Virtue, shall never diminish my good Opinion of it; and if you do not be-The Volumilieve the Character I give of my felf, confult † Calprinede, who has drawn nious Author of me to the Life, and was a great Ma-Cleopatra. ster in that way, as Apelles in his. Farewel, fair Princess, and remember that Julia languishes with defire to fee you.

The Princess of CONTI's Answer to JULIA.

I we from so famous a Princess as fulia: This makes my Joy so much the greater. I do sincerely declare, that I take all you sayto me so reasonable, that I can do no less than applaud it: And I further assure you, that I never search'd for your Character in those disobliging Authors who magnify the least salse step, and make an Elephant of a Mouse. I am satisfy'd to know you, as I find you in Calprinede; and the Complaisance he pretends you had for Quid, does not hinder me from having a great Affection for your amiable Qualities; and believing as advantageously of your Modesty as you can desire. I am not so severe as to imagine a little Indulgence

can be a great Crime; but think those who will. for a little natural Civility, ruin the Reputation of courteous Ladies, to be malicious People, only envying those Gallantries which are addressed to others. But, Madam, you have strangely surprised me with what you tell me of Livia; for I always believed, that when old Ambition was her only blind fide; but am affonished to hear she was amorous. This Discovery confirms the received Opinion, That old Age has a wanton Inclination, as well as Youth, tho' not so much Ability; and fince the Wife of Cefar lov'd the Language of the Muses, I am not affonished that our Saints of St. Cyr. have been charm'd with it. But, Dear Madam, is it certain that Ovid disciplined her like a Child; I thought the Roman Ladies had not wanted that Exercise; and I believe my Gallants will never be obliged to come to that Extremity with me. I need not use much Precaution against the Folly of a fecond Marriage; for tho' I was coupled to a very charming young Man, yet I foon found my Expectations bilk'd, because the Name of Husband and Wife, and thoughts of Duty fo lessened the Pleasures of our softest Embraces, that it made them odious. So that now I only love a Spoule for a Night, from whom I may be divorced the next Morning; and this perhaps you'll find more plainly expressed in the following Lines, as I doubt not, Dearest Sifter, but you have made the Experiment.

T.

Your tender Girls, when first their Hands, 'Are joyn'd in Hymen's magick Bands. Fondly believe they shall maintain A long, uninterrupted Reign:
But to their Cost, too soon they prove.
That Marriage is the bane of Love.
That Phantom, Duty, damps its Fire.
And clips the Wings of sierce Desire.

II.

But Lovers in a diffrent Strain
Express, as well as ease their Pain:
Ever smiling, ever fair,
To please us is their only Care,
And as their Flame finds no decay,
They only covet we should pay
In the same Coin, and that you know,
Is always in our pow'r to do.

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And will be always so, Illustrious Princess, to our great Comfort and Satisfaction. You have heard, I suppose, what the writing of a sew Letters has cost me; so that I have laid aside all Commerce of that Nature at present, and am often obliged to stifle my Thoughts. Had I not fear'd Mercury's being searched, I would have opened my Heart a little more to you; but if the Times ever chance, or Madam Maintenon, the Governess of Versailles, becomes less inquisitive, you may certainly expect to receive an Epistle, or rather a Volume from me.

I put no Confidence in the King my Father, and he is so jealous of me, that should he pack up his Alls for the other World, I wou d'not trust him. I pity you for being kept so close, and having so bad Company. That you may yawn and stretch less, and laugh a little more, entertain your self with la Fountain's Tales, or the School of Venus, both excellent Books in their kind, which I am consident will extreamly divert you; not so much upon the account of their Novelty, as by recalling to your mind some past Actions of your Life.

For my part, I highly effeem them both, and you'll oblige by telling the Author fo.

DIONYSIUS the Younger, to the Flatterers of what Degree or Country foever.

张素素 HO' the Torments I now fuffer for my for-* T * mer Tyrannies, are as great as they are just, *** yet you, Curfed Villains, deserve much greater, for being the Prometers of them. You, with your infernal Praises, blind the Eyes of Princes, and hurry them on headlong to their Ruin : Therefore I charge you with all the ill Actions of my Reign. I was no fooner feated on my I hrene, but you fo fwell'd me with Pride, by applauding all my Perjuries, Oppressions and Cruelties, that I believ'd it lawful for our Race to be Tyrants, from Father to Son, with Impunity. Every one knows my Father

was equally wicked and covetous, neither sparing, er fearing Men or Cour; and of this Jupiter and Æsculapius are Examples. In a Fit of Impiety, till then unpractifed by the most desperate Villains, he fript the first of his golden Mantle, excusing it with this Jest, That 'twas too hot for the Summer, and too co'd for the Winter. To the second he turn'd Barbar and cut off his golden Beard, which with great Devotion had been prefented to him, alledging, It was improper for the Son, fince bis Father Apollo went without one. When his Conduct had thus rendred him odious to the Worldhe thought it necessary to make himself fecure; for which end, he ordered a large deep Ditch to be dug about his Palace; but that was no Fortification against Fear, which could creep in at every Key-hole; and his Diffrust increased to that Degree, that he suspected his nearest Relations. Not so much as a Maintenon came near him. last his Guards to oblige the World, cut his Throat,

and fent his Soul as a Harbinger to the Devil, to provide room for his Body; and the People thinking me to be a much honester Man, without Difficulty plac'd me on his Throne. But I foon took

care

care to convince these credulous Sots, that a worse was come in his room, far exceeding him in Cruelty, I endeavoured to secure my Throne by Actionsthen unknown to the World. First, I caused my Brothers to be put to death, and when I had glutted my self with the Blood of these Victims, I made no scruple to violate the Laws, and trample upon all the just Rights and Liberties of my People. By: those and a thousand other Barbarities, tiring the Patience of the Syracufans, they drove me into Italy, where the Locrians kindly receiv'd me: and I to requite them for their Civility, ravish'd their Women, murther'd numbers of their Citizens, and pillag'd their Country. At last, by a new contrived Treachery, I re-entred Syracuse, with design to revenge my self by new Desolations; but Dion and Timolion, much honester Men than eithermy self or you, prevented me by putting me a fecond time to flight. 'Twas my Destiny, and I wonder Hittorians do not add the Epithet of Coward, to my just Name of Tyrant. I then retired to Corinth, where in a short Time my Misery became so pressing, that I was forced to turn Bumbrusher in my own Defence, a Condition which best suited with a Man that delighted in Tyranny and Blood; and as I had been one of Pluto's Disciples, I taught a fort of Philosophy which I had learned, but never practifed. Thus was my Throne turn'd into a Desk; and my Scepter into a Ferula. Heavens! what a shameful. Metamorphofis was this. But, Gentlemen Sycophants, with a Murrian to you, I may thank you for it. You like the Camelion, can put on any Colour, can turn Vice into Virtue, and Virtue into Vice, to deceive your Masters; and under the specious Pretence of Religion can commit the greatest Barbarities. But though under the Shelter of that reverend Name, you think all your Iniquities undiscovered, so you possess your Prince with the abominable Zeal of Persecution; yet Heaven sees and deteffs your Hypocrify, and even Men at long-run-F 4

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discover the Cheat. Oh! ye unworthy Enemies of Virtue, wnose only Aim is to raise your own Fortunes upon the ruin of others. How useful are you to the Devil? You matter it not, provided you compass your desired Ends; if we lay waste the Universe, and afterwards be come the Hate and Scorn of all Mankind: As for Example, 'tis

* He means the dant in Greece, and that * One of my Rank, had he not been taken to Rest, would have been forced to co-

ver his Follies under a stinking Cowl, in the loufy Convent of la Trais. You will not fail, I know, to appland all his Actions, and fay, if he loft all, twas only for obliging his Subjects to take the true Road to Heaven, and give the Title of Refignation to meer Necessity and Compulsion. But is it a Sacrifice to renounce thro' Despair, the Grandure we cannot maintain any longer? Is it not rather imitating the Animal in the Fable, that despises the Grapes which are out of his Reach? But I waste my Lungs in vain, and talk to the Deaf: However, if I have been humbled believe that you will not always be exalted. 'T is my Comfort that you will one Day be condemn'd to turn a Weel like Ixton, to roll Stones like Sifephus, to be devoured like Promethus, continually thirsty like Tantalus, and to heighten your Evils, that you will never lose the Remembrance of those Villanies you committed.

The Answer of the NEWS MONGERS to Young DIONYSIUS.

The nour, Mr. Pedant, and shou'd they believe to much Hore you, and turn honest, (of which I think there is no great Danger) and perswade their Masters to be just to their Oaths and Treaties, wou'd not they govern in Peace and Unity? And wou'd

not that very thing cast the World into suchaadrowsy Tranquility, that it wou'd be melancholy living in it, and starve Million's of all Degrees and Professions, who now, lord it very handsomely? We I'm fore, shou'd be first fensible of it, by having no variety of News to fluff our London Gazzettes, Mercuries and . Slips with; which wou'd make the Bookfellers withdraw our Stipends, and by consequence oblige us to leave off cippling the generous Juice of the Grape, and content our felves with Geneva, or some more Flegmatick Manufacture. Therefore keep your Harangues for your School-Boys, and do not maliciously take our daily Bread from us, and feek to ruin those Complai ant Persons, that can condescend to sooth the Vanities and Inclinations of their Princes. But to dismiss this Point, and return to your felf; 'tis plain you have not a. jot of Honour about you, fince you pay no regard to your Father's Reputation. We easily perceive you have been a Pedagogue by your tatting; which Indiscretion makes you unworthy the Title of great Pluto's Disciple. But has your Pedantick Majesty. no better Rewards to bestow on Gentlemen of Courtly breeding than Wheels, Vultures, Millstones, and an eternal Thirst? Truly 'tis very liberal, and School-Master like in every Respect; but you are defired to keep those mighty Bleffings for your felf, who deferve them much better than any one elfe; and if you were cullied by those about you, talk no more on't, but keep your Weakness to your felf.

CHRISTIANA, Queen of SWEDEN, to the

HAT I, who never testify'd much Esteem Test for the Fair Sex, shou'd at this time address my felf to them, will without doubt be thought strange; but if Necessity breaks Laws, it ought also to cancel Aversion, and excuse me for feeking Protection amongst a Sex I have so often despised, being compelled to it by a thousand Injuries done to my Memory. Therefore I now ask Pardon of the Ladies; and am perswaded I do them no little Honour, (fince there has feldom been a more extraordinary Woman than I was) in owning my felf one of the female Kind. First, I may boast of all the Advantage of a glorious Birth, being Daughter of the Great Gustavus Adolphus, who did not only fill the North, but all the Universe with Admiration; and of Mary Elianor of Brandenburgh, the worthy Wife of such a Husband. If I was not as handsome as Helen, and those other Beauties, whom the Poets have from Age to Age recorded in the Book of Fame, yet all the World own'd me a Woman of incomparable Parts. I was Queen at five Years of Age, and even so early took upon me that imporzant Trust, which but few Men are capable to Difcharge, and which fewer would covet, if they knew the Troubles that attend it: Yet I supported the Weight of all Affairs with such a Grace and Prudence, that my Crown did not feem too heavy for me. As foon as Reason had made me sensible of my Power, my only Thoughts were how to make my felf worthy of it. To this end, I invited to my Court these I thought the most capable of improving it; which was no fooner known by the beggarly French, but Stockholme fwarm'd with Ma-Hers of all Sciences. Among the rest I had a Pack of hungry Poets; but he that took the most Pains, was not the best rewarded, because he did not refemble

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femble Boileau, who can in half an Hour make a Saint of a Devil. In my green Years, I feem'd only addicted to Grandeur and Virtue; for I stadied like a Doctor, argued like a Philosopher, and gave Lessons of Morality to the most Learned; fo that every body imagin'd I should eclipse the most famous Heroines, But I had not yet heard the. Voice of a certain Deity, whose Language I no fooner understood, but it poison'd all my former good Dispositions; for whereas till then I had been. charm'd with the Conversation of the Dead, I began now to have paffionate Inclinations for the Living. But not to undecieve the World, which thought my Conduct blameless, I was forc'd to put as Curb to my Defires, or at least to pursue them. with more Precaution, whether the Trouble to find my felf fo inclin'd, or my Grandeur, which wou'd not allow of those Liberties I figh'd for, oblig'd me to punish the Flatterers of my Passion, I know not; but I committed many Barbarities. As my Defires were infatiable, so 'twas not in my Power to confine them; and this gave my Subjects too many Opportunities to discover several Indecencies in my Management; and because I wou'dnot be tumbled headlong from my Throne by them, Ivery prudently condescended, and put my Coulin Charles Adolphus in my Place. Then did I, under Pretence of vifiting the Beauties of France, take large Doses of those Joys I durst no longer take at Stockholme. I was treated every where as a Queen, had Palaces at my command, and I made at Fountainbleau, which was before a Bawdy-Houle, Slaughter-House also before I lest it.

I.

Fate justly reach'd the prattling Follows
For telling Stories out of School.

Was't not enough I stoop'd so low,
On him m' Affection to bestow?

To class him in my circling Arms, And feast him with Love's choicest Charms; But must the babbling Fool proclaim, His Queen's Instrmity and Shame?

II.

Of all the Sins on this side Hell,
The blackest sure's to Kiss and Tell.
Tis Silence best becomes Delight,
And hides the Revels of the Night.
If then my Spark has met his Due,
For bringing sacred Mysteries to View.
E'en let him take it for his Pains,
And curse his want of Gratitude and Brains.

But I know not whether the Monarch of France had long Ears like his Brother Midas, or fome litde Familiar whisper'd it in his Ear; but what I shought cou'd never be detected, was publickly difcoursed at Court. Perceiving this, I resolv'd on a Voyage to Rome, and the rather, because I shought the Romilb Religion most commodious for a Woman of Inclinations, and that it would illustrate my History, to abjure the Opinion of Luther at the Feet of the Pope; tho' I had as little believ'd and follow'd the Doctrine of the Reform'e, as I have fince the Abfurdities of the Roman Church. Italy seem'd to me a Paradice, and I thought my raft Troubles fully recompene'd, when I found my felf in that famous City, which has been the Mi-Ares of this World, without Subjects to control me; faucy chattering Frenchmen to revile me, and amongst a mixture of Strangers, which made all my Actions pass unregarded. 'Twas enough for me to be effected a Saint, that I was turn'd Papist in a Place where Debauchery is tolerated; and you'll find me, perhaps, one Day canoniz'd by the Roman Clergy. Tis true, I was not fo rigorus to them as others for the Pope, Cardinals, Legates, Bishops, Ab-Lats, Priests and Minks, composed my Court, where Licentiousness reign'd most agreeably. Not that I had renounc'd the Company of young Virgins; for I was intimate enough with some of them, to have it faid, I was of the Humour of Sapho; and as I liv'd at Rome, fo I thought my felf oblig'd to practife their Manners. But the chief Reason of my writing, is to defire you to protect me against those ignorant Coxcombs, who endeavour to put me among the number of the foolish Virgins; for I began and finish'd my Course, as I have told you, and will now leave you, to judge if there can be any Probability in fuch a scandalous Story. My good Friend the Pope, to whom I had been wonderfully Civil, folemnly swore, that whenever I left this World, I should not languish in Purgatory, tho' he knew very well I should go to another But as it was the Promise of a tricking Fesuit, so I did not much credit it, nor was much furpriz'd to fee my felf turn'd into a Sty, among a Company of Boars and old lascivious Goats, a sort of Animals I had formerly been well acquainted with at my Palace in Rome, and who came then grunting and leaping to embrace me. I cannot in this Place hear of the poor Gentleman whom I murther'd; I ask'd one of my He-Companions concerning him, who knows no more of him than I do; therefore I verily believe he's among the Martyrs.

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The ANSWER of a young VESTAL to the QUEEN.

Go your Majesty begin your Letter! and what Pieasure did I take to see such hopeful Dispositions to Virtue! But what was that in chanting Vice that put you out of the good Road! Wasit the Devil? If so, why did you make use of holy.

holy-Water? For we poor Creatures, oppose no other Buckler against the Darts of Satan, when he conjures up the Frailty of the Flesh to disturb us, But I beg your Pardon, you were then a Lutheran, and Holy-Water has no Efficacy but only for true Catholicks. My Confessor has so often preach'd Charity to me, that I cannot but bewail the Fate of the poor Gentleman you lov'd fo dearly, and treated fo barbaroufly. Oh, my dear St. Francis! What fort of Love was that! And how unfortunate are those precious Souls that have Parts of pleafing you! One may very well perceive, by that piece of Barbarity, you neither believ'd Purgatory, or fear'd Hell; and I would not have been guilty of fuch an Action for all your excellent Qualities and Grandeur, I hear you talk'd of sometimes, and in such a manner, that it makes me often figh, pant, and pull down my Veil; and I feel a terrible Fit coming upon me by reading your Confession.

Madam, I much rejoice to hear, You'll take a Stone up in your Ear; For I'm a frail Transgressor too, And love the Sport as well as you. But then I chuse to do the Work, Within the Pale of holy Kirk :-For Absolution cures the Scars. Contracted in venereal Wars, And faves our Sex a world of Prayers. Had you this ghoftly Counsel taken, You might till now have fav'd your Bacon. 'Tis safe intriguing with a Elamin, Who fanctifies their Work with Amen. Then who would trust ungodly Lay-Men? Do, Madam, as you pleafe, but I. None but with Priesthoed will employ, With them I'll live, with them I'll die. Wie like the Pelian Spear are fure, With the same Ease they Wound to Cure.

Bat

But 'tis easy to judge your Conscience is as large as the Sleeve of a * Cordelier, fince you began in the verb for no Con-Spirit, and ended in the Flesh. Not- science. withstanding what I have merrily

* A Franch Pro-

own'd in Rhime, more to entertain your Majesty. than expreis my true Sentiments, there are certain Hours when I could willingly follow your Example; and if you would obtain from the holy Father a Difpensation of my Vows, which now grow burthenfome tome, I would break a Lance in your Quarrel: This I'm fure of, that the World will think it less frange to fee a Nun renounce her Convent, than a Queen her Crown.

FRANCIS RABLAIS, to the PHYSICIANS of PARIS.

good IS in vain for your Flatterers to cry you

To up for able Doctors, for you will never arhouse rive at my Knowledge; and I'm asham'd every Hour to hear fuch Asses are admitted into the College. Do not believe 'tis a sensible Vanity that induces me to fay this, but the perfect Knowledge I have of my own worth; and tho' I was defign'd for a more lazy Profession, yet that does not in the least diminish my Merit. You know I was born at Chinon, and that my Parents, hoping I should one Day make a precious Saint, put me in my foolish Infancy, into a Convent of Cordeliers: But that greafy Habit, in a little time, feem'd to me as heavy and uneafy as the Armour of a Giant; fo that by Intercession made to Pope Clement the Seventh, I was permitted to change my Gray Frock for a Black; fo I quitted the Equipage of St. Francis,

for that of St. Benedict, and that I was as weary of in a short time as of the other. As I had learnt a great deal of Craft, and but little Religion, during

my Noviciate in those good Schools, so I found away to get loofe from that Cloyster for ever, and took to the study of Hipocrates. Besides that I had a subtle and clear Genius, my Comrades difcover'd in me an acute natural Raillery, which made me acceptable to the best Companions, Cardinal Bellay, who made me his Physician, took me to Rome with him in that Quality, where the San-Etity of the Tripple-Crown, the ador'd Slipper, and All-opening Key, could not hinder me from jesting in the Presence of his Holiness. "Twas Paul the Third, before called Alexander Fernese, who then fill'd the Apostolical Chair, and was more remarkable for his Lewdness than Piety. I had the good Fortune to please him with the Inclination he found in me to Lewdness, and he gave me a Bull of Absolution for my Aportacy, free from all Fee and Duties, which I think was a gracious Reward for a Foreign Atheistical Bustoon. After I had compil'd a Catalogue of his Vices, to make use of as I should find an Opportunity, the Cardinal my Patron return'd to Paris, and I with him, where he immediately gratify'd me with a Canon-Thip of St. Maur, and the Benefice of Mendon, Having all I could defire, I liv'd luxurioufly; and the Love of Satyr pleasing me much more than the Service of God, after I had wrote feveral things without Success for the Learned, I composed the History of Gargantua and Pantagruel, for the Ignorant, Things which some call a Cock and a Bull, and others the Product of a lively Imagination. I know most Men understand them as little as they do Arabick; and as it is not to our prefent Purpole, fo do not I intend to explain that Stuff to them, but will now, fince 'tis more apropos, give you some Advice concerning the Malady of your blustering Menarch. The Residence I made at the Court of France, in the Reign of Francis the First, make me more bold in judging of the Nature of those Distempers. You conceal the virulency of Lewis

Lewis the Fourteenth's Disease, because you dare not examine into the bottom of the Cause, and are more modest in proposing Remedies, than he has been in contracting the Distemper. Yet every one talks according to his Interest, and the News-Mongers always keep a Blank to fet down the manner of his Death. If he does not tremble, he must be thorowpac'd in Iniquity, for he has feveral Reckonings to make up with Heaven, which are not so easily adjusted; and as he has often affronted the Majesty of several Popes, he will scarce obtain a Pasport to go Scot-free into the other World. We are told here, by some of his good Friends, he begins to putrify, and has Ukers a Yard in length, where Vermin, very Soldier like, intrench themselves. There is no other Remedy for this, according to old Æsculapius, but to make him a new Man, by a severe penitential Pilgrimage into some of the Provinces of Mercury and Turpentine. If he still fears the danger of War, let him go in Disguise; and if at this Age, he cannot be without a She Companion, let him take his old Friend Maintenon along with him, she is Poison-proof, and may, to save Charges, ferve him in three Capacities, viz. as a Bed-fellow, Nurse and Guide; keep him also to a strict Diet; scrape his Bones, and purge him thorowly, and all may be found again but his Conscience. You cannot imagine, how merrily we Gentlemen of the Faculty live at Pluto's Court: I am Secretary to the same Paul the Third, who pardon'd me gratis the Violation of my Vows, my Irreverence for the Church, and my want of Respect for him; Scaramouche is his Gentleman Usher, Harlequin his Page, and Scarron his Poet Laureat. Don't suppose I was such a Blockhead as to kiss his sweaty Toe, when I visited him in the Vatican; he had nothing from me but such an hypocritical Hug, as your Monks give each other at the ridiculous Ceremony of High-Mass. This old Goat still keeps his Amorous Inchnations, and I who have so often made others Blush,

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Lewis the Fourteenth's Disease, because you dare not examine into the bottom of the Cause, and are more modest in proposing Remedies, than he has been in contracting the Distemper. Yet every one talks according to his Interest, and the News-Mongers always keep a Blank to fet down the manner of his Death. If he does not tremble, he must be thorowpac'd in Iniquity, for he has several Reckonings to make up with Heaven, which are not so easily adjusted; and as he has often affronted the Majesty of several Popes, he will scarce obtain a Pasport to go Scot-free into the other World. We are told here, by some of his good Friends, he begins to putrify, and has Ukers a Yard in length, where Vermin, There is very Soldier like, intrench themselves. no other Remedy for this, according to old Æsculapius, but to make him a new Man, by a severe penitential Pilgrimage into some of the Provinces of Mercury and Turpentine. If he still fears the danger of War, let him go in Disguise; and if at this Age, he cannot be without a She Companion, let him take his old Friend Maintenon along with him, the is Poison-proof, and may, to fave Charges, lerve him in three Capacities, viz. as a Bed-fellow, Nurse and Guide; keep him also to a strict Diet; scrape his Bones, and purge him thorowly, and allmay be found again but his Conscience. You cannot imagine, how merrily we Gentlemen of the Faculty live at Pluto's Court: I am Secretary to the same Paul the Third, who pardon'd me gratis the Violation of my Vows, my Irreverence for the Church, and my want of Respect for him; Scaramouche is his Gentleman Usher, Harlequin his Page, and Scarron his Poet Laureat. Don't suppose I was such a Blockhead as to kiss his sweaty Toe, when I visited him in the Vatican; he had nothing from me but such an hypocritical Hug, as your Monks give each other at the ridiculous Ceremony of High-Mass. This old Goat still keeps his Amorous Inchnations, and I who have so often made others Blush,

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am often asham'd to hear his Ribaldry. He'd certainly make Love to Proferpine, but our Sultan wou'd not be pleas'd with his Courtship; and befides, his Seraglio is as well guarded as the Grand Seignior's, otherwise we might have a Litter of fine Puppies betwixt them. Little hump-Shoulder'd Luxemberg, late Marreschal of France, is the Captain of her Guards, and so damnably jealous, that he will not fuffer any to come near her; at which Pluto is very well pleas'd, and does not mistrust him, thinking it impossible for any Body to be in Love with fuch a lump of Deformity. But to return to our Friend Paul, he scorns to copy after the Devit, who turn'd Hermit when he was old, and I am now making another Collection of his Impieties and Amours, which will be ready to come out with a Gazettee Nostradamus he has been composing fince the Year 1600. That fly Conjurer is so earnest upon the Matter, that he lifts not up his Head, though. Pluto's black-guard Boys are continually burning Brimstone under his Nose. However, I do not know but this Mountain may bring forth a Moule; for to speak freely, I put as little Faith in those Prophets, who like Sots lose their Reason in the Abyss of Futurity, as the honest Whigs of England do in the Oaths and Treaties of your swaggering Master. As for you, Brother Doctor, Cut, Scarify, Blifter, and Glyfter, fince 'tis your Profession, but take this along with you, that they who do the least Mischief, pass with me for the ablest Men. But I wou'd advise you not to suffer any longer those barbarous Names of Assassins, Poisoners, Closestool-mongers, Factors of Death, &c. the World gives you, I have had high Words with Mchene on your Account, and I expect that fine Rhiming Fellow Boileau will give him a wipe over the Nose in one of his Satyrs. For tho' I have made bold to talk freely with you, yet I do not mean all the World should take the same Liberty.

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The ANSWER of Mr. FAGON, first Physician to LEWIS XIV. to FRANCIS RABLAIS.

Ou're a very pretty Gentleman, Friend Rab-Y lais, to boast of your self so much, and value the rest of your Fraternity so little. Do not you know that I am of the Tribe Fuda, and perhaps related to some of the Kings of Ifrael? Had you heard me preach in a Synagogue, you'd foon be convine'd whether I am an illiterate Fellow or no. Is it such an Henour to be of your College? wou'd it be any Advantage to be like you? You have been by your own Confession, a most horrid Rake-hell; and I would not for all the Mammon of Unrighteousness, in my King's Coffer, transgress one Point of the Law. You ought not to be affonish'd at my Greatness, for I concern my felf with more than one Trade, and no Man was ever in such Fayour, and grew fo Rich, by only applying warm Injections to the Back-side. If you enjoy'd a Prebend, and other Benefices, you, must I know, have a listed Cardinal Bellay in his Amours. For my Part, I boast of having been a Broker, Sollicitor, and under the Rose, Billet-doux-Carrier and Door-Keeper, because all Employments at Court are honourable, especially in that great Concern of S---y. Do not you think you were the first that thought of the Remedy you speak of; we had several learned Confultations about it, but know not which way to mention it, for Madam Scarron, who is very tender of her Reputation, and reigns fovereignly at Court, will fay we accuse her of bringing the Neopolitan Distemper to Versailles, and have us sent to the Gallies, or hang'd for our good Advice. I have often reflected on the scandalous bantering Stuff of those they call Wits, have said, and do say of us; and wish with all my Heart, the first Brimstone they take for the Itch and Mercury for the Pox, may Poylon

116 LETTERS from the DEAD

Poyfon 'em; but for us to stir in't, would bring 'em all about our Ears; and we know the consequence

* England. try, where they have mumbled a poor Phy cian, † and one that can

† D. B---re. Versify also, almost as severely as a Troop of hungry Wolves would a fat Ass. However, we thank you for your Zeal;

but at the same time advise you not to make a Quarrel for so small a Business; and I, in a particular manner, kils your Hand, and desire you'll give my Service to Nostradamus. I cannot beat it out of my Head, but that he has put me into his.

† Centuries, and that an ingenious † Stanzat of Man might discover me there. I Nostradamus. own its looking for a Needle in a Bottle of Hay; but you know I

spring up like a Mushroom, and that he foretells nothing but Prodigies.

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The Dutchess of FONTANGE to the CUMEAN SIBYL.

Desir'd Mercury to call en passant, at your : I : Cave; and as he has Wings at his Feet, and Complaisance in Heart, so he will, I don't

doubt, go a little out of his Way to oblige me, by delivering you this Letter; I have from my Infancy had you in my Mind, and heard my. Nurse, when I lay squawling in shitten Clouts in my Cradle, tell frightful Stories of you. As soon as I began to prattle, my Maids taught me to call all old wrinkled Women wither'd Sibyls; and the Idea of the Den you were confined in, fill'd me with Fear. But since I have been inform'd of the truth of your History, that Fear is chang'd into Veneration, and I now look upon your Cell as a sacred Place. To assure you of my Respect, and the Considence I repose in you, I will

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confult you about some future Events, and tell you one fact of my Griefs. I am nobly born, handfome and young enough to inspire and receive the fofiest Love. The French King, who had spoil'd the Shape, and wore out the Charms of feveral Mistresses, long before I appear'd at his Court, had a Mind to do the same by me. Being naturally proud and wanton, and tempted by the fine Compliments of a great and vigorous Prince, and Title of Dutchess, (a Temptation none of us Women can refift) I foon yielded to his Desires; which so mortify'd the haughty Montespane, that she with a Ragoo a-la-mode d'Espagne dispatch'd me out of the World, before I could get a true Taste of Greatness, or the Pleasures of a Royal Bed. Alas! What a mighty Difference there is between you and me; your Years are innumerable, you are still mentioned in History, your Voice still remains, and you enjoy the divine Faculty of Prediction; but I was murther'd in my Bloom, when ripe and juicy as the luscious Grape, and that ungrateful perjur'd Man, who riff'd my Virgin Treasures, has not so much as thought or spoke of me since. He doats on nothing but old Age, and could you appear in fomething more folid than Air, I do not doubt but he's make his Addresses to you: I believe his being born with Teeth prefag'd he would always be a Tyrant to his People, and in his latter Days the Cully of such atough Piece of Carrion as Mrs. Maintenon. Morbleu! Have I barbarously been facrifis'd, and must aMiss of Threescore and fifteen live unpunish'd, and be treated better than I was in the greatest Heighth of that Prince's Passion, and Warmth of my Desires, when capable both of receiving and giving Joy? It really distracts me! And I conjure you, in the Name of Apollo, who never refus d you any Thing, to let me know by one of your Oracles, if I hall never return to France again. You came hither, I know, with the brave Æneas, (but stay'd no longer than you lik'd the Place) and I have heard some People

People say, That Knight-Errand diverted himself extreamly upon the Road, and made a great deal of hot Love to you; but I take that to be a meer Story, because Virgil, who would not have let slip so pleasant a Passage, has said nothing of it. However, could I return but a short time to dislodge Maintenon, and take a Frisk with my former Lover, if he be not too old for that Business, or were I but your Shadow, provided I liv'd, I should be pretty well pleas'd; for 'tis a melancholly thing to think that the Fates should spin such a long

* Madam

* Ape, who never was to be compared with me; and that there should remain no more of poor

Fontance, than an unfortunate Name, over which Oblivion will in a little Time triumph. At the writing of this, in came a Courier from Verfailles, who brings us Word, that Lewis the Great, has undertook fuch a Piece of Work, that the Weight and Consequence makes him sick of the World: That Mistress Maintenon has wore out his Teeth; that Legions of Vermin devour him, and that we may suddenly expect him in these Dominions; which, if true, will be some Satisfaction to me; and though he be Toothless, Worm-eaten and Rotten, I will grant him the same Liberty he often took with me on a Couch at the Trianon, to get him again under my Empire, that I may at leisure revenge my self for his Forgetfulness.

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Oh! wou'd it not provoke a Maid,
By softest Vows and Oaths betray'd,
Her Virgin Treasures to resign,
And give up Honour's dearest Shrine?
Then when her Charms have been enjoy'd;
To be next Moment laid aside.

But why do I lament in vain, And of my Destiny complain? Had I been wife as those before me, I (hould have made the World adore me; Not to one Lover's Arms confin'd, But fearch'd and try'd all Human kind.

But I believe this foolish Constancy was only owing to my want of Experience; and if I had liv'd a little longer, I should have had the Curiosity to try the Variety of Human Performance, like the rest of my Neighbours. You have been my dear demy Goddess, in Love, and have been belov'd, therefore I befeech you, give me fome healing Advice or Confolation, as my Case requires.

The CUMEAN Sybil's Answer to the Dutchess of FONTANGE.

to S it possible that so charming a Beauty should I think of fuch an old decripid Creature as I am! I was desirous to talk with Mercury a-

bout you, but he flew away like & Bird. It extreamly troubles me, dear Child, that I am oblig'd, in answer to your Letter, to tell youthere is no hopes of your returning to Versailles; for you must consider that when I conducted Æneas, I was then living, and that 'tis impossible for any under a Hercules to fetch you from whence you are; and where shall we find one now? The bravest Boufflers in France is but a Link-Boy in comparison to him. Your Lover,

Fair Lady, is so fast link'd to his old * Duegna's Tail, that he thinks no * Madam more of you, and your Complaints Maintenon. are infignificant. † She that hur- † Madam ried you out of the World in the Flower of your Youth, with a fa-

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vourable Dose of Poyton, is now neglected, and grown fo monstrous fat and lecherous, by living lazily in a Nunnery, that she's not a fit Companion for any Creature that has but two Legs to fupport it. You know not what you do, when you envy my Destiny, for I'm sometimes so teiz'd and tir'd with answering the Virtuosos and Beaus, that it turns my very Brain. I own, 'tis a fad Thing to dye at Eighteen, in the Height of one's Greatness and Pleasures, because Nature always thinks she pays her Tribute to Death before-hand. I would willingly divert you a little, but I know not which way, unless this little History I fend you, which a Traveller gave me not long fince, and which has Novelty to recommend it felf, will doit. Do not believe, Good Lady, the scandalous Story some ignorant Rhiming Puppy has made of Aneas and Me; he was not so brisk as that comes to; and I can affure you, never put the Question, to me. Ask Dido, she can tell you more of him than I can; and as modest as Virgil describes her, vet she was forc'd to take this Trojan Prince by the Throat to make him perform the Duty of a Gallant; by this you may judge of his Conflitution: Besides, had he been never so amorously inclin'd, vet not knowing my Inclinations, he might think his Courtship would displease me, and so disoblige Apollo, for whose Assistance he then had occasion. Therefore laugh at all those idle Raileries of impertinent People, and turn your Eyes and Thoughts on the following Dialogue.

The MITREDHOG: ADialogue between Abbot FURETIRE and SCARRON.

Furetiere. H! Have I found you at last, old Friend? Though I were certain you were here, and defir'd earnestly to fee you;

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yet being gouty, and tir'd with walking, I began to have no more Thoughts of searching after you. How many troublesome Journies I have made, and Leagues have I travell'd, and all to kis your Hands, though I am a Virtuoso, I cannot tell; for in Truth, I am quite out of my Element, and confounded ever since I have lost Sight of Sun and Moon.

your Name? For the Dead having neither Beard nor Bonnet, nor any Thing else to distinguish them by, I know not exactly what, or who you are; but by your Language and Mein, suppose you some

Mungril of the French Academy.

Monsteur L' Abbe Furetiere, * alias in French for a Porc de bon Dieu, who has long but fat large Monk in vain, been gaping and scraping at or Abbot. Co-Versailles for a Mitre, that I may chon is French wallow in Peace and Plenty like a for a Hog.

Hog: But alas! what a Lest-handed

Planet was I born under? A Debauch with stummed Wine, serting an old Pox which lay dormant in my Bones, into a Ferment, soon carry'd me off, almost in the Heighth of my Desires, and when I

bad fairest for the Bishoprick.

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Scar. I am forry for your Misfortune; but am at the same time, heartily glad to see you, Monsieur L'Abbe. You will not, perhaps, meet with all these Conveniencies here, you enjoy'd at Paris; but in Recompence you will meet with much honester dealing. For my part, I must own my felf infinitely happy; for now I am neither troubled with Lawyers, Physicians, Apothecaries, Collectors of Taxes, Priests nor Wife, the Plague and Torment of Men's Days when on Earth. But how have you had your Health since you have been in the Country?

Furet. Thanks to our Master Pluto, I have not yet felt any Cold. I was fo very tender and chill for fix Mouths in the Year at Paris, that the I was loaded with Ermins, and always had a Dram of the

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best Nantz in my Pocket, I could scarce keep my

Blood from freezing in my Veins.

Scar. That's an Affliction you will not meet with here, take my Word for't; for 'tis something hotter than under the Torid Zone, and the nicest Wits of your Academy, need not fear spoiling their Brains, by catching Cold here. It is not long since I met with the illustrious Balzac, who does not complain now of the Cold in his Head, as he did when he liv'd on the pleasant Banks of the Charante. But, what News have you?

Furet. I don't doubt, by your Inquisitiveness, but you are very desirous to hear some News of your

Wife.

Scar. May Pox and Itch devour the nasty Jade! I know but too much of her by Mareschal d' Albert formerly, and lately, by my likeness Monsieur Luxemburgh; yes, I know she's a Dutchess; that she's one of the Privy-Council; and she serves Lewis the XIVth, in the same Capacity as Livia did Augustus. But why did not the Prostitute make her poor deform'd Husband a Duke? I should not have been the first Duke and Peer of France, that had been a Cuckold.

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Furet. By your Discourse, Mr. Scarron, one would think you had lost your Senses and Memory: But you cannot surely have forgot how, instead of Laurel, she adorn'd your learned Brow with Horns, before she was taken Notice of at Court! Indeed how could a pretry, witty, buxom, young Woman, forbear making such an infirm, deform'd Æsop as

you a Cuckold?

Scar. I should not have much valued that, because I had Brethren enough to herd with, if the damn'd Whore had but got my Pension augmented; but the confounded Jade, instead of that, gave me the curfed'st Garrison to maintain, that ever poor Husband was mortify'd with: To appeale which, I was forc'd to have Recourse to Unguentum contrapediculos inguinales, &c. But prithee let's discourse

of something else, for the Thoughts of the Dutchess of Maintenan, will disturb my Brain, and easily put me into a Fever, which is dangerous in this warm Climate.

Furet. I'll tell you but three or four Words more of this famous Dutchess, and conclude. First, That she has kick'd her Patroness, Madam Montespon out of the Royal-Bed: And Secondly, That she is very great with the pious Jesuit, Father la Chaise, the Monarch's Confessor.

Scar. Oh! oh! By my Troth, I don't wonder at the Lascivious Harlot, for closing with him! As there is no Feast like the Misers, so there is no Gallantry like those Monks. When those Hypocrites undertake that Business, they do it all like Heroes. But you have said all, by saying he is a Jesuit, since those Gallants have been in Reputation, they have engrossed all good Whoring to their Society, especially in France, and more particularly at Paris, where they have so well behav'd themselves, that they have chang'd an ancient authentick Proverb, Facobin en * Chaire, Cordelier en † Chaur. Carme en ‡ Cu- * Pulpit.

Cordelier en † Chœur, Carme en ‡ Cu- * Pulpit.
sine, & Augustin en || Bordel, for now † The Quire.
they say, Fesuit en Bordel, &c. But ‡ Kitteen.
so much for those Gentlemen. Pray || Bawdy House.

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Furet. There are as many Follies committed there, as in any Society in the Universe; judge of the whole by this one Example. That Company was never so highly honour'd as it is at present, by the particular Care that great Monarch takes of it; for which he is repaid in flattering Panegyricks. Nevertheless, these insipid, florid, Gentlemen scold and firstch like so many Fish-Women in an Ale-House. The other Day the great Charpentier sell into such a Passion about a Trisse, that he reproach'd the learned Taleman, of being the Son of a broken Apothecary at Rochel, to which Taleman

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with as much Heat reply'd, Charpentier was the Son of a poor Hedge Ale-Draper at Paris. From this Billing gate Language they came to Blows. Charpentier threw Nicot's Dictionary at his Adversary's Head, and Taleman threw Morery's at Charpentier's. We all wish'd heartily we could have recall'd you from the Dead, to write the various Accidents of this Battle, in your comical and satyric Style.

Scar. Ha, ha, had I been there, they should have beat the Academy Dictionary and Morery's too in pieces about each others Ears, before I would have parted them. But I hope these two sputtering Coxcombs did each other Justice; I declare, whoever hinder'd it, deserv'd to be sincerely fined. Pray how did you behave your self during this Combat?

Furet. I happen'd no to be there; for you must know, there has been such a Disserence between those Gentlemen and me, concerning a Dictionary I have publish'd, that it came at last to a contentious Law-Suit; but what was said on either side, only made the World laugh at both, and is not half so diverting as the Epigram you made upon an old Lady that went to Law with you; I think I still remember it—

Thou nauseous everlasting Sow,
With Phiz of Bear, and Shape of Cow,
With Eyes that in their Sockets twinkle,
And Forebead plow'd with many a Wrinkle,
With Nose that runs like Common-spore,
And Breath that murders at Twelvescore:
What! thou'rt resolv'd to give me War,
And trounse me at the noisy Bar,
Though it reduces thee to eat,
Thy Smock for want of cleanlier Meat:
Agreed, old Beldam! keep thy Word,
"Twill soon reduce thee to eat a T—d.

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Scar. May that be the Fate of Taleman, Charpentier, and the rest of those Reformers of the Alphabet, and in a more especial manner of that thicking flattering Rogue * Despe-

thieving flattering Rogue * Despeaux, who has made a faithless Poltron, a Mars, and a super-annuated lycall'd with us

lascivious Adultress, a Saint. So Boileau.

much for that.—— But-give me some little Account now of your Clergy, I mean the great plump Rogues, the Hogs with Mitres on their Heads, and Crossers on their Shouldiers, those

Fanizaries of Antichrift.

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Furet. I know your Meaning—— Never was Nick-name given with more Justice to any Society of Men. In Normandy, and those Parts they call all the minor Clergy, as the fat Monks, Canons, Abbets, &c. who are not Mitred, Jesus Chr.st's Porkers; which Distinction is not very fantastical, if me allow the other Expression. But no more of those Gentlemen, 'tis dangerous.

Scar. Prithee, dear Abbet, be not so mealy-mouth'd; when I was in the World, the greater. Pleasure I had, was in attacking those Geniements Vices, and exposing them to the Hereticks of that Still-bern Generation of Vipers, as they call them, and therefore let us be free now; 'tis the only Enjoyment we can have. Pray what says your Monthly Mercury of those Gentlemen, whom the Earth is more oblig'd to for Bodies, than Heaven for Souls?

Furet. Never fuller of who made such a Man a Cuckold, and who Pox'd such a Woman, as now; neither were ever the Women half so impudent; no not in the Reigns of Caligula and Nero. Never was Debauchery so much in Fashion; nor never were the Whores so often cover'd with Purple.

S'ar. Is there not in your Herd, fuch a Thing as a tame gentle Weather? Or what Virgil calls Dux Gregis? You understand me.

Furet. A Weather! Oh, fy, fy! Not such a Creature among them, I can affure you. The

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Most Christian King would not suffer such an impertinent scandalous Animal, so much as to shew his Head in his Seraglio. 'Tis as easy to find there a pretty Woman chaste, or Hair in the Palm of your Hand, as an emasculated Beast among the mitred Hogs: For the Dux Gregis, Virgil speaks of, we have one at the Head of our Prelates, who has all the Qualities requisite for so great an Honour, tho' he has neither Beard nor Horns: And should I name him, you'd be of my Opinion.

Scar. Wou'd I recollect my Memory, and their Virtues, I could guess within two or three; but

pray fave me that Labour.

Furet. Do you not remember a famous Song you made in Praise of a sick wanton Goat. Creque fait & defend l'Archeveque de Rouen.

Scar. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The Right Reverend Francis Harley, Archbishop of Paris! my most

Renowned Friend! A worthy Chief!

Furet. The very same, and 'tis a precious Jewel, both for Body and Soul. A Hedglag has not more Briffles than this Prelate has Mistresses; and there's

Stallion in France that leaps oftner.

He was, I remember, always at Paris, when Archbishop of Rouen: No Man fitter for that Employment. To be free, if Paris be the Hell of Hackney Horses, 'tis the Paradice of Whore-Masters and Hackney-Whores. I can guess at what he does now, by what he did formerly. Several Ladies also of our neighbouring Countries are Witnesses of his Prowess; but more especially some of the fair English Ladies; the Inscious Morsels of a lustful Monarch. But on to the rest.

Furet. I am willing to satisfy your Curiosity, Mr. Scarron, but to run thro' the whole Herd, would be too tedious at present, tho' they all deserve to be chronicl'd: So I will only, en passant, give you the History of those you have heard preach, both at Paris and the Court, with wonderful Applause

and.

and who, for their Modesty and regular Lives, had the Reputation of Saints, whilst they were only

Fathers of Oratory.

Scar. Take your own Method, Monsieur L'Abbe; butlet me tell you one Thing, by the way, this Place is call'd the Wits Corner, but by some late Guests, because of the Smoak and Liquor, the Wits Coffee: House. Now you know the Wits of all Countries laugh at the Clergy in their Poems and Plays; and that the Clergy, to be reveng'd of them, and keep up their own Reputation with the Ignorant, call them Atheists; therefore you may freely give a true Description of them. All here are their Enemies; and a Priest would as soon venture his Carcass in Sweden as in this Place; he dreads a Poet, as much as Dog docs a Sow-gelder.

Furet. Still a merry Man, Mr. Scarron. But to return to your mitred Hogs; do you remember Father le Bone, and Father Mascron. The first is now Bishop of Perigueux, and the other Bishop of

Agen.

Scar. How! Are these two samous Preachers, those Scourgers of Pride and Immorality, got into the Herd of the Mitred Hogs? By my Troth, I always took them for credulous humble Weathers, Believers of what they preach'd; tho' I know most Priests seldom believe what they profess.

Furet. Well, Mr. Scarron, tho' you can see as far thro' a Mill-stone as any Man, yet I find you are not

infallible.

ELITH

Scar. Faith, a Man sees as far thro' a Mill-stone, as a Priest's Surplice, tho' 'tis reckon'd the Emblem of Purity. But, Monsieur L' Abbe, what Montaigne said formerly of the Women, I now say of the Priests: Ils envoyen leur Conscience au Bordel, & tiennent leur Countanance en regle: They send their Conscience to the Stews, and keep their Countenance within Rule.

Furet. 'Tis even as true of one, as of the other, Mr. Scarron, and my following Discourse will veri-

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fy it. What Virtue there is in a Mitne, I know not, for I could never obtain one: I was thought too good a Christian in the Bottom; but before I had bad adieu to Paris, your innecent believing Apostles were become too as rampant and fine Coated Hogs as any of the Herd. The Reverend Father le Bone, Bishop of Perigueux, has so bravely plaid the County Boar, that there's not a pretty Nun in his Diocefs but has been with Pig by him; as I have been credibly informed by Persons of Honour.

Scar. Oh! The excellent Apostle: I remember a Story of him when he was Bishop of Agde, which will not be anpleasant to you, if you can bear with a Pun, and a Poet's making merry with feveral Languages, a Thing he can no more avoid than Flattery. This worthy Prelate not meeting with that Plenty at Agde his Voluptuousness required, made his Monarch this Compliment: Sir, Je suis ne gueux, j'ay vecu gueux, benais s'I plait a votre Majeste, je voux PERIGUEUX.

ruret. Faith, a very comfortable Reward for a very filthy Pun; I have faid forty pleafanter Things to the King, and never could get beyond Monsieur L' Abbe; which makes me believe there is a critical Minute for a Wit, as well as Love: An excellent

Roman Poet was fensible of it, when he said,

Hora Libellorum decima est, Eupheme, meorum, Temporat Ambrofins cum tua cura Dapes, Est bonus atkereo laxatur Nectare Cafare.

There's a Latin Quotation for you, to shew you I understand it; and that I have been an Author as y

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well as you.

Scar. Believe me, Monsieur L' Abbe, you'll fare much the better for it here; and the' those Gentlemen made us poor Poets pass for Scoundrels and impious Ridiculers of Piety in the other World, yet we have much the whip-hand of them in thefe Quarters, Quarters, therefore take Comfort. Tell me pray how the pious *Julius Mascaron* behaves himself at Agen, where he meets with greater Plenty than he did at Thute.

have made them so plump and wanton, 'twould rejoyce your Heart to see him. All the Females of the Town cares him, and strive which shall yield him most Delight; and he out of Zeal and Gratitude, and to preserve Peace and Charity among them, like a holy Prelate, has given to each her Hour of Rendesvous, which they keep as regularly as the Clock strikes.

Scar. Very well! There's nothing fo commenda-

ble as good Method in whoring.

Furet. But his Favourite is a pretty gentle Nun, with whom he often goes to Beauregard, there tete a tete, or rather he a ne, under the shady Limes, do they both act that which will one Day procure a third. There are forty other better Stories of these two Prelates; for they value not what common Report says. They are above it: But if you will listen to the Exploits of the Bishop of Laon, now Cardinal d' Estrees, I will shew you what a mitted Hog is capable of.

Scar. As I am acquainted with the Strength of his Genius, fo I do not doubt of the Greatness of his Performances. You have now named a Man

that would make a Parish Bull jealous.

Furet. The History I shall give you, will justify your Opinion of him. Know then that the Cardinal d'Estrees being passionately in Love with the Marchioness de Cauvres, who was supposed to have granted the Duke de Seaux the liberty of risling here. Placket, was resolved to put in for his Snack. To compass this, he acquainted his Nephew, the Marquis de Cauvres, with the scandalous Familiarity that was between the Duke and his Wife. Upon which their Parents met at the Mareschal d'Estree's, where it was concluded to send the young Adultres's

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into a Convent; but the old Mareschal, made wifer by long Experience, was against it. In good Faith, faid he, you are more nice than wife; had not our Mothers plaid the same wanton Trick, not one of us had been here. I know very well what I fay; there's not a handsome Nose nor Leg in the Company, but has been stole; and not a Farthing matter from whom, whether Prince or Coachman, it has mended our Breed; therefore we have more Reason to praise those, who discreetly follow the Examples of their Grandmothers and Mothers, than banish 'em, and so render them fruitless. not suppose, when I marry'd my Grandson de Cauvres, to young Mademoiselle de Lionne, that I consider d her Riches, or that her Father was a Minister of State; fuch Thoughts are beneath a Man of my Age and Experience. My great Hopes were, that the being young and handsome, will fill support the Grandeur of our Family, which as you all very well know, has been made more confiderable by the Intrigues of the Women, than by the Valour of the Men. I'm fure I never discourag'd what I now maintain; and why my Grandson should be more squeemish than I, or his Forefathers have been, I take it to be unreasonable: Therefore, since the Marchioness de Cauvres is only blam'd for having tafted those Pleasures which Nature allows, and which are customary in our Family, I declare my felf her Protector. Yet I would not have this be the Talk of the Court; I would not have it pals. my Threshold; because the World might say of one of us, as of a fine curious Piece of Clock-work, that a great many excellent Workmen had a Hand in it.

Scar. In this generous and confiderate Speech, do I plainly discover the Inclinations of the famous Gabriele d'Estrees, Harry the Fourth's Mistress. But I am in Trouble for the poor Marchioness; I know a Convent must be insupportable to a Weman that

has tafted the Pleafures of a licentious Court.

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Furet. The Cardinal was against publishing his Niece's Wantonness, as well as the Mareschal, and took upon him the Care of reprimanding her, and bringing her into the Path of Virtue: To which the Marquis de Cauvres readily consented, not imagining he deliver'd the pretty Lamb to the ravenous Wolf. This being agreed on, the luftful Prelate went immediately to his Nicce; I come; Madam, faid he, from doing you a very confiderable piece of Service : All our Family has been in Consultation against you, and could think of no milder. Punishment for you than a Convent, with all its Mortifications, viz. Praying, Fasting, Whipping, and abstaining from the masculine Kind, &c. I know, dear Niece, this was as unjust as severe : But in short it had been your Doom, had I not been your Friend Such a piece of Service as this, beautiful Niece, deserves a suitable Return; and I. believe you too generors to be ungrateful : But I fhall think this, and all the other Services I can render you, highly recompene'd, if you'll but permit me to fee you often and embrace you.

Scar. A very pious Speech! I hope that which is to follow will answer this excellent beginning. Now do I imagine a Place formally belieged; the next

News will be of the opening the Trenches.

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Furet. We proceed very regularly, Mr. Scaron:
The Place makes a noble Defence; and does not furrender till a Breach is made. To be thus unjustly accused, said the Marchioness, is a very great Missfortune; and tho I will not disown my Obligation to you, yet you must permit me say, that your Proceeding destroys that very Obligation: If you will not have any Regard to my Virtue, and the Fidelity I owe to my Husband; you ought, nevertheless, to remember your Character, and how nearly we are related. But I know the meaning of this; you believe the scandalous and malicious Story that has been rais'd of me, and design to make your Advantage of it. What can be more injurious

Whore, had you but thought me as enough to abhor your beaftly incessuous Proposition, I should have had some Reason to esteem

Sear. Poor Prelate! Egad, I pity thee; thou hast receiv'd such a Bruise in this Repulse, that I cannot think thou'lt have the Courage to return to the

Attack, and what I sho HA as solve

Furet. Have Patience; you are not acquainted? with the Craft and Courage of a Mitted Hog. The Prelate, who by this Refistance, was become more Amorous, refolv'd to watch fo narrowly his Niece's Conduct, that he would oblige her to do that out of Fear, which all his Rhetorick and Protestations of Love could not tempt her to. To be fhort, he manag'd fo well this important Affair, that he furpris'd the Duke de Seanx in Bed, between Madam de Lionne and the Marchioness de Cauvres her Daugh-And to magnify Charity, as well as other Virtues in this Matter, he took Monfieur de Lionne along with him. I will leave you to imagine the Confusion of these two Ladies; the first to see her Husband, and the other the Man she had so vigoroufly repuls'd. The Marchioness thinking wifely, her Compliance would vet conceal her Intrigue; taking the Cardinal by the Hand, and gently fqueezing it, faid, If you promife to appeale my Father, and by your ghoftly Authority, make my Mother and him good Friends again, and keep this Frolick from my Husband, you shall, whenever you please, find me grateful, and fensible of your Affection.

Scar. What faid Monsieur de Lionne? The surprise of a poor Cuckold, who finds a handsome, brawny young Fellow in Bed with his Wife and Daughter,

furpasses my Imagination.

Furet. If like Action, he had been immediately metamorphofed into a Stag, he could not have been more surprised.

Scar. How did the Prelate behave himself. after this charitable brave Exploit? The Breach is now made, there has been a Parley; the Preliminaries are agreed on; nothing now is wanting, but taking Possession of the Place.

Furet. You move very Soldier like, Mr. Scarron. The Prelate being resolv'd to perform all the Articles of the Treaty, like a Man of Honour, first preach'd on Charity, and then forgiveness of Crimes, then on Human Prudence, Policy, the Reputation of their Family, and quoted some of the old Mareschal's Remarks; which altogether so prevail'd on the poor Cuckold, that he confented to put his Horns in his Pocket, and forgive his Daughter. Then did the Prelate, under the pious Pretence of correcting his faulty Niece, lead her with a feeming auftere Gravity into his Chamber, where he summon'd her to the Performance of Articles on her part; which on a Couch, were reciprocally exchanged; she not daring to refuse it, for fear he should acquaint her Husband with her Intrigue with the Duke de Seaux.

Scar. Oh, brave Hog! Worthy Prelate! Pious Cardinal: What a fine way of Mortification is this! Well, for Sincerity, Humility, Charity, So-

briety. &c. commend me to a Prelate.

his Desires, yet could not but be sensible that Fear, not Love, made her consent; therefore doubting she would return to her sirst Amours, or that he should have but little share of her, so contrived it, that her Husband sent her to a House he had in the Cardinal's Diocess, and not far from his Palace. This had a very good Effect; because the Cardinal for the Love of her, resided always in his Diocess. Thus did the Cardinal and his Niece, live very lovingly for two or three Years, but the Intrigues of the Court calling the Prelate out of the Kingdom, Ambition stept into the Place of Love, and put an end to an incessuous Commerce, to which

which the Marchioness had first consented, purely in her own Defence.

Scar. I find there are Hogs with Cardinal Caps; as well as Mitres. But I believe they are not fo numerous; that Dignity perhaps, is a kind of curb

to their Licentiousness.

Furet. You mistake the Matter, Mr. Scarron, Inclination never changes; the only Reason is, there are more Bishops than Cardinals, and most of them reside at Rome, at glorious Rome, which is but one entire Stew; Sodom was not, what Rome is now. Have you forgot the samous Cardinal Ronzi? He is as absolute in Montpellier, as the Grand Signsor in his Seraglio; he needs but beckon to the Dame he has a Mind to enjoy. The brave Cardinal de Bouillon, notwithstanding his Court Intigues, is as well known in all the Bawdy-Houses of Paris, as a young debauch'd Musquetier, or Garde de Corps. The Cardinal de Furstenburg too was as wicked as his Purse would allow him before I left the Town.

Scar. I verily believe it, Monsieur l' Abbe: But pray give me leave to reckon your Dignities upon my Fingers, that I may not forget them. First, There is your Parkers of Fesus Christ; then your Mitred Hogs; and lastly, your Purple Hogs. Tis wondrous pretty! Pray how must we diffinguish the Pope, who is Chief of this Herd? Must we call him the Swine-Herd? Some of them 'tis true, were Swine-Herds before they took the Order of Priesthood, as Sixtus Quintus, who was Swine-Herd to the Village of Montaste: But there is another Thing that puzzles me worse than all this: You know Lewis XIVth calls himself the eldest Son of St. Peter, Lewis the Great then, for all his Ambition, is the Son of a Swine-Herd. Well, I know not how to fettle this Point; therefore pray continue your Hiftory.

Furet. I'll make an end of my History, if you are not already glutted with the Infamy of the afore-

mentioned Prelates; with that of the Archbishop of Rheims.

Scar. How! Monsieur l' Abbe, how! Is he a Hop too? I have heard him call'd by some of our new Guests a Horse.

Furet. You are in the right of that: The Mareschal de la Feuillade was his God-father, and one Day honour'd him with the Title of Coach-Horse.

Scar. A Horse is a Degree of Honour above a Hog -- Has la Feuillade the Privilege of distributing Titles at the Court of France? Has he more Wit than in Cardinal Mazarine's Days, who always greeted him in thefe Words, Monsieur de la Feuillade,

All your Brains would lye in a Nutshell.

Furet. 'Tis true, there is no more Substance in his Brains, than in whipt Gream; and as that fills up the Defart, and ferves to cool and refresh the Stomach after a plentiful Dinner; so does he serve to unbend and divert the Mind, after folid Conversation and Business. To prove this, I will tell you how he made the King to laugh very heartily, concerning the Archbishop of Rheims.

Scar. As a wife politick Lady, when she has not the Fool her Husband to divert her, will have her Monkey; so must the great Statesman have his Buffoon. He is the same to the Politician, as a Glyster is to the Man that's costive. But go on

with your Story.

Furet. He being one Day with the King, looking out at a Window of Verfailles, that faces the great Road to Paris, and observing the Passengers, the King at last discovered a Coach with more, as he thought, then fix Horses; and turning to la Feuillade, praising the Equipage, ask'd him if it was not the Archbishop of Rheim's Livery: Yes, Sir, said la Feuillade. I can discover but seven Horses, reply'd the King: Oh! Sir, said la Feuillade, the eighth is in the Coach. But I pretend to degrade this Archbishop, and prove that he's but a Mitred Hog as well as the rest of his Brethren.

Scar. Ah dear Monsieur l' Abbe, for the Love of Monsieur le Tellier, who has render'd his King and Country such great Service, take not from him the Honour la Feuillade conferr'd on him, and with

the King's Approbation.

Furet. Plead not so earnestly for him, but hear me with Patience. I do not say, but the Archbishop of Rheims is a Brute, a very Animal, a Coach-Horse, per omnes Casus; but yet he pursues the Assairs of Love, with as much Zeal, and as little Conscience, as any Prelate in Europe, therefore must not be distinguish'd from his Brethren. Besides, if you take from him his lawful Title of Mitred Hog, you will hinder his Prescriment.

Scar. Oh! By no means. I have read that Caligula honour'd one of his Horses with the Title of Senator; why then may not the Pope, who is the Successor of that Emperor, callinto his Senate your

Coach-Horfe?

Firet. With all my Heart. Nevertheless, I'll call him if you please, Mitred Hog, as I did the Bishop of Loan before he was Cardinal d'Estree. Now to Matter of Fact. The Dutchess d'Aumont having surpris'd one of her Chamber-Maids in a very indecent Posture with the Marquis de Villequier, her Sonin-law, turn'd her out of her Service. The poor Wench, distracted to find her self separated from her Lover, told him, out of pure Revenge, that the Archbishop of Rheims lay with the Dutchess every time the Duke went to Versailles. How! my Uncle! Ah! I cannot believe it; thou says this out of Malice.

Scar. Oh fie! Oh fie! The Archbishop of Rheims debauch the Dutchess of Aumont, his Brother-in-Law's Wife! Do not you plainly perceive this Jade's Malice? If the Dutchess had but suffer'd her Intrigue with the Marquiss, she would not have open'd

her Mouth. Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible!

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Furet. As much as you feem to wonder now, and abhor the Thoughts of such Doings; you were not formerly so nice, nor incredulous.

Scar. Be not angry, good Monsieur l' Abbe; I do believe as bad of a Priest, as you can desire to have

me; therefore pray continue.

Furet, By what follows you'll find that the Spirit of Revenge discover'd a most luscious Intrigue. Since you will not believe what I say, reply'd the Wench to her Gallant, I will, the next time the Duke goes to Versailles, make your Eyes convince you. The Dutchess, you must know, had imprudently given her leave to stay three or four Days in her House. As it happen'd the Duke went that Asternoon to Court, who was no sooner gone, and the Marquiss plac'd in a dark Room leading to the Dutchess's Bed-Chamber, but by comes the Archbishep, mustled up with a Cloak and a dark Lanthorn in his Hand. This convinced the young Marquiss, and was enough to convince a more incredulous Man than your Worship.

Scar. It was perhaps some Phantome, or some amorous Devil, who to do himself Honour, had taken the Archbishop's goodly Form, and sanctify'd

Mien.

Furet. Still excusing the Priests! You were not such an Advocate of theirs in the other World, witness your Answer to your Parish Priest, some few Hours before you packt up for this Place.

Scar. I have fince drank a fwinging Draught of Lethe's forgetful Stream; I remember nothing of

it: You would, perhaps, scandalise me.

Furet. It was thus, Sir, the grave Hypocrite administring the last Idolatrous Ceremonies, asked if you knew what you received; to which you made this short Answer: The Body of your God carryed by an Ass.

Scar, 'Tis true, 'tis true, Monsieur l' Abbe; pray who can endure to be disturb'd by an impertinent Coxcomb, when he's going to take a long Voyage?

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But go on, I'll not speak one Word more in their Behalf.

Furet. The Marquiss convinc'd by what he had feen, went the next Morning to Versailles, and told all the young Nobility of his Acquaintance what had pass'd; which by being buzz'd about, in four and twenty Hours became the Talk of all the Court.

Scar. Oh, brave Archbishop of Rheims! Was no Body worthy of being made a Cuckold by you, but

your Brother-in-Law?

Furet. Again mistaken, Mr. Scarron, for the charitable Archbishop has assisted his Nephew too, as well as his Brother-in-Law; and intends to go round the Family.

Scar. The Devil! This is the most insatiable-Hog I ever heard of! He devours both the Hen and her Chickens. Pray excuse me, Monsseur l'Abbe: I

cannot but think you wrong him now.

Furet. You may judge of that by the following Relation. The Archbishop being passionately in Love with Madam d' Aumont his Niece, and the Marquiss de Crequi's Wife, was resolv'd the better to infinuate himself with her, to make her jealous of her Husband, which he found no difficult Matter to do. This done, he went to visit her, and finding her melancholly, said, Madam, I know no reason you have to be so much concern'd at your Husband's Insidelity, since it lies in your Power to be reveng'd. If he has a Mistress, why don't you get a Gallant? I know no Injustice in it; and it is the only recompensing Counsel I can give you.

Scar. Ah! Marchioness, have at you: I find the Hog grows rampant — Go on, good Sir, this is like

a brave Metropolitan.

Furet. The young Marchioness did not listen to this Proposition; but on the contrary was surprised to find her Uncle, an Archbishop, make a Motion, which had she been inclined to follow, he ought to have given her more virtuous Advice. Perceiving her Aversion to his Proposition, he suf-

reded :

pected she might suppose he only said it to try her Inclinations, therefore he was resolved to declare his Mind in more intelligible. Terms; which he did in so amorous a Style, that the Marchioness plainly perceiv'd the Archbishop intended to have a share in the Revenge. But the young Lady, tho' she would not have made any Scruple of it, had it not been for his Character, was infinitely concerned at it.

Scar. Notwithstanding all this, do I see the Purple

victorious, and the poor Victim proftrate.

Furet. As the Archbishop made her frequent Prefents, and she expected great Advantages at his Death, so she did not think it Prudence to mortify him too much; this filled him with Hopes, and made him more amorous: Therefore, to blind the Husband, and have a better Opportunity of lying with his Wife, he proposed taking them into his Palace, and defraying all their Charges.

S ar. Money is the Sinew of Love as well as War. The poor Marquifs, I don't doubt, was blinded with this fine Proposal. More Men are made Cuckells by their own Follies than by their Wives.

Furet. So it prov'd by our Cuckold, who was fo transported at the bounteous Offer of the Archbishop supposing it an Unkle's Kindness, not a Lover's, that he every where boaffed of it, that is to fay, he thought himself oblig'd to his Unklefor lying with his Wife at that Price. The Mar schal de Crequi, his Father, had quite another Opinion of that Matter, and was affronted at the excessive Liberalities of the Archbishop, knowing that the most devout and zcalous of their Tribe were Adulterers, Incestuous and Sodomites. He complained of it to the Marquiss Louvois, who told him, Covetousness was the Reason of his Complaint. The Mareschal not satisfied with this Answer, went to the King, who, immediately commanded the Archbishop to retire into his Diccels. The disconsolate Archbishop, whilst all were preparing for his Journey, went to visit his Niege, and with Tears defired her ever to remember140 LETTERS from the DEAD

member, that it was for the Love of her he was banish'd.

Sear. Could the Afflictions of the Living affect me, I should be mightily concern'd for the Grief of this poor Prelate, who was oblig'd to leave so dear, so pretty a Niece; a Niece that afforded him so much Pleasure and Delight. Have not you lest behind you other Mitred Hogs, whose Lives and Conversations are worthy your Remembrance? Those you have already been so kind to relate, have been a Banquet to me; and I heartily wish I may

always meet with fuch Entertainment.

Furet. Your Servant, Mr. Scarron, I am extreamly pleas'd they have diverted you; and that you may promife your felf fuch another Entertainment, nay, twenty such; be affur'd, that there is not a. Bishop, Archbishop or Cardinal, that is not as very a Hog. as either the Archbishop of Rheims, or Cardinal d'Estrees, except the Bishop of Escar, who lives in a barren Soil, and can scarce afford himself a Bellyfull of Chesnuts above once in fitteen Days. Poverty is a kind of Leprofy, nor a fair fleek Female will come near him. The Reason why I entertain you with the Histories of these two Prelates, rather than of the Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Meaux the Bishop of Beauvais, the Bishop of Valence, and all the other Bishops, is, because having heard the famous Actions of those worthy Metropolitans, faithfully related some few Days before my Departure, those Ideas are the most present and lively. But in time, and with a little rubbing up my Memory, I may be able to give you the Lives of all the Mitred Hogs. Befides, as we have now lettled three Couriers weekly from this Place to Versailles, because of the Importance of Affairs now on Foot, I expect now and then a Packet; fo I don't doubt of keeping my Word, and often diverting you with Stories of the like Nature, and of fresher Date.

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Scar. 'Tis very obliging, Monsieur l' Abbe: But your last Paragraph has put an odd Whim into my Noddle. This Place, as I told you before, is now call'd the Witts Coffee-Honse; none but Authors are fent hither. What think you if we should join our Heads together, and digest all your Stories and Intelligence into Form; if we should compile a Book of them, we could make it very diverting, having able Men both for Verse and Prose, whose very Names would give it the Reputation of a faithful History, because the Dead neither hoping nor fearing any thing from the Living, cannot be suspected of Flattery and Partiality, as they justly were when in the World.

Furet. I protest, a noble Thought! The Lives of the Roman Prelates will make a most curious History. We have a samous History of the Roman Emperors; and why should we not then have another of the Roman Prelates, since they as justly deferve to be transmitted to Posterity?

**

Beau NORTON, to his BROTHERS at HIPPOLLITO's in COVENT-GARDEN. By Capt. AYLOFF.

Dearly beloved Brothers of the Orange-Butter-Box.

** ** OU will foon be fatisfy'd what mighty

Y ** Changes we fuffer by Death; and that

** * * * * there is no two things at more distance

from one another, than to Be and not to Be. You know how Roman like, I took Pett, and dar'd to dye! for Time had bejaded me a little, and to renounce the Tyranny of the fickle Goddes, I was oblig'd to renounce your Light. Since my Arrival at the grim Tartarian Territories, I have receiv'd the usual Compliments of the Place; and tho' the most accurate Cour-

tiers that ever was bred at Verfailles, and all the Wits of the most gallant Courts in the Universe, are here in whole Shoals, yet to my great Wonder and Amazement, not one of them said a genteel thing to me. But with a strange samiliar Air, that savour'd much of our Bear-Garden Friendship, some a hundred or two, hall'd me by the Ears, and pussing out thick Clouds of slaming Sulphur, cry'd all with a hoarse and dismal Voice, Well, Doily, this was kindly done of thee, to take the Pas avance of Destiny, and shew the World, that no Man need

be miserable, but who is afraid to dye.

I was (amongst Friends) as much out of Countenance at this faucy Proceeding, as when our old Friends, Shore and la Rocha, refus'd to lend me Five paultry Guineas, after I had equip'd them with more than one Thousand apiece. I wonder'd at the Roughness of their Acueil, and they burst out a laughing at the Impertinency of my Astonishment. Well, Gentlemen, give me leave to tell you, that if I had but suspected a quarter Part of this inhuman and ungentleman-like Reception, I would have fufpended the Honours of my Self-Sacrifice, and have chosen rather to wait the fatal Period of Life in a more contracted Orb, than thus fuddenly have plung'd my self into such a Disapointment. After having allotted me my Portion for my Vanity and Foppery, and I had been put into Poffession of my Shop, you cannot conceive how heavy it lay upon my Spirits; but fuffer it I must; and if it had not been the odiousest and most abominable, most nauscous, and most execrable Function I could have laboured under, they would not have been so merciful as to have enjoyn'd it me. 'Twas long before I could obtain leave to infinuate thus much to you; for they are no ways here below inclin'd to grant any the minutest Thing imaginable. that may contribute to the Benefit of Mankind. Yo. Haines came to me, (and his Breath had as much augmented its Stench, as Light is different from Dark-

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mels: In a Word, there was as great Disproportion for the worse, as between us and you) and with a displayed pair of Chaps, told me, I must not have any Correspondency with the upper Regions, for it might tend to the dispeopling the Acherontic Territories; and that I was a Bubble to think they had not as much of felf-Interest here below, as any Merchant, Statesman, Lawyer, or Nobleman in all the Dominions above. But feeing my and your old Acquaintance, (Gentlemen) I took Heart a little, and held my Nose; and after some usual Ceremonies, (to which he made but a scurvy Return) I told him, Look you Mr. Haines, you know, as well as I, that those powder'd Members of the vain Fraternity are all of them incorrigible; present. Smart and future Fear affects them not; they are out of the Reach of good Advice; Reason was never their Talent; for if they were ever in Election to have a Thought, as it would be the first, fo would it be the farallest too. Could any Glass but Thew them to themselves as really they are, they would all despair like me, and dye like me. A fly young Whelp of the fecond Class of Pluto's Footmen, said, well, Mr. Haines, there may be much in what he fays, he came last from thence, therefore let him make an end of his Epistle, it may turn to better Account than we are aware of. I thank'd the Gentleman for his Civilty, and would have administred a Half-Crown; but you know (my worthy Brothers) that the last Twelve Shillings I had was laid out in Three Glasses of Ratifiat, and a Bottle of Essence; with which, I first comb'd out my Wig, then clean'd my Shoes, and then oyl'd the Locks of my Pistols, and so set out for this tedious and lugubrous Journey: And that you may fee, that Pluto's Skip-kennels are not so insolent as yours are, the Fellow told me, with a malicious Smile, That if the powder'd Gentry of the other World were so very despicable Animals, as I 1epresented them, he would take a small Tour with

me, and then I might have fomething material to

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communicate to them.

We had not walk'd fo far as from the Chocolate-House to the Rose, but in a narrow, obscure, obscene Alley, there-hung out a piece of a broken Chamber-pot, upon which was written in fulphurous Characters, Fleshly Relief for the Sons of Adam. I had hardly made an end of reading this merry Motto, but the Door open'd, and what should my Eyes behold, but a reverend Lady, of illustrious Charms, that gave us too visible Proofs of the Depredations of Time: I recollected her Phiz, as Engineers tell by the very Ruins, whether the Fabric were Doric or Ionic, &c. and who should this be but the celebrated Fair Rosamond; her present Occupation was to be Runner to this Bawdy-Coffee-House. Queen Eleanor, her mortal Pnemy, fells Sprats, and has her Stall in Pluto's Stable-Yard. In my Peregrination, I met several Things unexpected, and therefore furprifing; I shall not give you the trouble of every particular dark Passage we went through, but in general Terms relate the most memorable Things that occur'd during a very confiderable Walk that we had together. Taking a folitary walk on the gloomy Banks of Acheron, I met a finical Fellow, powder'd from Top to Toe, his Hands in his Pocket, a-la-Mode de Paris, humming a new Minuet; and who should it be, but Gondamour, that famous Spaniard. Hellen of Greece cry'd Kitchin-Stuff, and Roxano had a little Basket of Tripe and Trotters; Agamenmon fold bak'd Ox-Cheek, hot, hot; Hamibal fells Spanish-Nuts, come crack it away; the so famous Hedor of Troy is a Headdresser; the Deii keep a Coblers-Stall, in the Corner of the Forum, and the Horatii a Chandler's-Shop; Sardanapalus cries Lilly-white-Vinegar, and Heliogabalus Bakers Fritters, in the Via Appia of this Metropolis; Lucius Emilius Paulus is a Bayliff's Follower, and the famous Queen Tomyris proportions out the Offals for Cerberus; Tarquin fweeps at the Light of the series of

communicate to them.

We had not walk d to far as from the Charlete. Hay's to the Role, but in a narrow, obscure, obfeene Alley, there hung out a piece of a broken Chamber-por, upon w Ich was written in fulphisrous Characters, I'eldy Rollef for the Sons of Adams, I bad hardly made an end or reading this metre Morto, but the Door open d, and what should my I yes behold, but a reverend sady, of illustrious Charms, that gave us too vilible Proofs of the Depredations of Time: I recollected her Phiz, as Engineers tell by the very Ruins, whether the Judicia were Deal or low, eer, and who frould inis be later to delation to the Roll and the precion Occupation with Runner to this Bawdy-Concer House, Queco Eleanor, her morral Enemy, fells Streng, and has her Stall in Pluto's Stable Yard. In my Petgrainarion, I met feveral Things unexpecred; and elierofore imprifing; I shall not give you when grouple of every particular dark. Paulage we went theorem, but in general Terms whate the most the morable. Things that occur d during a very contiderable Walk that we had together. Taking a lo-litary walk on the glocost hanks of Asteron, I met a mineal Fellow, poteder'd from Top to Toe, his Hands in his Poeket; a tr-Alode de Paris, humanng a new Minner ; and who thould it be, bilt Gondamour, that smooth formarie. Mellon of Greene dry'd Kitchillstuff and Australia a little Basker of Home and Today of Manufaction Land Blad ball represents the total Late Migation (1919 Spanify-Signs) countries it. want time to favorise Hodor of Tree of the addelinary and Dest Reer a Coblem- Poll, to the Lorses of the Journ, and the Honard and the they serding and entertally white Tribe els, els of the outs and the sales of the to the service of the land of the land of the service of There is the Other for Carbons of the son room

Mark Antony teaching y Dogs to Dand Oliver Cromwel turn'd Rat-Catcher.



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Cales

his Den. and Romulus is a Turnspit in Pluto's Kitchen; Artaxerxes is an under Scullion, and Pompey the Magnificent, a Rag-Man; Mark Anthomy, that disputed his Mistress at the Price of the whole Universe, goes now about with Dancing-Dogs, a Monkey and a Rope; Cleopatria, that could fwallow a Province at one Draught, when it was to drink her Lover's Health, submits now to the humble Employment of feeding Proferpine's Pigs: that luxurious Roman, who was once so diffolv'd in Ease, as that a very Rose-Leaf doubled under him, prevented his Rest, is now labouring at the Anvil with a half hundred Hammer; Oliver Cromwel is a Rat-Catcher, and my Lord Bellew a Chininev-Sweeper.

There was besides these, a List of People nearer hand; but you may eafily guess upon what Score they are left out of the Lift. We needed not have gone fo far back in the Records of Persons and Things, to have met Instances of Barbarity, Luxury, Avarice, Luft of Dominion, as well as of Senfuality. Malversations of Government in Sovereigns and Subjects; publick Justice avoided, private Feuds fomented, every Thing facrifis'd to a Colbert, Main-

tenon, or a Louvois.

There is some Body hollows most damnably on the other fide of Styx, and left I lofe this Opportunity, I shall only relate some memorable Things to you: Therefore pray parden me that I cannot dilate upon every Particular. In short then, Alexander the Great is Bully to a Guinea-Dropper: and Cardinal Mazarine keeps a Nine-Holes; Mary of Medicis foots Stockings, and Katherine, Queen of Swedeland cries two Bunches a Penny Card-Matches. two Bunches a Penny; Henry the Fourth of France carries a Rary flow, and Mahomet, Muscles; Seneca keeps a Fencing-School, and Julius Cafar a Tavo benny Ord nary; Xenoplon, that great Philosopher, cries Cucumbers to pickle, and Cato is the perfecteft Sir Courtly of the whole Plutonion Kingdom; Richlien VOL. II.

crics Topping Bunno; and the late Pope, Any Thing to Day; Lewis the Thirteenth is a Corn-Cutter; Guffavus Adolphus cries Afparagraft, with a thousand more Particulars of this Nature. You must allow the Scenes to be mightily alter'd from their former Stations; But alas! Sir, this Change we suffer, and as Pleasure is the Reward of Virtue, so Disgrace and Insamy is of Cruelty, Pride and Hypocrify. What can be more surprising than to see the renowned Pentlesslea, Queen of the Amazons, crying new Almanacks, and Darius Ginger-Bread, Van Trump cries Fallads, and Admiral de Euster long and strong Thread-Laces.

This Disproportion is their Punishment; for it must be anxious to the last Degree, to fall so low even beyond a Possibility of rising again. That is the Advantage of moving in an humble Sphere; they are not capable of those Enormities that the great Ones can hardly avoid; for Temptation will generally have the better of Mankind.

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PERKIN WARBECK to the pretended Prince of WALES. By Capt. AYLOFF.

Dear Coufin Sham,

*** E had a fierce Debate here on the 13th paf* W & fato, between my Lord Fitz-Walter, Sir Si*** mon Mountford, Sir William Stanley, and my
felf; whether by a Parity of Reason, Eng-

land might not once more have the same Card trumpt upon them? In a Word, we were consulting your Affairs,

Affairs, and they were most of em of Opinion, that there could not be any good Success expected from your Personal Endowments, and princely Qualifications. For you must give me leave to tell you, Cuz. that I was a fmart Child, and a Smockfac'd Youth; I had not the good Luck to kill a wild Boar at your Years, but I could fit the great Horse before I could go alone, I had all the Advantages of Friends that you have, and the Interest of my good Aunt the Dutchess of Burgundy, let me tell you, was as capable of seconding me, as the House of Modena is you: Nay, I had the Scotch on my fide, Affiftance from Ireland, and not without a Party, you fee, even in England too. But the English Mob is the most giddy, wretched, senseless Mob of all the Mobs in the World. How they crowded into me at Whitfand-Bay, and in their first Fury fought well enough before Exeter: But when they heard of an Army coming against 'em, the Scoundrels ran away and left me; all my blooming Hopes and fancied Kingdoms dwindled away in a Sanctuary, that I exchanged for a Prison, and brought my Habeas Corpus, and so turn'd my felf over to Tyburn, and am now in the Rules of Acheron. Our Kiniman Lambert Simnel and I, drank your Health tother Morning in a corious Cup of Styx, and the arch fawcy Rogue, faid, how he should laugh to see his Brother of Wales succeed him in this great Employment at Court; continually turning a Spit would harden and inure you. and fo prepare you for thefe fmoaky and warmer Climates: Not but that there is Matter of Speculation in it too. The turning a Spit is an Emblem of the Viciflitude of humane Affairs. Eut before I take my leave, good Confin, I must offer a little of my Advice to you, if it be possible any ways to meliorate your Destiny, and that is, that you would make a Campaign or two in Italy: Mathal Vill roy will flew vouwhat it is to be well braten; an I til then you'll never be a g eat General, But Charm

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rs,

is just landing amultitude of French from those Parts; I must go see what News, and inform my self further of your Weltare and Prosperity. Adieu.

KENKENKENKEN PERMEN

Little of the board water I

Mr. DRYDEN, to the Lord ____ By Capt. AYLOFF.

My Lord, the N the 25th paffato, there happen'd a very o considerable Dispute in the Delphick Vale; the Literati had hard Words, and it was fear'd by Pluto himself, that the angry Shades would come to somewhat worse. It may be you in these groffer Regions, do not believe that we here below lofe nothing of our felves by Death, but the terrene Part: Nay, the very Soul it felf retains fome of those unhappy Impressions it receiv'd from Flesh and Blood. Here Casar bites his Thumbs when Alexander walks by; frowns upon Brutus, and blushes when he talks of King William: The great Guffavus Adolphus only wishes himself upon Earth again, to serve a Captain under him: Turenne wants to be in Italy, and Wallesteen affures him that Prince Eupene of Savoy would have had the fame glorious Success against him, as Catinat and Villeroy, Hamihal own d that his March over, or rather through the Alpes, was not so honourable an Action as the Princes; and though Arts and Experience may make a General, yet Nature can only inform an Furene. Surly Charon had been fo plagu'd with the French from those Parts, that he has been fore'd to leave whole Shoals of them behind. Once they crowded in fo fast, as they almost overset the Boat, and fill as they press'd forward, crv'd Vauban, Vauban: Fut the old Centleman, unwilling to hazzard himself, push'd a Multitude of them back with his Sculls.

Sculls, and fo put off However, this is not the Business I designed to mention; Something more particular, and of more weighty Confequence is the occasion of this Letter. The real Wits refus'd to take Notice of Prince Arthur, and King Arthur, who were walking Hand in Hand; some shallow-pated Verfificators would refent the Indignity put upon em, This was very disgusting to the Literati, and it is inconceivable what a horrid Stench they made with uttering those Veries. The more robust Spirits were almost choak'd; you may then judge what Condition the delicate and nice Stomachs of the Men of Wit were in; but while every one was wishing for their Cloaths of Humanity again to be less sensible of this execrable Smell, a worthy Literate came in from London, who being inform'd of the occasion of that terrible Inconveniency, repeated a few commendatory Veries, and immediately the Air grew tollerable, and the Brimstone burnt serene. Fob himself did confess, that had he been in the Flesh again, he was terrib y afraid he should have murder'd the Doctor: When a merry Spirit standing at his Elbow, said, It was no fuch wonderful Thing to have a Sirreverence of a Man be mine Arle of a Poet. But Charon waits, I must conclude; and as Conveniency serves, shall inform you of what passes in these gloomy Regions.

A Letter from Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY, to the Covent Garden SOCIETY. By Capt. AYLOFF.

******HE shatter'd Lawrels of the Acherontic-Walks,

The owe not so much of their Missortune to the

***** shallowness of Aganippe, as to the ungenerous

Procedure of the Sons of Helicon. Either

Hill of Parnassus is for ify'd, and what with ancient

H 2 and

and modern Wit, even you, Gentlemen of real Parts, have none of you that Applaule, which in a thousand occasions you have so justly merited. 'I hese melancholly Reslections, Gentlemen, add a new thickness to the gloomy Sulphur; and we cannot enjoy a perfect quiet here, seeing there is so great and to dangerous a Mifunderstanding between you on the other fide of Phlegetkon. Why should there be so many pointed Satyrs against one another? Why should you show the very Blockheads themiclyes where you Men of Sense are not quite such as you would pass upon the World for? Your invidious Criticisms only show others where you are vulnerable, and give an Argument under your own Hand against your own selves. There is a harity in concealing Faults; but to make them mere obvious, has a double ill-nature in it. Can't Arthur be a worthless Foem, but a Squadron of lects must tell all the World fo? Is there Honour in rummaging a Dunghil, or telling the Neighbours where there is one ? The Ber gathers Honey from . every Flower, 'tis the Beetles that delights in Horse-Dung. Is it not much more preferable to make fomething ones felf nfeful to Mankind, than only to show wherein another is a Coxcomb? Partisans in Wit never do well; they only lay the Country waste; they gratify their own private Spleen, it may be, but they do not help the Publick. Unite your Ferces, Gentlemen, against Ignorance, that growing and powerful. Enemy to you and us. I rect triumphal Arches to one another, and do ret enviously pull down what others are endeavouring to fet up. Your mutual Quarrels have shaken the very Foundation of Wit and good Humour. "I is the Faction a Man is of, determines what he is, not his Learning and Parts; we cannot hear, Centlemen, of these intestine Dissensions, without a great Concern and Diffleafure; and muff take the Liberty to tell you, we apprehend the Muses ologos itain dann bras ab'yi red si wi sama I smay

may shortly be reduced to the Necessity of shutting up the Delphic Library, and write upon the Doors, Ruit infa suis Roma viribus.

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CHARON to the most Illustrious and High-born JACK KETCH, Esq. By Capt. AYLOFF.

Most worthy Kinsman and Benefactor,

** * Cannot but with the last Degree of Sorrow and * I * Anguish, inform you of curpresent wretched

** Condition; we have even tired our Palms, and our Ribs at Slappaty-pouch; and if it had not been for some Gentlemen that came from the Coasts of Italy, I had almost fogot to handle my Sculls. There came a fneaking Ghost here, some a Day or two or three ago, and he furpriz'd me with an Account, (I may call it indeed a terrible one) that you have had a Maiden-Seffion in your Metropolis. Was it then possible that Newgate should be without a Rogue, or our Patron, the most worshipful Sir senseless L-- without any Execution in his Mouth? You talk of having hang'd Tyburn in Mourning: Why, Coulin Keth, upon my Sincerity, and for fear you should question my Veracity, by the thickest Mud in Acheron, I swear, it is almost high time that my Boat was in Mourning. What, he upon the Bench and no Man hang'd! Well, as affuredly as the Blood of the Horses will rife up in Judgment against our Friend Whitney; this Maiden-Seffion shall rife up in Judgment against him. Such Shoals as I have had from time to time, meer Sacrifices to his Avarice or his Malice, that unless his Conscience begins to fly in his Face, I cannot comprehend what should oceasion this Calm at the Old-Baily: For give me leave, dear Confin, to tell you, that formerly he never fav'd any Man for his Money, but hang'd another in his H'40 Tallio to amel room!; Est offmile fler

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room; Trading was then pretty good, Cousin, and there was a Penny to be got; but indeed on your side it is very dull: Nay, in Flanders too, that sertile Soil of Blood and Wounds, there has not one Leg nor one Arm been brought us all this Summer. Prithee be you Charon, and let me be Recorder, I'll warrant you somewhat more to do.

From Sir BARTHOLOMEW___ to the Worshipful Serjeant S___. By the same Hand.

****HE Friendship that was between us formerly, 4 1 * equally obliges me to give you a Relation of *** my Travels, and affures me of its welcome.

Since my Peregrination from your factious Regions, I have passed over various and stupendious I akes; the Roads are somewhat dark indeed, but the continued Exhalations of those amazing Streams, make the Travellers able to pass, without running toul of one another. But 'tis equally remarkable, confidering the length and darkness of the l'affage, that no Person was ever cast away on this River Styx, as I am credibly inform'd by the Ferryman, who has ply'd here Time out of Mind. The Fogs are pretty rife in this Country, and full as insufferable as ever they were among you: I unforcenately forgot my Lozenge Box, and have much impair'd my Lungs; but they affure me, that these Defluxions of Rheums never kill. prodigious, I protest, Brother, to see how soon we learn the Language, or rather Jargon of the Place ! How fast they come in from all Parts of the habitable World! And yet there is but one Boat neither, and that no bigger than an Above-Bridge-Wherry. At my coming Ashoar, I was very familiarly entertain'd, and directed to an Apartment in Cocytus: I utthere was not one Corner in all my Passage, but I met some or other of the wrangling Fraternity of Westminster

Westminster. 1 immediately suggested to my self, that there might be (peradventure) a Call of Serjeants by his Majesty Pluto, who is Sovereign of these gloomy Regions; and who besides his general Residence here, has a most magnificent Palace about twenty Miles off, at Erebus, on the fide of the River Phlegethon. He is one of a somewhat stern Aspect, not easy of Access; haughty in his De portment, and barbarous to the last Degree in his Nature. There is no fort of People he fets fo much by, as those of our Profession, tho' I have not heard of any Lawyer that had the Honour to be in his Cellar as yet. Our old Friend and Fellow-Toper Judge D- has very good Bufiness here, upon my Word; as likely to be preferr'd, as Vacancies happen; for 'ris always Term-Time in this Kingdom throughout; and besides, when he had his Quietus fent him by the Hands of Sir Thin Chops Mors, you and I remember very well, that he had not the best Reputation for a Man of Parts. In the Crowd of our Pains-taking Brethren in the litigious School, I remark'd an innumerable quantity that I was not quite an utter Stranger to their Faces, more particularly, Mr. El-, who, you know, did not want for Sense, Wit, Law and good Manners; and yet had fo profound a Genius, that he could dispatch more Business, and more Wine in one Night's time, than Bob Weedon would have wish'd for a Patrimony : He very humanely accossed me, and after a Million of mutual Civilities, he forc'd me to accept of my Mornings Draught with him. At Night you know, I never refuse my Bottle; but for Morning Tippling, it was always my Aversion, my Abomination, my Hatred, my no i me tangere: Belides, the dismal Prospect of the Place, gave me many shrewd Suspicions, that those Taverns were not furnish'd with the best Accommodations, neither for Man's Meat, or Horse Meat either; not that I had the Vanity to take my Coach with me neither, but his to ale an old Proverb. Proverb, that as yet I have not blotted out of my Memory. I had hardly difengag'd my felf from his Civilities, but Mr. Nicholas Hard --- mighty gravely admonish'd me of his former Familiarity, and with an Air that was no ways Contumelius. defir'd to know how F--- preach'd, and Burg--pray'd; whether the grave Dr. W---- continu'd his pious Endeavours to convert the martyr'd Men of his Parish from the crying and heinous Sin of Ebriety; and yet at the same Instant almost, to contrive plaufible Ways and Means of perverting the modest and chaste Propensities of their respe-Give Wives; and while they would not quietly let their Husbands be (by accident of good Company, or good Wine) Beafts, for but a few transitory nocturnal Hours, could yet strive to make them to beyond a possibility of Redress; for among Friends, (Brother) what collateral Security can an honest. prudent, wary, wife, good, upright, understanding. cautious, indulgent, loving Husband take, when that fame godly Man in Black twirls his primitive Eand-strings, and with his other Hand has your dear Spouse, your Help-Mate, the Wife of your Bosom, the Partner of your Bed, by the Conscience, and somewhat else that begins with the same Letter? 'Twas not want of Leisure, (for alas and alack) we have supernumerary Hours here; but pretended Curiofity, (the last Thing that dies with us but Hypocrify) made me cut short the Harangue, that this precise Attorney feem'd by his Demurchels to expect from me: So in short, I told him, that kis Fellow-Companions at fix a Clock I rayers had not forgot him; and by what I could understand from those that were last with me, the Tew-keeper lamented his loss extreamly: Nay, was inconfolable, for now he was forced to use a lailful of Water extraordinary once a Week more in the Church than formerly; because he had gotten to fuch a l'erfection in Hypocrify, that what his Knees did not rubclean, his Eyes always wash'd

But for his Father's Comfott, fince he'was got clear of his Super-Tartarian Concern, Moncy was fallen, and his dearest darling Sin of all, Extortion, was not a little under the Hatches: But that he might not be quite cast down, there was some Seeds of it left still, that would always keep old Charon well employ'd. I had hardly blefs'd my felf for having got rid of him, but a merry Fellow (not to fay impertinent and fawcy to one of my Capacity, Volubility and Eloquence; Character, Conduct and Reputation) pull'd me by the Coif; but as in strange Places 'tis Prudence to pals by small Affronts and Indignities, because want of Acquaintance is worse than want of Knowledge; and the Law, you know Brother, is not so expensive, as it is captious in the Main; not but that our Industry does help it mightily to the one, if we find it to be the other. Now who should this Cait if be, but Harry C---- ff the Attorney; and all his mighty Business was to know how his Landress did; and if the Maid got the better of her in the Legacy he gave her for her last Confolations. Before D could recollest the fecret History of his Amours, I was very courteoufly address'd by Mr. Common Sericant p, who likewise in a florid Stile, requefled me to inform him, if any of his modern Bawds, that so punctually attended him, had fuffer'd any Prejudice by his Absence: He was mightily in doubt of their Success, because Experience had taught him, that Paup rs in Matters of Law proceed but heavily; however, he could but with them well, because that though they were bad Clients, he had always found them good Procurators ------My Lady Tysiphone made a sumptuous Entertairment, and the Countels of Clotho danc'd fmartly; the King of Spain refented mightily that fo many Enel so were there, and had almost bred a Quarrel; but Don Sebastian, King of Portural, made up the Matter, by declining the Spanish Faction, and faid, it was highly unjust that the English should be miletreated.

reated in their universal Interest, because he was a Icol, and the Cardinal that made his Will a Knave, and the King of France a Tyrant. But the Catastrophe of this Fit of the Spleen of the supercilious Spaniard was comical enough; for in the Crowd that was come together upon the Notice of his Heart-burning, who should stumble upon one another but Godfrey Woodsv---- the Attorney, who you may remember (Brother) was committed for faying to a certain Lord Cha-That he was his first Maker; tho' the Truth of the Matter was, their Intimacy at Play made him presume to begthe small Favour of his Lordship, to pals an unjust Decree in favour of his Client. Well, Sir, faid the Attorney to his Lordship, now you are without your Mace, I must tell you, that had not you invited me to Supper the same Day you fent me to the Fleet, I should have taken the Freedom to have let you known, that in this King's Dominions we are all equal. I left 'em hard at All-Fours for a Quart of Acheren, where they bite their Nails like mad, and divert others with their Passion and Concern-But the Postillion is mounting, and I must defer the rest of my Adventures to the next Opportunity.



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LETTERS

From the Dead to the Living.

PART II.

A LETTER from Seignior GIUSIPPE HANESIO,
High-German Doctor and Aftrologer in
Brandipolis, to his Friend at WILL'S
Coffee-House in Covent Garden. By
Mr. THO. BROWN.

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Gentlemen, of Joseph Toron Haril

Nless my Memory fails me since my coming ing into these Subterranean Dominions, 'twas much about this time last Year, that I did my self the Honour to write to you: Perhaps you expected a frequenter Commence from me; and indeed, I should have been very proud to have maintain'd it on my side, since nothing so much relieves me in these gloomy Regions, as to resect on the many pleasant Moments I have formerly pass'd in Covent-Garden: But, alas! Gentlemen, not to mention the great Difficulty of keeping such a Correspondence, our lower World is nothing near so fruitful in News, as yours; one

fingle Sheet of Paper will almost contain the Occurrences of a whole Year; and were it not for the numerous Crowds of Spaniards, French, Poles, Germans, &c. that daily arrive here, and entertain us with the Transactions of Europe, Hell would be as melancholly a Place as Westminster-Hall in the long Vacation; and the generality of People among us, would have as little to employ their idle Hours, as a Lord-Treasurer in Scotland, or a Barber in Mulcour. Besides, to speak more particularly, as to my felf, that everlasting hurry and tide of Bufiness, wherein I have been over-whelm'd ever fince I honour'd my self with the Title of High-German Doctor and Aftrologer, does to entirely challenge all my Time, that if you will take my Word, (and I hope you don't suspect a Person of my Veracity) I am forc'd at this prefent writing to deny my felf to all my Patients, tho' there are at least some half a score Coaches with Coroners waiting now at my Door, that I might receive no Interruption from any Vintants, while I was dispatching this Epiftle to your Dist Danyon mi

My last, Gentlemen, as you may easily remember, if you have not buried such a Trisle in Oblivion, concluded with my taking a large House here in Brandipolis, and setting up for a Physician and Fortune-Teller: I shall now proceed to acquaint you, by what landable Artifices and Stratagems I advanced my self into that mighty Reputation; in which, to the admiration of this populous Town, I at present shourish; what notable Cures I have perform'd, what sort of Customers chiefly resort to me; and lastly, To give you a short Account of the most memorable Occurrences that have lately

Lappen'd in these Parts.

By the Direction of my worthy Friend, Mr. Nokes, who liberally supply'd me with Money to carry on this Affair, I took a spacious House in the great Piazza here, then empty by the Death of one of the most eminent Physicians of this famous City. This

you must own to me, Gentlemen, was as favourable a Step at my first fetting out, as a Man could possibly wish; for you cannot be ignorant how many forry Brothers of the Faculty in London keep their Coaches, and wriggle themselves into Business; with no other Merit to recommend them, than that of dwelling in the same House where a celebrated Doctor lived before them. For this Reason, I suppose, it was, (if you can pardon so short a Digression) that the Popes came to monopolize the Ecclefiastical Practice of the Western World to themselves, by succeeding so great a Bishop as St. Peter. So much is the World govern'd by Appearances, and so apt to be cheated, as if Knowledge and Learning were bequeath'd to one House or Place; and like a piece of common Furniture.

went to the next Inhabiter.

But to dismiss this Speculation, which perhaps may feem somewhat odd, from a Man of my merry Character; having provided my House with every thing convenient, adorn'd my Hall with the Pi-Etures of Galen, Hippocrates, Albumazar, and Paracelsus; cram'd my Library with a vast Collection of Books, in all Arts and Languages, (tho under the Rose be it spoken, my worthy Friends, your humble Servant does not understand a Syllable of them) furnish'd it with a pair of Globes curiously Painted, with the Exuvia of two or three East-Inlia Animals, a Rattle-Snake, and a Crocodile; and fet up a fine Haboratory in my Court-Yard: In short, after having taken care to fet off my Hall, Parlour and Study, with all those noble Decorations that serve to amuse the Multitude, and create strange Ideas in them, I order'd a spacious Stage to be erected before my own Habitation, got my Bills really printed together with a long Catalogue of the Cures perform'd by me, during the time of my practifing Physick in your upper World; and then I broke out with a greater Expediation and eclat than any Doctor before me was ever known to do. Three

Three or four Weeks before I made my Appearance in Publick, which, as I told you before, I intended to make with all the Magnificence imaginable, Mr. Nokes and I, in Conjunction with my Brother Comedian, Tony Lee, laid our Heads together, how to fham me upon the Town for a Virtuofo, a Miracle-Monger, and what not. To favour this Design, we sent for three or four topping Apothecaries to the Tavern, gave them a noble Collation, and when half a dozen Bumpers of Wine had got us a free admission into their Hearts, we fairly let them into the Secret; which was, That they were to trumper me up in all Coffee Houses and Places of publick refort in Town, for the ablest Physician that ever came into these Parts; and as one Kindness justly challenges another, I for my part was to write Bills as tall as the Monument, and charge them with the most costly Medicines, tho' they fignifyed nothing at all to the Patient's Recovery. In short, the Bargain was immediately ftruck up between us; and those worthy Gentlemen, I'll fay that for them, have not been wanting to proclaim my extraordinary Merits to all their Acquaintance.

This was not all, but Mr. Nokes, who was refolved at any Rate to introduce me into Business, coming into one of the best frequented Chocolate-Houses near the Court, (for Brandipolis, you must know, is a perfect Transcript of your wicked City) on a sudden pretends to be troubled with intole-rable Gripings of the Guts; and acted his part so dextrously, that all the Company pitied him, and thought he would expire upon the Spot. Immediately two or three Doctors were sent for; who, after a tedious Consultation, at last pitch'd upon a never failing Remedy, as they were pleas'd to call it; which accordingly they apply'd, but without the desired Essect. As his Pains still continued upon him, What, says he, must I dye here for want of Help? And it there never another Physician to be had for Live

ner Money? With that, a certain Gentleman, that was posted there for that purpose, Sir, fays he, there's a German Doctor lately come here, but for my Part, I dare not recommend him to you, for he's a perfect Stranger to us, and no body knows him. Ob, fend for him, fend for him, cries Mr. Nokes, t'efe German Doctors are the finest Fellows in the World; who can tell but he may give me present Ease? Upon this, a Meffenger was hurried to me with all Expedition: I told him I would come fo foon as I had dispatch'd a Patient or two; and in a quarter of an Hour came thundering to the Door in my Chariot, and all the way pored upon a little Book I carry'd in my Hands; tho' I must frankly own to you, that a Coach is as uncomfortable a Place to read, as to Confummate in; but, Gentlemen, 'tis with us here, as in your World, nothing is to be done without Policy and Trick: Marching into the Room with that Gravity and folemn Countenance, which we Physicians know so well to put on upon these Occasions, and brushing thro' a numerous Crowd of Spectators, who flood there expecting to fee what would be the refult of this Affair, I found Mr. Nokes in fuch terrible Agonies, that any Man would have fwore he could not out-live another Minute. I felt his Pulse, and told him, that by the Irregularities of his Systole, and unequal Vibration of his Diastole, I knew as well what ail'd him, as if I had feen him taken to pieces like a Watch; and plucking a fmall Crystal Bottle out of my Pocket, Sir, fays I to him, take some half a score Drops of this Anodyne Elixir, and I'll engage all I am worth in the World, it will immediately relieve you. But under favour, Sir, to give you fome short Account of it before you take it, you must understand, Sir, 'tis composed of two costly and fovereign Ingredients, which no Man, besides my felf dares pretend to: The first, Sir, is the celebrated Balfam of Chili, (tho' by the by, the Devil a jot of Balfam comes from that Pagan Place);

and the fecond, Sir, that most excellent Cephali k, which the Mongrelian Physicians call, the Electrum of Samogitia, gather'd at certain Seasons, Sir, upon the Shore of the Deculadonian Ocean, by the Ciracaffian Fisher-men. Mr. Nokes liftned to this edifying Discourse with wonderful Attention, then followed my Direction; and before you could count Twenty, got upon his Legs, took a few turns about the Room, cut a Caper a Yard high, and kindly embracing me, Doctor, fays he, I am more obliged to you, than Words are able to expres; you have delivered me from the most intolerable Pains that ever poor Wretch groan'd under: And then piefenting me with a Purse of Guineas, I hope you'll be pleas'd to accept of this small Trifle, till I am in a Capacity of making you a better Acknowledgement: However, to express in some measure my Gratitude to your felf, as likewife to shew my regard for the publick Welfare, I will take Care to get the extraordinaty Core advertised in the Gazettee, and other publick Papers. I told him he had more than paid me for fo inconfiderable a Matser, adding, That I was at his Service whenever he or any of his Friends would do me the Honour to fend for me; and fo took my leave of him.

This miraculous Operation (for so they were pleased to christen it) occasion'd a great deal of Talk in the Town, very much to my Advantage; but what happen'd three Days after, perfectly confirm'd all forts of People, that I was a Non-peril in my Profession, and out went all that ever pretended

to Phylick before me. I salant and his and

Tony Lee, who, as I told you in my lasts, keeps a Conventicle in this Infernal World, and was engag'd as well as my Brother Nokes in the Confederacy to serve me, took occasion to be surprised with Apolectick Fits in the beginning of his Sermon: He had hardly split and divided his Text, according to the usual Forms, but his Eyes rowl'd in his Head, every Muscle in his Face was distort-

ed

ed; he foam'd at Mouth, fumbled with the Cushion, over-set the Hour-Glasse, dropt his Notes and Bible upon the Clerk's Head, and at last down he funk as flat as a Flounder to the bottom of the "Tis impossible to describe to you, what a strange Confernation the Auditory were in at this calamitous Disaster that had befallen their Minifer: The Men stared at one another, as they had been all bewitch'd; and the Women fet up fuch a hideous Screaming and Roaring, that I question whether they would have done fo much, if a Regiment of Dragoens had broke into the Room to ravish them. The Dutchels of Mazarine chased his Temples. Mother Stratford (of pious Memory) lugg'd a Brandy-Bottle out of her Pocket, and rubb'd his Nostrils; but still poor Tony continu'd Scafeless, and without the least Motion. When they found all these Means ineffectual, at last the whole Congregation unanimously resolv'd to send for me; who, according as it had been agreed. before-hand between us, foon brought my holy Levite to his Senfes again, by applying a few Drops of my aforesaid El xir to his Temples. Honest Tany was no fooner recover'd, but I had the Thanks. of the whole Assembly; and a rescrend Elder in a venerable Eand, that reach'd from Shoulder to Shoulder, offer'd me a handsome Gratuity for my Pains; but I refus'd it, te ling him, I look'd upon my felf sufficiently rewarded, fince I had been the happy (tho' unworthy) Infrument in the Hand of Providence (and then I turn'd up the Whites of my Eyes most religionsly towards Heaven) to fave the Life of fo precious and powerful a Divine.

This pair of miraculous Cures flew thro' every Street, Al ey, and Corner of the Town, like a Train of Gun-powder, with more expedition and Improvements, than Scandal uned, in my Time, to walk about White-hall; and as it usually happens in these Cases, lost nothing in the Relation. The godly Party much magnify'd me for resusing the

unrigh-

unrighteous Mammon when it was offer'd me; my two trusty Apothecaries, talk'd of nothing but Prodigies of Seignior Hanesio; but my surest Cards, the Midwives and Nurses, when the Sack-posset and Brandy began to operate in their Noddles, thought they could never say enough in my Commendation.

Thus, Gentlemen, I had abundantly fecur'd to my felf the Reputation of a great Phylician; and nething now remain'd, but to make the World believe I was personally acquainted with every Star in the Firmament, could extort what Confessions I pleas'd out of the Planets; and was no less skill'd in Aftrology, than in Medicine. My never failing Friend Tony, was once more pleas'd to give me a Lift upon this Occasion. As the Diffenting Minifters (you know) have the Privilege to go into the Bed-Chambers and Closets of the Ladies that refort to their Meetings, without the least Offence or Scandal, Tony fpy'd his Opportunity, when the Room was clear, rubb'd off with a Gold Watch, and some Lockets, of the Dutchess of Mazarine. The things were immediately missing, but who durst suspect a Person of the pious Mr. Lee's Character and Function? In short, every Servant in the Family was threatned with the Rack; and the whole House, Trunks, Coffers, Boxes, and all examin'd, from the Garret down to the Cellar. The poor Dutchess took the loss of her Watch and Lockets mightily to Heart, kept her Bed upon't for a Fortnight; but at last was perswaded to make her Application to my Worship. I told her, fur le champ, that her Things were fafe, that the Party who made bold with them, being troubled with Compunctions of Conscience, had not fold but hid them under such a Tree, which I describ'd to her in Queen Proferpine's Park; and that if she went thither next Morning by break of Day, she would find my Words true. Accordingly as I predicted, it happen'd to a Tittle (for I had taken care to lodge them there the Night before.) And now who was the universal subject of People's Discourse, but the

famous Seignior Ginsippe ?

So that when the long expected Day came, on which I was to make my publick Appearance, the Streets, Windows and Balconies, were fo cramm'd with Spectators of all forts, that as often as I think on't, I pity my poor Lord-Mayor and Aldermen with all my Heart, that their Cheapfide-Show should fall so infinitely short of mine. Tom Shadwell, who still keeps up his Musical Talent in these gloomy Territories, began the Entertainment with thrumming upon an old broken Theorbo, and merry Sir John Falftaff fung to him, and afterwards both of them walk'd upon the flack Rope, in a pair of Jack-Boots, to the Admiration of all the Beholders. After the Mob had been diverted for some time with Entertainments of this Nature, and, particularly, by some Legerdemain Tricks of Appollonius Tyaneus, my Conjurer, being attended by Dr. Connor, my Toad-Eater in Ordinary, Mr. Lobb, the late Presbyterian Parson, my Corn-cutter; Sir Patience Ward, my Merry-Andrew, and the famous Mithridates King of Pontus, my Orator, I mounted the Stage, and bowing on each fide me, paid my Respects to the noble Company, in a most ceremonious Manner. I was apparel'd in a black Velvet Coat, trimm'd with large gold Loops of the newest Fashion, and Buttons as big as Ostrich's Eggs; my Must was at least an Ell long. I travers'd my Stage some half a score times, then cocking my Beaver, and holding up my Cane close to my Nose, after the manner of us Sons of Galen, I harangu'd them as follows: In the first Place I told 'en, That it was not without the utmost Regret, that I saw fo many Quacks and naufeous Pretenders to the Faculty, daily impo'e upon the Publick. That neither Ambition, Self-Interest, or the like fordid Morive, had tempted me to expose my felf thus upon the I heatre of the World; and, that nothing but a generous Zeal to rescue Medicine out of the Hands

Hands of a pack of Rafcals, that were a Difhonour to it, and the particular Respect I bore to the Inhabitants of the most renown'd City of Brandipolis: who for their good Breeding and Civility to Strangers, were not to be equall'd in any of Pluto's Dominions, had prevail'd over my natural Modesty, and drawn me out of my beloved Obscurity that laftly, I requested a favourable Construction upon this publick Way of Practice, which some impudent Emperies (whom I fcorn to mention) had render'd scandalous; and as I was a Graduate in several Universities, would have certainly declin'd, but that my Regard for the Salus Populi superfeded all those Scruples; and made me rather hazard the Loss of my Reputation with some consorious Persons, than lose any Opportunity of exerting my utmost Abilities for the Benefit of Mankind.

When this Harangue was over, I withdrew, and left the rest of the Ceremony to be perform'd by my Orator Mithridates, who descanted a long while upon my great Experience and Skill, my Travels, and great Adventures in foreign Countries; the Testimonials, Certificates, Medals, and the like Favours, I had receiv'd from most of the crown'd Heads and Princes in the Universe. And when this was over, order'd Matt. Gillistower and Dick Bently, two of my Footmen to disperse printed Copies of my Bill among the People, together with the Catalogue of the Cures by me formerly perform'd in your upper Hemisphere; both which Papers, because they contain something singular in them, and are written above the common Strain, I have given

the many Greeck, and naideous Brosenders to the Laculay, dullyimpe'e upon the Publick, That dether Ambiron, Self-Ynterell, or the 110c besid

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my felf the Trouble to transcribe.

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Joe Haynes's Mountebank's Speech



Vol II P. 167

cinculie whole Mars of the Blend The faurum & Talentum ne abseond as in Agro.

Modeles, and of all discovered by

Signior GIUSIPA HANESIO, High-German Astrologer and Chymist; Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, unborn Doctor, of above fixty Years Experience, educated at twelve Universities, baving travell'd thro' fifty two Kingdoms, and been Counfellor to Counfellors of leveral Monarchs.

Hoc juris publici in communem utilitatem publicum fecit.

t arthur walk, he cleaning the howels of all Out-

* * HO by the Bleffing of Æsculapius on his *W great Pains, Travels, and nocturnal Lucu-* * brations, has attain'd to a greater Share of Knowledge than any Person before him was

ever known to do.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I present you with my Universal Solutive, or Cathartic Elixin, which corrects all the cacochymic and cachexical Difeafes of the Intestines; cures all internal and external Diseases, all vertiginous Vapours, Hydrocephalus, Giddiness, or swimming of the Head. Epileptic Fits, flowing of the Gall, Stoppage of Urine, Ulcers in the Womb and Bladder; with many other Distempers, not hitherto distinguish'd by Name.

Secondly, My friendly Fill, call'd. The neven failing Heliogenes, being the Tincture of the Sun, and deriving Vigour, Influence and Dominion, from the same Light; it causes all Complexions to laugh or smile, even in the very time of taking it; which it effects, by dilating and expanding the gelastic

Muscles.

Muscles, first of all discover'd by my self. It dulcifies the whole Mass of the Blood, maintains its Circulation, reforms the Digestion of the Chylon, fortifies the opthalmic Nerves, clears the Officina Intelligentia, corrects the Exorbitancy of the Spleen, mundifies the Hypogastrium, comforts the Sphineter, and is an excellent Remedy against the Prosopo-Clorofis, or Green-Sickness, Sterility, and all Obstru-Ctions whatever. They operate feven feveral Ways in order, as Nature her felf requires; for they fcorn to be confin'd to any particular Way of Operation, viz. Hypnotically, by throwing the Party into a gentle Slumber; Hydrotically, by their operitive Faculty, in opening the Interstitia Porrum; Carthartically, by cleanfing the Bowels of all Crudities and tartarous Mucilage, with which they abound; Proppysmatically, by forcing the Wind downward; Hydragogically, by exciting Urine; Pneumatically, by exhilirating the Spirits; and laftly, Synecdochically, by corroborating the whole Oeconomia Animalis. They are twenty or more in every Tim Box, fealed with my Coat of Arms, which are, Three Glyster Pipes erect Gules, in a Field Argent; my Creft, a bloody Hand-out of a Mortar, Emergent; and my Supporters, a Chymist and an Apothecary. This Tinctura Solaris, or most noble Offfpring of Hyperion's golden Influence, wipes off absterfively all those tenacious, conglomerated, sedimental Sordes, that adhere to the Oesophagus and Viscera, extinguishes all supernatural Ferments and Ebullitions; and in fine, annihilates all the

Thirdly, My Panagion Ontaconflicon, or auricular Restorative: Were it possible to shew me a Man so deaf, that if a Demiculverin were to be let off under his Far, he could not hear the Report, yet these infallible Drops (first invented by the two famous Physician Brothers, St. Cosmus, and St. Damian, call'd the Anargyri in the ancient Greek Metallican and St. Damian, call'd the Anargyri in the ancient Greek Metallican and St. Damian, call'd the Anargyri in the ancient Greek Metallican and St. Damian, call'd the Anargyri in the ancient Greek Metallican and St. Damian, call'd the Anargyri in the ancient Greek Metallican and St. Damian, call'd the Anargyri in the ancient Greek Metallican and St. Damian and

nosotrophical or morbific Ideas of the whole cor-

pereal Compages.

nologies; and some forty Years ago, communicated to me by Anastasio Logotheti, a Greek Coloyr at Adrianople, when I was invited into those Parts to cure Sultan Mahomet IV. of an Elephantiasis in his Diaphragm) he would recover his auditive Faculty, and hear as smartly as an old sumbling Priest, when a young Wench gives him account of her lost Maidenhead at the Confessional.

Fourthly, My Anodyne Spirit, excellent to ease Pain, when taken inwardly, and applied outwardly, excellent for any Lameness, Shrinking or Contraction of the Nerves; for Eyes, Deasness, Pain and Noise in the Ears; and all odontatalgic, as well as poda-

grical Inflamations.

Fifthly, My Antidotus Antivenerialis; which effectually cures all Gonorrheas, Carnolities in the delinquent Part, Tumours, Phymosis, Paraphymosis, Christalline, Priapisms, Hemorrhoids, Cantillamata, Ragades, Bubos, Imposthumations, Garbuncles, genicular Nodes, and the like, without either Baths or Stoves; as also without Mercury so often destructive to the poor Patient, with that Privacy, that the nearest Relations shall not perceive it.

Sixthly, My pettoral Lozenges, or Balfam of Balfams, which effectually carries off all windy and tedious Coughs, spitting of Blood, Wheezing in the Larynx and Ptyalismus, let it be never so in-

veterate.

Seventhly, and lastly, My Pulvis Vermisugus, or Antivermatic Powder, brings up the Rear, so samous for killing and bringing away all sorts of Worms incident to human Bodies, breaking their complicated Knots in the Duodenum, and dissolving the phlegmatick Crudities that produce those Anthropophagous Vermin. It has brought away, by Urine, Worms as long as the May-Pole in the Strand, when it sourish'd in its primitive Prolixity, though, I confess, not altogether so thick. In short, its a specifick Catholicoa for the Cholick, VOL. II.

B

expels Winds by Eructation, or otherwise; accelerates Digestion, and creates an Appetite to a Miracle.

I dexterously couch the Cataract or Suffusion, extirpate Wens of the greatest Magnitude, close up Hair-Lirs, whether treble or quadruple; cure the Policus upon the Nofe, and all scrophulous Tumours, Cancers in the Breaft, Noli me tangeri's, St. Anthony's Fire, by my new invented Unquentum Antipyreticum, Excrescences, or Superfluous Flesh in the mouth of the Bladder or Womb; likewife I take the Stone from Women or Maids without

cutting.

I have Steel Truffes, and Inftruments of a new Invention, together with never-failing Medicines and Methods to cure Ruptures, and knit the Perironzum. And here I cannot forbear to communicate an useful Liece of Knowledge to the World, which is, that with the learned Villipandus, in his excellent Treatife, De congrubilitate materia prima cum confessione Augustana, I take a Rupture to be a Rélaxation of the natural Cavities, at the bottom of the cremaster Muscles. But this, en possant, I forge all my felf; nay, my very Machines for fafe and easy drawing Teeth and obture Stumps. Mrs. L'ttleband, Midwife to the Princels of Phlegethon. can sufficiently inform the Women of my Helps. and what I do for the Difruption of the Fundament and Uterus, and other ftrange Infirmities of the Matrix, occasioned by the bearing of the Children, viclent Coughing, heavy Work, &c. which I challenge any Person in the Ackerontic Dominions to perform, but my felf. deiholl named or mabieni

If any Woman be unwilling to speak to me, they may have the Conveniency of fpeaking to my Wife, who is expert in all feminine Diftempers. She has an excellent cosmetick Water, to carry off Freckles, Sun-burn, or Pimples; and a curious red Pomatum to plump and colour the Lips. She can make red Hair as white as a Lilly; The shapes the

Eye-brows to a Miracle; makes low Foreheads as high as you pleafe, has a never failing Remedy for offensive Breaths, a famous Essence to correct the ill Scent of the Arm-pits, a rich Water that makes the Hair curl, a most delicate Paste to smooth and whiten the Hands; also,

A rare Secret that takes away all Warts, From the Face, Hands, Fingers and Privy Parts.

Those who are not able to come to me, let them fend their Urine, especially that made after Midnight, and on fight of it, I will tell them what their Distemper is, and whether curable or no. Nay, let a Man be in never so perfect Health of Body, his Conflitution never so vigorous and athletical, if he shews me his Water, I can as infallibly predict what Distemper will first attack him, though perhaps it will be thirty or forty Years hence, as an Astronomer by the Rules of his Science, can foretel Solar or Lunar Eclipses the Year before they happen. I have predicted miraculous Things by the Pulse. far above any Philosopher : By it, I not only discover the Circumstances of the Body; but if the Party be a Woman, I can fortel how many Husbands and Children the shall have; if a Tradesman whether his Wife will fortify his Forehead with Horns; and so of the rest. This is not all, but I will engage to tell any ferious Persons what their Business is on every radical Figure, before they speak one Word; what has already happen'd to them from their very Infancy down to the individual Hour of their confulting me, what their prefent Circumstances are, what will happen to them hereafter; in what part of the Body they have Moles; what Colour and Magnitude they are of; and laftly, how profited, that is, whether they calminate Equinoctially or Horizontally upon the Mefogafirium; from which Place alone, and no other, as the profound Trismegistus has observ'd before me, in his

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the Eye elaborate Treatise de erroribus Styli Gregoriani, all

folid Conjectures are to be formed.

I have likewise attained to the green, golden and black Dragon, known to none but Magicians and hermatic Philosophers; I tell the meaning of all magical Panticles, Sigils, Charms and Lameness, and have a Glass, and help to further Marriage; and what is more, by my Learning and great Travels, I have obtained the true and perfect Seed and Blossom of the Female Fern; and infinitely improved that great Traveller Major John Coke's famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth. The Spring being already advanc'd, which is the propercit Season for preventing new, and renewing old Distempers, neglect not this Opportunity—

My Hours are from Nine till Twelve in the Morning, and from Two in the Afternorn till Nine at Night, every Day in the Week, except on the real Obristian Sabbath, called Saturday.

It may be of Use to keep this Advertisement.

This, Gentlemen, is an exact Copy of my Bill, which has been carefully distributed all over this Populous City, pasted upon the chief Gates and Churches; and fince dispersed by two running Messengers, Theophrastus Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa, all over King Pluto's Dominions. I forgot to tell you, that finding it absolutely necessary to take me a Wife, (the Women in certain Cases that shall be nameless, being unwilling to consult any but these of their own Sex) I was advised by fome Friends to make my Applications to the famous Cleopatria Queen of Ægypt, who being a Perfon of great Experience, and notably well skill'd in the Arcanas of Nature, would in all Probability make me an admirable Spoule. In short, after half a dozen Meetings, rather for Form fake than any Thing elfe, the Bargain was struck, and a Match concluded between her Alexandrian Majesty and my

lelf; Cardinal Woolfey, who is now Curate of a small Village, to the Tune of four Marks per Annum, and the magnificent Perquifites of a Bear and Fiddle, perform'd the holy Ceremony: Amphion of Thebes diverted us at Dinner with his Crowd, and all the while Molinos, the Quietift, danced a Landhira Jigg. Sir Thomas Pilkington, who as I told you in my last, is become a most furious Rhime-tagger or Verlificator, composed the Epithalmium; and Sardanapalus, Caligula, Nero, Heliogabalus and Pope Alexander the Seventh, were pleas'd to throw the Stocking. Her Majefty, to do her a Piece of common Juflice, proves a most dutiful and laborious Wife, fpreads all my Plaisters, makes all my Unguents, diffil's all my Waters, and pleases my Customers beyond Expression.

Thus, Gentlemen, you see my Bill, by which you may guess whether I don't infinitely surpass those empty pretending Quacks of your World, who confine their narrow Talent to one Distemper, which they cure but by one Remedy, whereas all Discases are alike to me, and I have a hundred several Ways to extirpate them. I shall now trespass so far upon your Patience, as to present you with the Catalogue of my Cures, which being somewhat singular, and out of the Way, I have the Vanity to believe

will not be unwelcome to you not be well by the leave, Don

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A true and faithful Catalogue of some remarkable Cures, perform'd in the other World, by the samous Signior Giusippe Hanesio, High-German Doctor and Astrologer.

By PLUTO's Authority.

ing, Her Maiedy, to do be ear

Hic est quam legis, ille quem requiris, ven la constitution l'action le la constitution de la constitution d

Ecause I am so much a Person of Honour and

B & Integrity, that even in this lower World I

would not forseit my Reputation, I desire
my incredulous Adversaries (of which number, being a Stranger to this Place, I presume I have
but too many) to get if they can to the upper Resigions, and satisfy themselves of the Truth of my
admirable Personmances. To begin then with those

of Quality.

Pope Innocent the Elèventh was so strangely overrun with a Complication of Fansenism, Quietism,
and Lutheranism, that not only his Nephew, Don
Livio Odeschalchi, but the whole facred Consistory
despaired of his Recovety; I so mundify'd his Intellectuals with my Catholick Essence of Hellebore,
that he continued rectus in cerebro many Years after;
and if the French Ambassador, by making such a
Hubburb about his Quarters, occasion'd old Infallibility to relapse, Louis le Grand must answer for it,
and not Signior Giussippe.

Name, of a Febris Tumulenta, so that he could digest the Exactions and Blood of a whole Province, held his Hand as steady as Harry Killegrew after a

Quart

Quart of Surfeit Water in a Morning; and if he dy'd presently after, let his Eunuchs and Whores look to that, if one with their Politicks, and the other with their Tails, spoil'd the Operation of my Elixir

Magnum Stomachicum.

I cured Auring-Zebe, the old Mogul, of an Enilepsa Fanatica, with which he was afflicted to that Degree, that Patents were dispatch'd, and Persons named to go Ambaffadors Extraordinary to William Pen, George Whitehead, William Mede; the Philadelphians, Cameronians, Fesuits, and Facobian Whiskerites, for a Communication of Diseases and Remedies; but by my Cephalick Snuff and Tinflure, I made him as clear headed a Rake as ever got Drunk with Classics at the University, or expounded Horace in Will's Coffee-House; and Mcsengers were sent through all his Empire to get him Dutry, Bung, Satyrion, Cantharides, Wkores and Schyraz Wine; and if he has fince fallen down to his Alcoran and the flat Effects of Ninety Seven Years of Age, blame his damn'd Courtiers and not me, that instead of nicking the nice Operation of the Medicine, let in Books and Priefts, to debauch his Understandmg.

I cur'd the Makumetan Predeffinarian Sultan of the great East India Island Borneo, of want of Blood, by counfelling him to follow his Inclinations and bathe in it, that he might restore himself by Spight and Percolation; but Vexations from his Divan, the Neighbour Emperor of China, a fawcy young Jackanapes, and a Sorrel hair'd Female gave him fuch Jolts, that quite spoil'd the Continuance of the

noblest Cure in the World.

sign

Peter A'exowitz, present Czar of Muscocy, fell ill of a Calenture in London, occasioned by putting toogreat a quantity of Gun-powder into his Ufquebaurh. and Pepper into his Brandy; all the topping Do-Cortex and Opium to no Purpose. What should I do in this Pinch, but order'd a Hole to be made in the Il a elou Frames,

Thames for him, as they do for the Ducks in St. fames's Park, it being then an excessive Frost, sous'd him over Head and Ears Morning and Night, and by this noble Experiment not only recovered him, but likewise gave a Hint to the setting up of a Cold-Bath near Sir John Oldcaftle's, which has done fuch Miracles fince.

I cured a noble Peer, aged Sixty feven, of a Perpetual Priapism, so that now his Pimping Valets, and Footmen, his Bawds, Spirit of Clary, and a Maidenhead of fourteen can hardly raife him, who before was scarce to be trusted with his own Family; nay, his own Wife: And now he's as continent and virtuous a Statesman as ever lin'd his inward Letche-Classics at the Utaletill

ry with outward Gravity.

A noble Peeres, that lives not full a hundred Miles from St. James's Square, in the Sixty fixth Year of her Age, was feiz'd with a Furor Uterinus; by plying her Ladyship with a few Drops of my Antepyretical Essence, extracted from a certain Vegetable gal thered under the Artic Pole, and known to no Body but my felf, I perfectly allay'd this preternatural Ferment; and now she lies at quiet, tho both her Hands are unty'd as a new fwaddled Babe, and handles no Rascals but Pam, and his gay Fellows of the Cards.

Honoraria Frail, eldest Daughter to my old Lady Frail of Red-Lyon-Square, by too prodigally diffri-buting les dernieres Feveurs to her Mother's Sandypated Coachman and Pages, had fo franely dilated the Gates du Citadel d'Amour, that one might have marched a Regiment of Dragoons through them. Her Mother, who was in the greatest Perplexties imaginable upon the Score of this Difafter, fent to consult me: With half a dozen Drops of my Aqua Styptica Hymenealis, I so contracted all the Avenues of the aforesaid Citadel, that the Yorksbire Knight that marry'd her, spent above a hundred Small-shot against the Walls, and bombarded the Fortress a full Fortnight before he cou'd

enter it; and now they are the happiest Couple

within the Bills of Mortality

I renew'd the Youth from the Girdle downwards of Madam de Maintenon, so that she afforded all the Delights imaginable, to her old grand Lover in Imagination, and to the younger Bigots and herfelf in reality: While her Face still remain'd as great an Object of Mortification, as her Beads, Death's-Head and Discipline; and this noble Care fill re-

mains to be view'd by all the World

Harry Higden of the Temple, Counselfor, was for miserably troubled with the Long Vacation Disease, or the Defectus Crumena, that the Sage Benchers of the House threatned to Padlock his Chamber door for Non-payment of Rent. He asked my Advice in this Exigence: I, who knew the full strength of his Furniture, which confifted of a Rug, two Blankets, a Joint-Stool, and a Tin-Candleffick, that ferved him for a Pis-pot when revers'd, counfelled him to take his Door off the Hinges, and Lock it up in his Study. He followed my Advice, and by that Means escaped the abovementioned Offracions of the Padlock.

Margaret Cheatly, Bawd, March-Maker, and Mid-Wife of Bloomsbury, by immederate drinking of Strong-Waters, had got a Nose so termagantly Rubicund, that the out-blazed the Comet: My Cofmetic Florentine-Unquent, absolutely reformed this Inflamation, and now the looks as foberly as a Dif-

fenting Minister's Goggle-ey'd Convenience.

Jerry Scandal, Whale and Ghost Printer in White-Friars, had plagued the Town above ten Years with Apparitions, Murders, Catechilms, and the like Stuff; by showing him the Phiz of Terrible Robin in my green Magic Glass, I so effectually frighted him, that he has fince demolish d all his Letters, dismis'd his Hawkers, flung up his Bosinels, and instead of News, cries Flounders and Red-Enving stabout the Streets.

Street, almost at the farther End near Old-Street, turning in at the sign of the White Crow, in Goat-Alley, strait forward, down three Steps at the Sign of the Globe, was so be devil'd with the Spirit of Lying, that he out-did two hard mouth'd Evidences in their own Profession, and scould not open his Mouth without romancing; I made him snuff up some half a score Drops of my Elixir Alethinum, and now he has left off Fortune-telling and Astrology, and is return'd to his primitive Trade of Weaving.

Farmer Frizzle-pate, of Bullington, near Andover, had been Blind thirty five Years and upwards; my Ophthalmick Drops reftor'd him to his Sight in a Minute, and now he can read a Geneva Bible without Spectacles. A Certificate of this miraculous Cure, I have under the Hand of the Parson of the Parish.

and his Amencurler.

I cured a Kentish Parson of an Instrmitas Memoria, which he got by a Jumble of his Glandula Pinealis, after a Bowl of Punch and a boxing Bout. He was reduced to that deplorable Condition, as to turn over Play-Books instead of his Concordance, quote Qua Genus instead of St. Ausin; nay, he forgot Tythe-Eggs, demanded Easter Dues at Martlemass, bid Bartbolomew-Fair instead of Ash-Wednesday; and frequently mistook the Service of Matrimony, for that of the Dead: What is yet more surprising, he forgot even to drink over his right Thumb; but now he has as stanch a Memory, as a Pawn-broker for the Day of the Month; a Country Attorney for Mischief; or a Popish Clergy Man for Revenge.

I cured Serjeant Dolthead, of a prodigious Itch in the Palms of his Hands: A most wonderful Cure! for now he refuses Fees, as heartily as a young Wench does an ugly Fellow, when she has a hand-some one in View, his Attorney is run mad; his Wife is turn'd Eawd to take double Fees; and his Daughters Manto-makers and Whores, to get by two

Trades.

An eminent Coach-keeping Physician was troubled with a Farrago Medicinarium, or a Tumor Prescriptionalis to that monstruous Degree, that he will Bills by the Ell, and prescribed Medicines by the Hogshead and Wheelbarrow-full. To the Amazement of all that knew him, I have effectually cured him on't; for he now writes but three Words, prescribes but two Scruples, leaves People to a whole-some Kitchin-Diet, and Nature has undone the Sexton and Funeral Undertaker; and the overstock'd Parish has Petitioned the Privy Council to send out a new Colony to the West-Indies.

I cured a certain Head of a Collège, of a Hobetudo Cerebri; so that he now Jokes with the Barchlors and Junior Fry, goes to the Dancing School with the Fellow Commoners; and next Act will be able to make a whole Terra filius's Speech himself.

An Apothecary in Cheapside, was so strangely overrun with an Inundatio veneni, that the Grass grew in the Parish round him; but now, Thanks to the Cure I wrought upon him, he has reduc'd his Shop to the compass of a Rarce Show, gets but ten Pence in the Shilling, let the neighbouring Infants grow up to Men; and is going to build an Hospital for decay d Prize-fighters and Dragoons.

I cured a Vintner behind the Exchange, of a Mixtura Diabelica, fo that now he hates Apples as much as our Forefather after his kick on the Arfe out of Paradice; shunsa Drugster's Shop, as much as a broken Cit does a Serjeant; swears he'll clear but ten thousand Pounds in five Years, and then set up for Psalm-singing, and sleeping under the Pulpit.

I cured a Norfolk Attorney of the Scables Campides Rabularies, another prodigious Cure never perform d'before; so that now he's as quiet as a cramb'd Capon among Barn door Hens, he won't so much as loratch for his Food; his Uncle the Counsellor has distributed him; and since he has listed himself for a Foot Soldier.

THE SHOW A

I cured an Amsterdam Burgomaster's Wise of Barrenness, so that now she has two Children at a Birth; besides a brace of Sooterkins every Year, and even now in these Low-Countries (so essectual are my Remedics) I am teaz'd with daily Messages, for Astringents and Flood Gates, to help the poor pains-

taking Mortal in his Aquatic Situation.

Pierre Babillard, French Valet and Pimp in ordinary to my Lord Demure, was troubled with the Gloffo-mania, or that Epidemical Disease of Normandy, the talking Sickness. He not only prattled all Night in his Sleep, but his Clack went incessantly all Day long; the Cook-Maid and Nurse were talk'd quite deaf by him; whereas his Mafter labour'd under the contrary Extreme, and by his good will wou'd not firike once in twenty four Hours; by the most stupendous Operation that ever was known, (for the Transfusion of one Animal's Blood into another, so much boasted of by the Royal Society. is not to be compared to it) I transfuled some of the French Valet's Loquacity into the noble Peer, and fome of the noble Peer's Taciturnity into the French Valet; fo that now to the great Confolation of the Family, my Lord sometimes talks, and Monsieur Babillard sometimes holds his Tongue.

Orator to the ancient City of Augusta Trinobantum, had been troubled ever from his Infancy with that Epidemical Magistrate's Dissemper, the Bas in Lingua; so that whenever he made any Speeches, the Gentlemen were ready to split their Sides, and the Ladies to bepiss themselves with laughing at the Singularities of his Discourse. By my Rulvis Cephalicus, I so far recover d him, that he could draw up his Tropes and Metaphors in good Order, and harangue you twenty Lines upon the Street, without making above the same number of Blunders. If he has since relapsed, its no fault of mine, but he

may e'co thank his City Conversation for it.

Dinah Fribble, eldeft Daughter te Jonathan Fribble of Thames-freet, Tallow-Chandler, was so enormoully given to the Language of old Babylon, that fhe wou'd talk bawdy before her Mother, her Grandmother, and Godmother; nay, name the two beaftly Monofyllables before the Doctor and Lecturer of the Parish, Her Father, one of the worshipful Flders of Salters-Hall, wondered how a Child fo religionsly educated, fed from her Cradle with the Crums of Comfort, and lull'd daily afleep with Hopkins and Sternhold, should labour under so obscene a Dispensation. In short, I was sent for, pour'd some twenty Drops of my Anti-Asmodean Essence into her Noftrils, and the next Morning a huge thundring Prianus eleven Inches long, came out of her left Ear; She's now perfectly recover'd, talks as piously. and behaves her felf as gravely as the demureft Female in the Neighbourhood. no bus prest vriids

Daniel Guzzle, Inn-keeper in Southwark, by perpetual tippling with his Customers, was so inordinately swell'd with a Dropsy, that Sir John Falstaff in Harry the Fourth, was a meer Skeleton to him. I tapt his Heidelberg-Abdomen, and so vast an Inundation issued from him, that if the Stream had continued a quarter of an Hour longer, it would have over slowed the whole Borrough, and made a second Cataclysm. He is now perfectly cured, is as stender as a Beau that has twice Salivated for a Shape; runs. up the Momenter some half a score times every Morning for his Diversion, Jumps through a Hoop, makes nothing of leaping over a Five-barr'd Gate; and the famous Mr. Barnes of Redriff has enter'd

him into his Company. It said his no noi samabri ad

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Oba iab Hemming, Taylor, at the Sign of the Red-Wastroat and Blazing-Star, near Tower-hill, was troubled with so unmerciful a Ptisick, that no body in the Family could sleep for him: I ply'd him with my Antituissient Pillula Pulmonaris, but without effect. I wondered how the Devil my never failing Remedy disappointed me! Cries I to him, honest

Eriend.

Friend, what may your Name be? Obadiab Hemming, fays he. Very well; and what Parish do you live in; Att-ballows-Barking. Oh, ho! I have now found out, the Secret how my Pills came to miscarry; Why, Friend, thou hast a damn'd Ptiscal Name, and livest in a confounded Ptiscal Parish: Come, call thy self Obadiab Bowman, and get thee to Hampstead, Highgate, or any place but All-ballows-Barking, and I'll insure thy Recovery. He did so; and is so strangely improv'd upon it, that he's since chosen into St. Paul's Choir, and begins to rival Mr. Goslin.

and Mr. Elford.

Rebecca-Twift, Ribbon-Weaver, in Drum - Alley, Spittle Fields, aged Seventy five, by drinking Annifeed-Robin, Geneva, and other ungodly Liquors. and smoaking Mundungus, had so utterly decay'd her natural Heat, that she had lain Bed-ridden thirty Years, and on my Conscience a Calenture wou'd no more have warm'd her, than a Farthing Candle would Roaft a Sirloin of Beef. I made for entire a Renovation of her with my Arcanum Helmontio-Glaubero-Paracelsianum, that she's become another Creature, out-talks the Parson and Midwife at every Gossiping, dances to a Miracle, never fails to give her Attendance at all the merry Meetings; and no fooner hears the noise of a Fiddle, but she frisks and capers it about, like a young Hoyden of Fifteen, 101 Latter 1 2

Nebemiah Comiver, one of the City Reformers, was so totally deform'd with the Lepra Hypocritica, that ne'er a Barber, Victualler, or Taylor in the Neighbouthood cou'd live in quiet for him. To the Admiration of all that knew him, I have so effectually cared him of this acid Humour, that he'll out-swear ten Dragoons, go to a Bawdy-House in the face of the Sun; and out-talk a score of Midwives in natural Philosophy.

'Thus, Gentlemen, you have my Bill and Catalogue of Cures, by which you'll easily perceive that our internal World is only a Counter-part of yours where

where hard Words, Impudence and Nonfenfe, delivered with a magisterial Air, carry every thing before them. I should now according to the Method propos'd to my felf; proceed to give you a thort Account of what memorable Occurrences have larely happen'd in these Acherontic Realms, but the vast Crowds of Visitants at my Door are so obstreperous and troublefome, that I can conceal my felf from them no longer. Be pleased therefore to accept of this imperfect Relation in part of Payment and next Month, when I shall have a better convenience of writing my Thoughts at large, I will endeavour to give you full Satisfaction. In the mean time, give me leave to affure you, that my highest Ambition is to honour my felf with the Title of that, we are periode; but if the manguity of our

Tempers preveil, we fin nemelting west Abyte of Infamy, Shame and Diferest This laid the Foun-

Your most Obedient and

at bein coy a story as a most Humble Servant.

Hears to one Dake of Budowellism, spercegually con-



and cheir lemorances violated to their intatishie

STELEETWOOD SHEPHERD to Mr. P .- T.

To my Leave of you and the Sun, and I fear'd of all good Company too. My Curiofity to observe the nature of an Affair, whereof every Body talks, though not one of 'em can understand, made me so long filent; that if it were possible I might give my Friends some Account or other that should be of moment to 'em, either for Diversion, or Improvement. Your weighty Affairs prevent the one, and your Capacity the other; but that you may see Friendship as well as Virtue survives the Grave, I address this to you, to assure you, we are not annihilated.

annihilated, as some Philosophers openid, and that our Felicity does not confid in an unactive Indolence as others as vainly prefended. Virtue is its own Reward, and Vice its own Punishment. We are so refin'd here, that nothing can veil Evil from the piercing Eyes of every Body, and the Malice and Envy of the most inveterate Devils cannot overcast the Glories of the Good. We impute a great many Faults to the frailty of the Flesh very unjustly. The Soul hath its warpings as well as the Clay. and some Vices are so natural that we cannot extinguish 'em, though we may in some Measure prevent their flaming out and boiling over. These remain still, and employ all the utmost Efforts of our Prudence to triumph over; and if we accomplish that, we are perfect; but if the malignity of our Tempers prevail, we fink to the lowest Abyss of Infamy, Shame and Disgrace. This laid the Foundation of that Doctrine of Rome, call'd Purgatory and their Ignorance, join'd to their infatiable Avarice, improv'd it to what at present you find it. Here is one Dake of Buckingham, perpetually conferring with the Spanish Ministers; the other as buly in finding out the mighty Secrets of impertinent Curiolities; here's Mazarine supplanting the Liberty of Europe, and Cromwell that of England. Shaftsbury is pushing on Monmouth, and he is flyl'd King by one of his own Footmen only; Dryden is every Minute at Homer's Heels, or pulling Virgit by the Sleeve, importuning Horace, or making Friends to Ovid: But Cowley with a Serenity of Mind that constitutes his Felicity, quietly passes along the Elysian Plains, disturbing no Body, and undisturb'd of all; Milton his Companion, and himself his Happiness. The less considerable Fry: of Wits are just as contentious here, as at Covent-Garden; as noify, and as ill-natur'd; every Man in particular arrogating all to himself, and allowing nothing to others. The Dispute rose so high, and the Uproar continued fo long, that Pluto commanded manded a Squadron of his Life-Guard, with Juvemal at their Head, to force 'em out of the LaurelGrove, and lock it up till Matters should be adjusted by Apollo, to whom he detach'd Lucan and
Lee (as being the best skill'd in slying) with his
Complaints; they are return'd with a Proclamation, which for its Novelty I will trouble you with;
not but that I think it might not improperly have
been made on the other sides of the Parnassus, unless Matters are strangely mended since I lest you.

We APOLLO, by the Grace of JUPITER, Emperor of PARNASSUS, King of Poetry, Sovereign Prince of Letters, Duke of the MUSES, Marquis of Light, and Earl of the Four Seafons, &c. to all our Trusty and well Beloved Explorers of Nature, and Cherishers of Learning, Greeting.

Tales and Presentions whatever: And to avoid

Natura are regulared and diffrarch'd. WHereas we are inform'd to our ineffable Dif-V pleafure, Grief, Sorrow, and Concern, that many Fewds, Jars, Quarrels, Animolities, and Heart-burns are ever and anon kindled, ftirr'd up, and fomented among the elder Brothers of Helicon, as well as the multitude of vain Pretenders to Bayes and Immortality, in fo much, that your Bickerings, Clamours, Noise and Diffurbances, are of intollerable Inconveniency to the Good and Just; and an unhappy Suspension of the Serenity of their Minds, as well as so many Perturbations and Infractions of the Peace of our Uncle King Pluto's Dominions: Wherefore it is our Royal Will and Pleasure, that these notorious Mildemeanours be forthwith remedied; promifing upon our Royal Word, that Juffice shall be duly executed to every Body; and all Men of

real Merit and Worth, Lovers of Wildom and Learning, of what Nation or fort foever, shall in their refrective Classes of Virtue and Excellence; be Registred in the glorious Volumes of Fame, to be kept eternally in the Delphie Library : In purfuance whereof, we do hereby earnestly require and in joyn our beloved Sifters the Mules, to hold a Court of Claims in the Principality of Delos, where we shall give our Royal Attendance so often as the Fatigues of our laborious Course will permit us, to examine all Capacities, Claims, Titles, and Pretensions whatever: And to avoid all Lets, Troubles, Hinderances, Molestations, and Interruptions that possibly we can: We do farthermore hereby firitly Prohibit and Forbid, upon pain of our highest Displeasure, and a hundred Years Interdiction from the Laurel-Grove, all Sonneteers, Songsters, Satyrists, Ranegyrists, Madrigallers, and such like Impediments of Parwassus to make any Pretensions whatever to Reputation and Immortality; till fuch time as the more laborious and industrious Investigators of Nature are regulated and dispatch'd. some are infamal to our inefable Dif-

Given at our High Court of Helicon, this 47th Gentury, from our Conquest of Python.

At present the Versifyers are much humbled, for the Laurel-Grove is their chiefest Delight; its their Park, their Play-House, their Assembly. I find all the Vices of the Mind are common here, as in your superiour Regions: The Separation from the Clay has only taken from us the means of whoring and drinking, but the Mind retains still the wicked Propensity. I consider a not the pressing number of your Assairs, and that I hazard your ill-Will by detaining you so long from the Publick: Give me leave only to desire the Favour of you, when your Servant goes through Chancery-Lane, to put up a Cargo of the Spread-Eagle Pudding for our

our very good Friend Councellor Wallop, for he is inconsolable: Twenty of the best Cooks, nay, Mr. Lamb himself can't make one to please him Live in Health, I know you can't learn.

Mr. P-r's Answer.

Worthy Sir.

** Was not wanting in my Wishes to preserve Is that Effect you honour'd me with, or to ** give you fresher Instances of it; but since

your Stars summon'd you on the other fide of the black Water, and I did not know whither to Address my felf exactly to you, I was oblig'd to fuspend my writing till such time as I received yours. I am heartily glad the two Crowns are agreed to permit a Pacquet to go between 'em; and as for our Friend the Councellor, I never shall be dilatory in serving him to the utmost of my Abilities, and never shall call to mind but with Veneration and Wonder, his most heroick Conduct and Magnanimity in Pudding-Fighting. He fequester'd himself from Flesh and Blood very opportunely, and with a Prudence that always accompanied him in the minutest of his Actions; for Sugars and Fruits are rifen already, and in all Probability, will continue to bear a good Price, fince Portugal has descrited us, so I dare not pretend to be positive that the Cargo I fend will be as delicious as formerly, though its Novelty may make amends for fome time, for small Cheats in that Profession. Honest John, the faithful Companion of your wanton Hours, was very much rejoye'd to hear from you, and would needs take a Leap after you, mangre all I could fay to him: With this trufty Servant I have fent you what you defired, and that I might be certain of its not miscarrying any where upon the Road, I tuck'd Friend John up with it, and so dispatch'd him presently. I was in hopes

to have heard from more of our merry Companions, or of them at leaft: How does Rochefter behave himself with his old Gang? Is Sir George as facetious as ever? Is my Lady still that formal Creature as when in our Hemisphere? Has she the Benefit of Cards and a Tea-Table? How did my Lord Fefferies receive his Son? and with what Constancy did her Grace hear Sir John Germain was married? I was in hopes you might have met with some of these in your Peregrination, not that I suppose you can fee those vast Dominions of Plato's but in a proportionable time to the Variety of Subjects, as well

as the Mightiness of their Extent.

We have nothing new here, becanfe we are nnder the Sun. Wife Men keep company with one another; Fools write and Fools read; the Bookfellers have the Advantage, provided they don't truft; some pragmatical Fellows set up for Politicians; others think they have merit because they have Money. Cheats prosper, Drunkenness is a little rebuk'd in the Pulpit, but as rife as ever in all other Places; People marry that don't love one the other, and your old Mistress Melifinda goes to Church constantly, prays devoutly, fing Pfalms gravely, hears the Sermon attentively, receives the Sacrament monthly, lies with her Footman nightly, and rails against Lewdness and Hypocrify. from Morning till Night.

The rest of Particulars I leave for honest John to recount to you; my other Affairs oblige me to take my leave of you; expecting some Particulars about what I mention'd my felf.

von, mangre all I consider to bine. With rins " truffy Servant I have feat you want your defined, and

and In directly him trefently. I was in hours

Profession, Tionall Sala the faithful Continuition to be voies doom viby and a wolf mot Yours, &c. hear from you, and world needs take a Leap wheat

that I might be certain of its not militerving any YAIMOS tox Kond of took of Briend Folia up with

POMINY of AUVERGNE, to Mr. ABEL of LONDON, Singing Master.

would have fired out a Fleet of mey sail of capital

HE Sons and Daughters of Harmony that To crowd in daily upon these Coasts surprise is equally with your Capacities and Miffortunes. We are generally of the Opinion here, that the Muses are as well receiv'd in England. as in any other Climate whatever. Men are charm'd they're at so small an Expence of Wit or Performance, that one of your Endowments might well have hop'd to out-rival my Felicity, and be fomething more exalted than to the Embraces of a Queen. My Parentage was as little remarkable in France, as yours in England; and though I had better Luck, durst not pretend I had a better Voice. From a Singing-Boy, I push'd my Fortune fo as to succeed my own Sovereign. From the Quire I role to the Chamber; from the Chamber I was preferr'd to the Closet; and from thence I was advanc'd to be Vice-Roy over a'l the Territories of Love: I was Lord High-Chamberlain to Cupid, and Comptroller of the Houshold to Venus. Every Delectation superfeded my very Wishes: nor cou'd I have ask'd for the thousandth Part of the Blandishments I enjoy d. I was as abfolute in my Love as the Grand Seignior: 'Twas for my dear fake the fond Princess rais'd her Maids of Honour's Beds, that the might not hurt her Back (fhe had frequently done) in creeping under to fetch me out. Twas for my dear fake, that if they but nam'd my Name when ablent, in the Raptures of her Impatience, the run against the Doors, threw down the Screens; hurt her Face against the Mantle-Trees and Cabinets. She broke at times as much in Looking-Glasses, Stands and China, in the eager Transports of her Joy to meet

me coming into the Room, as by Computation wou'd have fitted out a Fleet of fifty Sail of capital Ships. These were Princely Rewards for a Man's poor Endeavours to pleafe: Who would not bring up their Children in a Quire? or who would not learn to fing? You have met, I must confess, Sir, with but small Encouragement in the main, and made but a flender Fortune in comparison of what might have been reasonably expected from your Talents: The most civiliz'd Quarter of the World has been your Audience and Admirer; and you have left every where a Name, that cannot die but with Musick, and that will furvive even Nature : for in the numerous Cracklings of the last Conflagration, there will be, as it were, a noble Symphony, that she may cease to be in Proportion, and what is her Apothesis, will draw the Curtain to a new Creation. But that Enlargement of our Knowledge, which is the Necessity of our Spiritualization, shews me there is a Malevolency in the Influences of your Stars, that will ever dash your rising Hopes, and oppose your Fortune. You cannot but have heard how Alexander the Great very generously dist ibuted all the Spoils to his Soldiers. and contented himfelf with Glory for his Dividend. Thus your Confolation must be, whenever the fickle Goddess frowns upon you; that noble Resolution of being above Contempt, shews a Magnanimity of Mind equal to the greatest Philosopher. But Virtue is very often unfortunate, nay, fometimes oppress'd.

Here are some devilish, ignorant, censorious, lying People, that will maintain, you were so impertment as to give a Gentleman the Trouble of cudgelling you: And there are many here whose wicked Tempers are improved by the Conversation of the Place, as Rogues by being in Newgate, and these give Credit to the Aspersions; but the Tribe of Helicon endeavour your Justification, for he that could charm the King of Poland's Bears with the

warbling Accents of his mellifluous Tongue, might with the same Harmony have mov'd the sturdy Oak. and that is as heavy as a hundred Canes. the Glory of Arion, that the Stones danced after his Lyre; and as long as there are Poets it will be faid, that Orpheus drew the Tigers and the Trees. to tiften to his trembling Lays. May you not justly expect a Place in the Volumes of Immortality fince it may be all faid literally true of you, that was but a Fable of these Darlings of our Forefathers? No matter if some People put an ill Construction on it, the best Actions of our Lives are subject to be traduc'd. Here was a Dear Foy of Quality fuffer'd the Discipline of the Place for fealing the Diamond Ring from you, that the King of France gave you at Fountainbleau : To mitigate the Blackness of the Fact, he alledg'd the Necessitousness of his Condition, and that it was Pity so many gallant Men should want for their Loyalty, while a Jackanapes cou'd get an Estate for a Song. At this, Rhadamanthus order'd him a hundred Stripes more for his Pride in affecting a Character his own Confession had so far derogated from. There are some considerable Stars that rife in Bavaria, whose Influences are inauspicious to you; for, among Friends twas no better than robbing him to run away with his Money, and especially before you had done any thing for it. However, this may be your Confolation, that the Duke can't fay you cheated . him to fome Tune. Here is a Confort of Mulick compoling against the King of France makes his Entrance: Out of Cratitude to his Generolity. you ought to make one of om; I can get you a Lodging near Cerberas's A partment; 'twill be convenient for you to confer Notes together for he is much the deepest Base of lany here of hi bas mob of If your Leifure will permit, I should be glad of fome News from the Favourites of Parnaffus: I am continually at the Chocolate-House in the Sulphurfreet. I shall look upon the Ohligation in Alamire in Alt Mr.

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warhing Accents of his mellifluous Tongee, might

his fivee; and as long as there are Poets it will be

Silk, at how a trul out worth motor that the The Advice be seasonable, tis no great mat-I ter from whence it comes; though 'tis not hobbis what one would readily expect from a Person of your Climate; but that too renders the Obligation fo much the more binding. I was not fo well acquainted with the ancient Intrigues of the French Court as to call your Name to remembrance, but by the delicious Expression of your wanton Delights, I prefum'd you might have been a Mahometan Eunuch, because you seem'd to describe their Paradice in part; what cou'd I tell whether more of that Felicity came to your Share or not? I met Aben-Ezra the Few, but he knew nothing of you; at last a French Refugee let me right. When I consider your private History I am amaz'd at your Raptures, and that you could be so void of common Reason, more especially after you had been so long spiritualis'd, which you tell me, enlarges the Understanding, asto fet a Value upon your felf for raking a Kennel, only because it belong'd to Court. To have charm'd a Person of an exalted Extraction, as I did, and to bring her to be the loving Wife of my Bosom, was Vanity without Infamy. But your captive Queen was a Queen of Sluts, equally the Infamy of her own Sex, as you were the Contempt of ours. Twas very pathetically faid of her by her Brother, when he gave her in Marriage to the King of Navarre, That be did not give his Peggy in Marriage to the King of Navarre alone, but to all the Hugonots of his Kingdom, and if he had faid, all the Roman Catholicks too, it had hardly been an Hyperbole. For ever fince the was nine Years old, the never deny'd any thing that was a Man; 'no, not fo much as her own Brothen. She had so great an Inclination to be obliging, that the Mir.

she would not refuse even old Age; and did not condemn even the blackest Scullion-Boy of her Kitchin: She was the Refuse of a hundred thoufand several Mens Embraces before the took up with you. So that I fee no fuch mighty Ground for your Vanity and Offentation: And if there were not other more beneficial Expectations from the Quire, I should advise but very few to follow it: Not but that a fair Friend in the Palace-yard, a kind Friend in Charles-street, or a pretty intimate Acquaintaince near the Bowling-Ally, may help to pass away some leifure Hours when the Abby is lock'd up; however that is not sufficient to tempt a Man to C-fa-ut it all ones Life-time.

I ever found an inbred Aversion to Ireland, and your News gives me more convincing Reasons why I should not affect 'em: For to be stripp'd by some, and ffripp'd by others, would of it felf give a Man an unfavourable Impression of such People. As for the Freedom you take in diverting your felf at my Expence, I easily pass it by: But your Censoriousness scandalises me, when so many very deserving Persons of all Ranks, Sexes and Qualities, as are my good Priends and Benefactors, are made the Subject of your Raillery. I do not want to be spiritualis'd to see through your Banter, when you make me even fuperior to Orpheus and Arion; I fmell what you wou'd be at, by being follow'd by Tygers, Blocks and Stones: Buritis lucky enough for you, that you are out of their Reach : As for the Article of Bavaria, I can fay but little to it more than I thought the time was come, when the Ifraelites should spoil the Ægyptians. You have such continual Couriers from these Parts, that you cannot be long ignorant of the minutest Springs by which all Affairs are kept in Motion. To me they feem every where to be at much the fame rate, like a Horse in a Mill, 'tis no matter who drives him. I thank you for your kind Offer, in providing me Lodgings; but I have so many of my Friends gone there of late, that I shall unwillingly VOL. II

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be from them : However, Sir, I shall always study to improve your good Opinion, and continue theirs. If any Accident calls me to your Parts about that rime, I shall gladly assist at the King of France's Entry; for doubtless it will be done with a most noble Solemnity, and every way answerable to the Character of such a Monarch. But as Time is more precious here than in your Country, I must beg you to excuse me, for I am just sent for to the Tavern.

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Seignior NICHOLA to Mr. BUCKLY, at the Swan Coffee-House near BLOOMSBURY.

T is impossible to suffer it any longer! What, I my diviner Airs made the fordid Entertainment of fordid Footmen, foundrel Fellows, and I know not whatfor Ragamusins! must those seraphic Lays, that have so often been the Delight of Muses, the Joy of Princes, the Rapture of the fair Sex, the Treasures of the Judicious, must these be thrum'd over to blaspheming Rascals, Imoaking Sots, noify Boobies, and fuch nefarious Mechanicks! Oh, prophane! - They shall have my Sonatas, that they shall, with a Horse-Pox to them. Can't their Darby go down but with a Tune, nor their Tobacco fmoak without the Harmony of a Cremona Fiddle? If they can't be merry without Musick, provide them a good Key, and a pair of wrought Tongs. One of their own ligs is diverting enough for their heavy Capacites, Whence comes it that the Sons of Art, and the Brothers of Rofin and Cat-gut, can demean themselves so poorly to play before them? Since when have the Daughters of Helicon frequented Ale-houses? Must the facred

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Sacred Streams of our Aganiope, pay Homage to the Darwent, and wash Tankards and Glasses? Sure you think Pegasus a Jade, and are looking out for a Chap for him: Who can come up to bis Price there? His Beauties are too fublime for the Groom, and his Mafter had rather have a strong Horse for his Coach: None of them alas can tilt the fiery Courfer. What a strange Medley do you make! Wit, Musick, Noise, Nonsense, Smoak, Spawl, Darby-Ale and Brandy: Nay, your Rag and Indifcretion goes farther yet; Folly and Madness seem to be contagious, and you jar among your felves? the Brothers of Symphony quarrel, and turn the Banquetting-House of the Thessalian Ladies into a Bear-Garden, those active Joints that fo nicely touch'd my Notes, are now barbaroufly levell'd at each others Eyes; the powferful Off-spring of my harmonious Conceptions, is miferably torn to pieces betwixt them; and what would have charm'd all Mankind, is dishonourably employ'd to the lighting of Pipes and cleaning of Tables. If you will fet up for celebrating the Orgies of the juicy God, let your Instruments be all chosen accordingly, your Airs correspondent to the Audience; but make me no more the Contempt and Derision of your debauch'd Meetings: For the Commendation of Fools is more wounding than the Reprima ds of the Ingenious. At best, it is prostituting me to bring them into my Company. If you put not some sudden Order to these ignominious Proceedings, I will dispatch an Imp to sowre your Ale, consume your Cordials, spill your Tobacco, break your Glasses, and cut all yout Equipage of Harmony into ten thousand Millions of Bits; Nay, I will profecute my Revenge fo far, tha even in the Play-House your Hand shall shake, your Ear judge wrong, your Strings crack, and every Difappointment that may render you ridiculous, shall attend you in all Publick Meetings. where-ever you pretend to play. So be wife and be warn'd: Play to Lovers and K 2

Judges of Musick, draw Drink to Sots and Neighbours.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA tothe Archbishop of TOLEDO.

* * * OUR Eminence's remissness in the late Af-Y fairs of the Spanish Territories, has made * + + my Scorpions flink deeper than heretofore, and superadded a new Blackness to the Horrors of my Rage and Despair. Those painful Machinations, who took their Birth from Hell it felf. and by my Industry and Application had so glorious a Profect of bridling all Mankind, where ever the Romise Doctrine triumph'd at least, are now by that long continued Series of an unhappy Supinenels in your Predecessors, or the powerful Influences of Fren'b Gold, reduc'd to almost nothing. Thunderbolts of the Inquisition rattled more dreadfully than those of the Vatican; and after Emperors Itad subjected themselves to the Successors of St. Peter ve found out means to subject him to our Censures. and by this made our felves superior to supreme. The Mildness of your Executions, and the Rarity of em have substracted wonderfully from their Reputation, and from my Defigns. Your Excellency can't fay but I laid down very sufficient Groundworks for the rendring my Orders as lasting as Religion, if not as lasting as Time. More than Europe has felt the Efficacy of my Instructions; and where ever my Disciples have been sent, they have brought us home Souls and Bodies, Credit and Efrates.

What Society can vie with us for Extent of temporal Concerns? What Provinces are not in a great measure ours? We have the Guardianship of the Coniciences of most of the considerable crown'd Heads, and sew Affairs of Importance are transacted any

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where but with our Privity. I have not met with any one Person in these Kingdoms that has been of Note and Quality, that came here with a Pass-port from the Holy Inquisition; now and then a rascally few or so, comes here blaspheming your Power and Prudence; and is so angry that he will not shew it at Hell-Gates; as if he apprehended a double Damnation from our Character.

Your Excellency can't but be fenfible how great Sufferers we have been by the substracting of the Gallican Church from the lash of our Authority; and it was no small Amputation we suffered, in the Spanish Netherlands, by the improvident Proceeding of that rash Commander the Duke of Alva: If now you submit thus quietly to the Administration of France, I cannot but apprehend an univerfal Extention of that powerful and profitable Institution. Next to my own Society, I look upon it to be the Balis of the Romish Monarchy, and undoubtedly of your own, and of the Austrian Greatness. How are your Liberties trampled upon by a Child, and all your Dons led Captives to Verfalles? Where is the ancient Valour and Obstinacy of the Moorish Blood? Where are the Poisons and the Poinards to frequent in Madrid? Is Spain brought so low that she has not Resolution enough for one feeble Effort, to fave herfelf from Infamy and Ruin? Your Arms were always unfuccessful against the English Nation; The Greatness of your Mifery points out still the memorable, the very deplorable Overthrow in Eighty Eight: There is a Queen again upon that Crown, willing and able to protect you as well as others, and it may be in. Rubricks of Fate, that as one Queen brought down the Pride of the haughty Spaniards, so the other shall humble France as much, even when it is in its most tow'ring Glory. But whatever be the Destiny of France, you ought to look after your felves, and not by an untimely Accession of your Powers to that of so formidable a Monarch, intangle your selves in K 3

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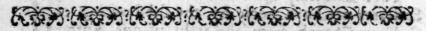
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an inextricable Ruin, by so much the more unpardonable as you might easily have prevented it. Shew the World then that a French Lyon can't thrive in a Spanish Soil, and dart forth the Lightning of the Inquisition against all that adhere to the Gallic Interest and connive at the Ruin of the Spanish Grandeur. Exert your self and swim hither in a Sca of Blood, and may your Cruelties succeed.



Alderman FLOYER to Sir HUMPHRY EDWIN.

*** Ever had an infinite Value for your Friend-* I * ship, and as every Letter is a tresh Mark of *** it, I have in every one new matter of Satis-

faction; yet I could not read your last without equal Surprize and Concern; and if I did not politively believe your Integrity, as I am acquainted with your Capacity, I should be at a Losswhat Construction to put upon it: For all Eurofe has been deaf for I know not how many Years, with more and more Accounts how your Kings grew upon their People, and we ever look'd upon the English as very jealous of their Privileges. I need not tell you howodious your two last Kings were to us of these Parts; nay, and all Germany too, Papist and Protestant; for instead of holding the Ballance between France, Spain and the Empire, as the Situation of your Country, and its mighty Power by Sea made em capable of doing, and the Character of Gurantees for the Peace of Nimiguen, and the Truce for Twenty Years oblig'd 'em to it; their fiding with France, notwithstanding all the Endeavours of foreign Miniflers to the contrary, and their own real Interest too, may be justly faid to have laid the Foundation of all those Calamities that the Arms and Intrigues of France, have fince that time brought upon Europe. But tho' we had so many Reasons to be distatisfied with the Proceedings

Proceedings of King Charles H. and King James too, yet we never diminish drany thing of our good will we bore the English Nation; because we cou'd not but believe they were as far from approving those Transactions as we were, and repin'd as much as we did at the growing Grandeur of the French Monarch, The clandestine Measures both those Kings took to enflave their Subjects to the Power of France, and the Romisto Religion, was as good a Demonstration of a natural Enmity between those two forts of People. His present Majesty's Descent was concerted with most of the Princes of the Empire after it was so earnestly propos'd to him, and almost press'd upon him by the very best of your Nation. The Friendship between the two Crowns was no longer a Secret, tho the English Envoy at the Hagus deny'd it positively when I was there: This was more than an Umbrage to the discerning part of your Kingdom, and what the very Commonalty could not think on without terrible Apprehensions: And all of us here in like manner look'd upon this Enterprize as a thing on which depended the Safety or Ruin of the whole Protestant Affairs of Europe dainy granuo moy wh

I cannot comprehend what unlucky Planet rules over you! That any one Person should be diffatisfied, is prodigious to me. You are freed from all those Oppressions whose Probability alone having made no fmall part of your Mifery. You were very uneafy under the Administration of K. fames, and now you are deliver'd, you murmur! You know his Royal Highness was fo unwilling to embark himself in this Affair, the his Interest and his Honour were very much concern'd at it, that he did not yield but to the iterated Solicitations of your Country-men, join'd with full Affurance that they would stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes. You must pardon the Freedom of my Expression, if I assure you, that this ungrateful false Step lessens my Value for the English K 4 Nation

Nation: For after having made fuch terrible Complaints of their Miseries and Injuries, and fill'd Europe with their Tears and Lamentations, implor'd a Neighbouring Prince to come to their Rescue, at a Season of the Year that wou'd have quell'd the greatest Courage that ever was, if it had not been supported with Charity; and add to this, the unavoidable Necessity of so vast an Expence, as wou'd have funk fome Princes Fortunes, now they are happily fettled in their Affairs at Home, have glorious Armies abroad, and that King at their Head, who has so justly merited that Title of Defender of the Faith, whose Prudence and Vigilancy has corroborated their native Force with fo many powerful Allies; that these People should be so little sensible of their own Felicity, as to murmur and be discontented is to me a Paradox, but I am fure unpardonable. Knowledge I have of the English Genius, makes me believe there are but a few Malecontents, and tho' they call themselves Protestants, 'tis only to bring an Odium upon those that really are, by fuch perverse Measures. I hope 'ris only your Fears for your Country, which proceed from your Love of it, that multiplies these disagreeable Objects. You have a Protestant Prince, on a Protestant Throne, Liberty of Conscience, and even the Roman Caekolicks, that were always plotting against the Government, are permitted fo much Freedom under it, that they would be mad if they were out and now you are deliver de you incement You it to

Look back to the Defolations in France, and to the Storm you are deliver'd from, and fee if you can ever thank God enough for your Deliverance, los baccon cult of gud lie v tos

of the County med from a with foll a Charle that they would be d by him with their Lines and heateneds, you maken new more little and the

THE THE AND HOLD WE WE WOUND THE PARTY

Sir JOHN NORRIS Commander in Chief of Her Majesty Q. ELIZABETH's Land-Forces against the Spaniard, to Sir HENRY B— and Sir CHARLES H——

Gentlemen.

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*** E had no sooner Intelligence of your. De W figns, but we gave the Spaniard over for lost:

*** The Path has been so gallantly beaten to your.

Hands, and your Enemies hardly recruited. their former Losses in our glorious Times, if they cou'd have forgot from whose Hands they sustain'd em. If I may remind you without Vanity, as I doit without a Lie, I took the lower Town of the Groyn, I plunder'd all the Villages round about it, and by the gallantry of the English cut the Spaniards to. pieces for three Miles together. But these were profes'd Enemies that had attempted upon our State, and by their formidable Preparations, threatned no less than our entire Ruin. However, in all the Licentioniness of a conquering Sword, we ravish'd no Nuns; and it had been justifiable if we had done it. We took the City of St. Fofeph, and though there was not found one fingle piece of coin'd Money in it (which is a very exasperating Disappointment to Souldiers you know) yet we forc'd no. Nunneries. Had you two, Gentlemen, been there, I presume you wou'd have eaten the Children alive for meer Madness and Vexation, after you had gratified your more unpardonably brutish Lusts upon the Monasteries. Distressed Damsels were heretofore the general Cause for which the Heroes drew. their Swords: As their Sex made them the Objects. of our Defires, so when their Weakness was forc'd. upon, they became doubly the Subjects of our Quarrels, and by so just a Claim; that nothing but the very Reproach of Mankind refus'd it 'em. Your Case, as I take it (Gentlemen) is far different from that K 5

that, where positive Orders give License; nay, an Insurrection it self, and to lay all waste before you; to ranfack the Churches, and ravish the Women, to burn the Houses, and brain the fucking Children: These are political Rigors, that by a prefent shedding of Blood, saves the Lives of many Thousands afterwards: This putting all to the Sword, intimidates small Towns from making feeble Efforts for an impossible Defence; which by losing some time, and some few Mens Lives only, enrages the Conqueror at last, to use the same Severity with them too, to punish their Obstinacy. These are bloody Maxims of War, but necessary sometimes, therefore lawful. But you (Gentlemen). had not the least shadow of pretence for your Lust or your Avarice: If these are the insolent Effects of your Friendship, I fear no body will admit of your Alliances, much less court them. Friendship betray'd, is the blackest Crime that is, and what so far degrades a Gentleman from the Chara-Eter of Honour, that Miracles of bravery in Sieges afterwards wou'd never wear out the Blot: But as if you had resolved to make your selves odious, by making the Fact more infamous, they must be Nuns too, forfooth, that must be constrained to your libidinous Authority. Your facrilegious Covetoufness might have met with a shadow of Excuse, if your Intemperance had proceeded no farther: And indeed they must have a great deal of Wit as well as Goodness, that can invent any thing like a Reason to mitigate the Abomination of it. You, old Commanders, you, old covetous Lechers, the bane of an Army, the reproach of the best General, and of the most Glorious Princess. What Laurels have your Lust and Rapines torn from O --- 's Brows ? What Honours from your English Arms? And what vaft Advantages from your own Sovereign? Had not your impious Carriage made implacable Enemies of those that were not quite resolved to continue long fo at all, this Summer had rais'd your Princess.

Fincess to that Pinacle of Renown and Grandeur. that none ever surpass'd, and but few ever came up to, besides our illustrious Queen, of whom no Man can say too much; therefore of you, Gentlemen, none can say too Ill. A Design so deeply laid, so cautiously manag'd, fo long conceal'd, fo wifely concerted, cou'd not possibly miss of a happy Event, if your impious Indignities had not constrained Heaven to blast the Undertaking, to shew it was Just; Thus the Army perished for David's having numbred the People: You went to free 'em from a Foreign Dominion, to lettle the Right of Government in the right Person, to prevent Innovations, and relieve the Oppress'd; in a Word, to do Juflice to every Subject. Oh, the plaulible Pretext! the noble Reasons for so chargeable an Expedition! Yet no fooner has the Justice of the Caule in general crown'd your Attempts with Success, but your particular Outrages pull down Vengeance, and raise your selves Enemies even out of the Dust; the consciousness of your Wickedness blunts the edge of your Swords, and adds new Life and Vigor to those whom your Courage and Generofity had almost vanquisht before. Sir Walter Rawreigh, my worthy Companion of Arms, refused two Millions of Ducats, and burnt the Merchant Ships at Port Royal, because that was his Errand, and he was as just as he was brave. Had you two but commanded there (Gentlemen) the Spanish Merchants had not need have made so large an Offer: Half the Money and ten young Nuns a piece, and you had betray'd your Country. However, we question not but in a little time, or by the next Packet at least, to hear that Justice is executed upon you both to absolve the Nation, and attone for fo abominable and unpardonable, so nefarious and ungentlemanlike an Action. You will find a place on the other fide of our River, that will cool your Courage, by way of Antiperistasis, with wondrous Heat. constitution who were alled to forecome

Don ALPHONSO PEREZ de GUSMAN, Duke of Medina Sidonia, Admiral of the invincible Armada, to Monsieur CHATEAU-RENAULT, at Rodondello.

*** HY this mighty Concern for what cannot * W * be avoided ? Why this Chaprine? Why this *** Mal au Cœur? You might have fancied your felf invincible, you might have got a fanctified Pass from his Holiness, it would still have had the same Catastrophe. The English are Hereticks. Man, they value none of these Evangelical Charms of a Rufh; their Bullets have no Confideration in the World for a Relique, nor their Small-shot for a Chaplet. Besides, they are so well acquainted with our Seas, their own Channel is hardly more familiar to them. This is but the old Grudge of 88. when Queen Elizabeth thump'd us so about: Considering all things, I think you are come off very well. What figuifies a few paultry Hulks? The Plate we are fure you had prudently carried over the Mountains, in 1500 Carts at least, an Undertaking as little dreamt of, and as much furprizing, as Prince Eugene's passing the Alps; but with this plaguy unlucky Difadvantage, that it may not be quite fo true. Now and then in my more referved Speculations, I stumble upon that same Drake, that burnt about 100 of our Ships at Cadiz; upon my Honour I can't forgive him, and yet can't blame him neither. But those two Gallions that were so richly laden, flick in my Stomach most confoundedly. No wonder our Affairs prosper no better, for those fame Hereticks have taken away several of our Saints; that same Drake I mentioned just now, he run away with St. Philip. Besides this, these English Water-Dogs swam after us into Cadiz, and went to Pointal, and there firk'd us fo about the Pig-market, that we were even glad to fave our Bacon

Bacon, and fire some of our Ships, and run the others on Ground; there too, after burning the Admiral, these unsanctified Ranters stole away, not fneakingly, but with an open hand, and main force, two most Glorious Saints more, St. Matthew and St. Andrew. There was another too of those Englifb Bully-Rocks, Sir Walter Rawleigh, with a Pox to him, he serv'd us a slippery Trick indeed, for he took away the Mother of God, and God knows she was worth One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds Sterling, not reckoning the other fmaller Craft that went with him only to bear her Company. There is fomething in our Destinies that gives them an Ascendant over us; and a brave Man fcorns to buckle to Fortune. You may live to be beaten again as I was, and poor Alphonso de Leva, nay, honest Recalde he was curfedly maul'd too with his Rear Squadron; and to add to my Misfortunes, I was a little while after drubb'd again by 'em, I thought they never would have done dancing round me for my part : But what confummated my Difgrace, and still leaves the deepest Impression on my Spirits, is the burning of my Fleet at Calais; there I must own it sincerely to you, I was somewhat aftenish'd: I thought Vesuvius had been floating upon the Water, or Mount Ætna had out of Kindness came to light me through the North Paffage home: But this was a hellish Invention of those English Men to set my Ships on Fire, and destroy us all.

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Now this Similitude of our Destinies having endear'd you to me, I thought my comparing our Notes together might mitigate part of your Assistion. Nay, thus far we are again alike in the Frowns of insulting Fortune, that they will make new Medals with the old Inscription, Dux Famina Fasti. Indeed you must give me leave, Sir, to be a little free with you, that is, to tell you, for ought I know, Providence may have ordered it so, to shew that the Wisdom of Man is really but a Chimera, and as

Spain, when in the highest Exaltation of its Glory. with a Fleet that was three Years Equipping, and confifted of no less than one hundred and thirty Sail of Ships, enough to have forc'd her way through the Universe; yet with all this Preparation, a fingle Woman, embroil'd in her State at home, not only made head against us, and even quite destroy'd us, infomuch, that the Kingdom of Spain was never fully able to recover the vast Expence of this Fleet. and the continued Losses that attended its being beaten: In like manner, Sir, what know we but that the Kingdom of France, being now even at the Summit of Glory, and by the Accession of the Spanish Interest, so entirely at his own Devotion, may not fee all his Lawrels torn from his Brows by a Queen, and to the dishonour of the Salie Law, make the greatest of all its Monarchs truckle to a Woman. whom they thought incapable of Reigning. I don't fay this will be certainly fo, but examining all Occurences hitherto, it looks but feurvily upon the Spanish and French fide. For France was never fo many times, and fo confiderably defeated fince he fat upon the Throne, and that too both by Sea and Land. Indeed the English in these Parts grow very Pregmatical upon it, and at every turn call for a Son of a Whore of a Spaniard to make Snuff of. Cardinal Granvil, that was the ablest Head-piece of his Time, avers it so positively, that I dare not aim at a Contradiction; and his Opinion is, That the English, who are naturally Good when they are yielded to, and only obflinate and angry when they are oppos'd, will ever be happily govern'd by a-Queen; and he affigns this for a Reason, that the Monarchy of England having a great Alloy of a Republick, they are more jealous of their Warlike Princes than of their weak ones, and lest they should happen to give a daring Prince an unhappy Opportunity of treading upon their Necks, if they should stoop any thing low, they will always in Parliament keep him at some distance; but as a

Woman cannot pretend to guide the Reins of Empire by a strong Hand, they must do it by a wife Head; therefore not trufting fo much to her own Judgment, as hot-headed Man does, she does nothing without the Advice of her Council, and that is a small Parliament, as a Parliament is a grand national Council, and this Method of Government fuits best with the English Temper: From whence I conclude, that England never was in fo fair a Prospect of doing her self Justice, and afferting her Rights, fince that Miraclee of a Woman Queen Elizabeth, as it is at this Juncture. For fo glorious and triumphant Beginings of en all her Subjects Hearts, and their Coffers with them, which cannot tend but to our Ruin and Shame. Make hafte hither, and get out of the Confusion that you cannot long defer.



MARCELLINUS to Monsieur BOILEAU.

*** A Y, this is beyond the possibility of Patience! * N * and the' there is much due to the Character *** of Princes, yet there is more to our Selves and Truth; and I cannot without the highest Injustice and Ingratitude possible, but remind you of fome of the Actions of your Idol Monarch, which with fo much Reason dispute with each other, which was the most Enormous and Tyrannical. I only endeavour'd to make Julian the Apostate pass upon Posterity for a Heroe, and you call me an insolent brazen-fac'd, rascally Flatterer. If I exceeded the Exactness of an Historian, it was because in that Treatife I fet up for a Courtier, and Sincerity in fuch People is of the most dangerous Consequence imaginable. If the Emperor Julian had been the first Monster in Nature, that met with a willing Pen to fet his Actions in a less inglorious Light than

others expected, and naked Truth required; vet I am fure he is not the greatest. Your Master has trac'd all the Footsteps of his Cruelty and Policy: For if he manag'd matters fo fwimmingly between the Catholicks and Arians, that he fecur'd himself by their Divisions, Louis has all along done the same: If he countenanced the fews Louis supported the Turks, if he destroyed the Christians, Louis had done it in a much more barbarous and perfidious manner. If he threw down the Images of Christ at Cafarea Philippi, Louis has acted the same in the front of the Fesuits * Church: Now fince you have dar'd to confecrate the Reputation of your King, why so many bitter Investives against me a petry Pagan, for speaking in favour of my Master? You modern Wits, that value your felves fo much upon the having refin'd our Drofs, have funk as fcandaloufly low in Matters of Flattery as any of us. We are continually peffered here with Disputes; and every Court rings with the different Claims, Popes fend Legates hither for their Saints, Pluto won't let one of 'em go, because they are damned. Others will have it that their time is fulfill'd in Purgatory, therefore would be discharg'd : But the Devil knows better things. Father Garnet too, that execrable Engine of the Powder Plot storms and raves, but the horn'd Gentlemen with cloven Feet laugh at him, and his Canonization. Where ever was there fo much innocent Christian Blood shed as on Barthelomew's Day at Paris? And yet even that unparallel'd Murder has been justified a thousand times by your Church: As if the accurateness of a Man's Pen cou'd make that pass for a Virtue, which will

^{*} The taking down the Image of our Saviour, and setting up the French King's in the room of it occasion'd this Distich.

Abstulit hinc Icsum, posuitque; insigna Regis Impia Gens; alium not habet illa Deum.

be an everlafting and deteftable Blot. Peliffon is a Man of prodigious Parts, Boilean the Imootheft Pen and nobleft Genius of his Time, because their Prince is alive, and equally generous to reward their Flattery, as greedy to have it: But poor I, because I have been dead one thousand four hundred Years and better, I am an idle rascally Fellow, But even at this distance I am no stranger to the Transactions of Verfailles; and fince you have fpit out fo much of your blackest Venom against me and my Heroe, I shall take the Freedom to call to Mind some of those very remarkable particulars which give so gloriousa Lustre, as you call it, to your Viro Immortalis. His Life has been but one continued Series of Rapines and Murders, Perjuries and Defolations For the the first Disorders in Hungary, were in fome measure ownig to the Injuffices Count Tekely received from the Ministers of the Empire, yet it is undeniably true, that France fomented the War, and solicited the Turk to espouse Tekely's Quarrels, and promis'd to affift him himself. The Negotiations of the French Embassadors at the Port, the vast Sums of Money remitted to Tek-ly, and the Endeayours to difengage the King of Poland and the Duke of Bavaria from the Interest of the Empire, these things (Mr. Boileau) were not manag'd with fo much Secrefy, but the more effential Particulars are come to many Peoples Knowledge. His other underhand Dealings with feveral Princes and Cities of Germany shew'd his formidable Army in Alfatia was not to succour the Empire, but to seize on it, But the raising the Siege at Vienna broke all their Measures at Verfailles, and the King of France, confounded at his Disappointment, vented his Rage upon his own Subjects, and that part of 'em too that fet the Crown upon his Head, when the most considerable of the Roman Catholicks abandon'd his Interest. The Ravage he committed in the Territories of the three Ecclefiaftical Electors, and in the Palatinate at the same time, shew'd him rather the Scourge of Mankind, than the eldest Son of the Church. Tis

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Tis true, there never was any Prince but had his Flatterers: But you French have been guilty of the groffest to the present King of France, what ever-were recorded. My Julian wou'd have blusht, or rather trembled at such blasphemous Adulation. Louis has been ador'd for his Mercy, and yet exceeded our Nero in Barbarity and Bloodshed. Fire and Sword were milde Executioners of his Cruelty; for his imperuous Luft of Mischief has been so fruitful in inventing Torments, that he has made all those Forms of Death defirable to his Subjects that were the Reproach of Tyrants: His ingenious Malice has contriv'd exqifite Pain, without defireying the Persons that suffer it; and if he could compel Man to be immortal, he would vie Miferies with Hell it felf. He fcorns all the humble Paths of Domitian's Perfidiousness of Such puny Perjuries are too mean for Louis le Grand: And fince he could not possibly make em greater in their Nature, he aggravated em by their number. The Peace of the Pyrenneans, that of Ain la Chappelle, that of Nimiguen, the Truce for twenty Years, the Edich of Nants, the Treaty at Reswick, are sufficient Arguments that he only promis'd, that he might not perform, and vow'd to observe Treaties, that he might have the Letchery of breaking 'em afterwards with a more execrable Guilt. Your fervile Flattery styles him the Restorer and Preserver of the Peace of Christendom, yet he arm'd the Crescent against the Cross, and carried Desolation through every Corner of Europe. There is no Prince but he has invaded, no Neighbour that he has not oppress'd, no Law that he has not violated, no Religion that he not trampled on, and fhew'd the Succeffors of St. Peter, that he had one Sword sharper than both theirs. His Panegyrifts have refin'd the impious Wit of Commodus's Sycophants; and left Books should not transmit their Blaschemies low enough to Posterity, they have rais'd Superb Monuments of his Arrogancy and their own Shame. What Statues, what Pictures of him at Versailles, Fountainbleau, Marly, the Louvre, the Invaldes, Paris-Gates, the Palais Royal, &c. Where have I (Monsieur Boileau) arm'd my Julian with a *Thunderbolt? Have I any thing equal to your Viro Immortali, to your Divo Ludovico? Why then am I such an infamous Flatterer, such a sneaking cringing Rascal? I have nothing comparable to your Fustian Bombast, nor to the Hyperboles of Pelison, nor the impertinent Titles of every French Man that sets Pen to Paper. I leave the World to judge, if my Hero has not a juster Claim to all the Eulogies I have given him, ten thousand times preferable to Louis le Grand, and yet you have said ten thousand times more of him.

POSTCRIPTO

Just as I was dispatching this, a Mail came in from Spain, that gave us an Account of the King of France's having extended his Dominions over the Plate-Peet; but whilst he was drinking Chateau-Renault's Health, some two or three merry English Boys run away with it all; which has given Louis and his Grandson such a Fit of the Cholick, that they are not to expected to live longer under such terrible. Agonies: Whereupon the Devil has order'd a thousand Chaldron of fresh Brimstone to air their Apartments against they come.

felt from Allowerer Though a cale great Springereral

^{*}Over the Door of the great Hall of the Invalides, he is drawn guiding the Chariot of the Sun, with Beams of Glory round his Head, and a Thunderholt in his Hand, the four Quarters of the World kneeling before him in a very humble Posture, and the Motto is, Je plais a tous.

CORNELIUS GALLUS, to the Lady DILLIA: NA at BATH.

Charming Dilliana,

Shall not blush to own I have been in Love, I in fince the wifest Men that ever were yet, have

found their Philosophy too weak to prevent the tyranny of the blind Boy. However, though they were sensible of the Powers of Beauty, yet they were all ignorant of its Cause. The Painter that first drew Cupid with a Fillet over his Eyes, did not mean that he was Blind; but that it was impossible to express their various Motions: Sometimes eager, Defire adds new Darts to their sparkling Rages: Sometimes chilling Fear in a Minute overcafts their glittering Beams; Joy drowns em in an unufual Moisture, and Irresolution gives 'em a gentle trembling Despair, finks 'em into their Orbits : Jealoufy re-ascends the expiring Flame; and one kind Look from the Person we adore, sweetly fooths, em up again; and it is easy to remark from their fudden composedness the new calm and tranguility of the Mind. We may fay as much of Love as of Beauty, we all know there is such a Thing, but none of us can tell what it is; 'Tis not Youth alone that is expos'd to the fatal Tempest of this raging Passion: Age itself has yielded to its Attacks; and we have feen some look gaily in their Love, though they were stepping into their Graves. It laughs at the most ambitious Man. and makes a Monarch turn Vaffal to his own Subjects: It makes the Miser lavish of his ador'd Dust, and the hoarded Ore profusely scatter'd at his Charmer's Feet: Nay, the Poets themselves did not feign Cupid fo extravagant, as many Philosophers felt him : However, Love is the great Spring-head from whence all our Felicities flow; and our Condition would be worse than that of the very Beasts, if it were exempted from this darling Passion: Yet it

is as true too, that there is nothing upon the Farth fo enormous and deteffable, but love has been the occasion of it, at one time or other. That glorious Emanation of Divinity, the Breath of Life which gave us the Similitude of our Creator, is often stifled by this raging paffion, Reason revolts, and joining partly with Love, proves our Ruin, by justifying a thouland Absurdities: And there is no Misery to which Mankind may be faid to be subject to, that is not caused by Love. There would be no Sorrow, no Fear, no Desire, no Despair, no Jealousy, no Hatred, if there were no Love. The Soul becomes a refflefs Sea whose tumultuous Waves are continually foaming, every Sense is an inlet to this violent Passion: And there are but few Objects which can affect the Soul, that do not give it Birth: As Heat produces some things, and destroys others, so Love, not unlike it, is the Origin of Good and Evil. It may be call'd the School of Honour and Virtue; and yet not improperly a Theatre of Horror and Confusion too.

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"Tis the powerful and pleasing Bond of human Society; without it there would be no Families, no Kingdoms; and yet we read of an Alexander that facrifis'd a whole City to a Smile of a Mi-Anthony disputed the World with Cafar, yet -chose rather to be absent from Cleopatra's Arms. David forgot the august Character of a Man after God's own Heart, and though fo famous for Prowefs as well as Piety, basely murther'd the injur'd Uriah, the more freely to enjoy the lovely Adulteress. Charming Sempronia, the Fire is pure in its felf. tis the Matter only that fends up all those offenfive Clouds of Smoak; and if Nature were not depraved, Love would not cause these Disorders: Twou'd not mix Poylon with Wine to destroy a Rival, and thro' a Sea of Blood and Tears wade to its Object. Love is the most formidable Enemy a wife Man can have, and is the only Passion against which he has no Defence. If Anger surprise him, it lasts

not long, and the same Minute concludes it as commenc'd ir: If by a flower Fire his Choler boils, he prevents its running over; but Love fleals fo fecretly, and fo fweetly withal; into every Corner of our Hearts, into every Faculty of the Soul, that it is absolutely Master before we can perceive it. When once we discover it, we are quite undone: At the fame time he triumphs over our Wisdom, and our Reason too, and makes them both his Vaffals to maintain his Tyranny: What elfe could mean those numerous Follies of the adulterous Gods descending in viler Forms to commit their Rapes? --

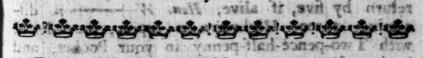
The first Wound that Beauty makes is almost insensible; and though the deadly Poison spreads through every part, we hardly suspect we are in Danger. At first indeed we are only pleas'd with feeing the Person or talking of em, affecting an humble Complaifance for all they fay, or do, the very thinking on them is charming; and the Defires we have as yet, are fo far from Impetuofity, that no Philosopher could be so rigid as to condemn

Hitherto 'tis well, but 'tis hardly Love, for that like a Bee, forfeits its Name if it has no Sting. But alas! the lurking Fire quickly burfts out, and that pleasing Idea which represented it felf fo sweetly and so respectfully to the Soul one Moment before, now infolently obtrudes upon our most scrious Thoughts, and makes us impious even at the Horns of the Altar; she perfidiously betrays us in our very Sleep its felf, sometimes appearing haughty and fcornfully, fometimes yielding and kind; and this too when there is no Reason for either. The Infant-Passion is now become a cruel Father of all other Passions; cruel indeed, for he has no sooner given Birth to one, but he stifles it to introduce another; whose short-liv'd Fate is just the same, and deffroy'd the next Moment it is born.

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Hope and Despair, Joy and Sorrow, Courage and Fear, continually succeed each other; Anger, Jealouty and Revenge, diffract the Mind: And all these mingled, them Fury is like a Storm blowing from every Corner of the Heavens: Then the Lover, like the Ocean, agitated by fuch boifterons Winds, he foams and roars, the swelling Waves of his boiling Appetite dash each other to Pieces. The foggy Clouds of Melancholly and Diappointment intercept the glittering Rays of Reason's Sun; the rattling Thunder of jealous Rage breaks through his trembling Sphere, when his Underfranding returns but for a Moment, 'tis like darted Lightning piercing through the Obscure of violent Pattions, and thews Nature in every Lovera Confusion almost equal to her original Chaos. 20 10 10

Whoever was really in Love (charming Sempronia) will readily confess the Allegory to be just. Tho nothing has surprised me more in Assairs of this Nature than that most Men who have been sensible of this Passion do not care to own it, when once their more indulgent Fate has put a Period to it; as if it were a calling their Judgment in question to believe they thought a Woman hand-some. Your Eyes justify our Adoration, and will ever constitute the Felicity of Corn. Gallus.



From Bully DAWSON to Bully W

Confound you for a Monumental Sluggard

Have been dead and damn'd these seven Years, and lest your talkative Bulkiness behind me as the only sit Person in the Town to succeed me in blustring Bravadoes and non-killing Skirmishes, and you, like a lazy Hulk, whose stupendious Magnitude is full big enough to load an Elephant with Lubberliness, to sot away your time in Mongue's Fumitory, among a Parcel of old smoak-dry'd Cadators.

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dators, and not so much since my Departure, as cut a Link-Boy over the Pate pink a Hackney-Coachman, or draw your Sword upon a Cripple. to fill the Town with new Rumours of your wonted Bravery, and make the callow Students of the wrangling Society wag their unfledg'd Chins over their Pennyworths of Ninny Broth? Adds fleshly-Wounds, In what Sheeps-head Ordinary have you chew'd away the meridian Altitude of your Tygerantick Stomach? And where fquander'd away the ticfome Minutes of your Evening-Leifure, over feal'd Winchesters of Three-penny Guzzle: That in all this time you have never exerted your hectorian Talent, but keep your Reputation mustying upon an old Foundation, which is ready to fink, for want of being repair'd by fome new notable Atchievements.

Do you think the obsolete Renown of cutting off a Knight's Thumb in a Duel, and keeping on't in your Pocket three Weeks for a Tobacco-Stopper; lying with the French King in your Travels, and kicking him out of Bed for farting in his Sleep; answering the Challenge of a Life-Guardman for tearing a Hole in his Stocking with the Chape of your Sword when his Jack-Boots were on ; gone where Honour calls, behind Southampton Walls; return by five, if alive, Hen. W--n. difarming three Highwaynen upon the Road with Two-pence-half-penny in your Pocket, and letting them go upon their Parole of Honour; wearing a Wig for ten Years together without losing the Curling or combing out one Hair; taking a Tyger by the Tooth; and the Grand Seignior by his Whiskers; bearing an Enfign in a mimick Fight upon your Atalantick Shoulders; knocking a shiting Porter down, when you were drunk, backwards into his own Sir-reverence; your Duel with Johan nes in Nubibus, in Behalf of a Lady you never fet Eyes on; your eating five Shillings-worth of Meat at a Nine-penny Ordinary, and at last treated by

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the Man of the House to have no more of your Custom; do you think these, or a hundred like antiquated Exploits are sufficient to maintain the
Character of a stanch Bully without such Enterprizes? No, an old Reputation is like an old House,
which if not repaired often, must quickly fall
of necessity to decay, and will at last, by little,
for want of new Application, be totally obliterated.

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VOL. II.

Subject of every Tavern Tittle-tattle.

To let you know I am not like a Cock or a Bull-Dog, to lose my Courage when I change my Climate, I shall proceed to give you a very modest Account of fome of my bold Under kings in thefe diabolical Confines, these danm'd dusky unfavory Grottos, where although there are whole Rivers of Brimstone for the convenient dipping of Card-Matches, yet if a Man would give an Ounce of Immortality for fo much of a Rush-Candle, 'tis as hard to be purchas'd, upon the Faith of a Chrifrian, as if you were to buy Honey of a Bear, or a Stallion of a lascivious Dutchess, that wants Frication more than the does Money; fo that at my first Entrance into this damn'd dark Cavern, I stagger'd about by guess, like some drunken Son of a Whore tumbled into a Newcastle Cole-pit; and finding my felt in this ugly Condition, I could not forbeat breathing a few Curses out upon the Place, which, by the Lord of the Territories, were thrown away as much in vain, as if I had carried Lice to New-

gate, or wish'd the People mad in Bedlam: As I thus blunder'd about like a Beetle in a hollow Tree, I happen'd to break my Shins against a confounded Poker, upon which I made a damnable fwearing for a Light, that I might fee whereabouts I was, but to no Purpose; I found I might as well have call'd upon Jupiter to have lent me his Hand to have dragg'd me out of Pluto's Dominions. This fort of stumbling Entertainment so provok'd my Patience, that the I knew I was under the Devil's jurisdiction, yet I could not tell, but like a Debtor in a Prison, or Bully in a Bawdy-House, I might fare the better for mutinying, so that I discharg'd fuch a Volley of new-coin'd Oaths, and made fuch damn'd roaring and raving, that the Devils began to fear I should put Hell in an Uproar; upon this, a Couple of tatterdemalion Hobgoblings, that look'd like a Brace of Scare-crows just flown out of a Peafe-field, feiz'd me by the Shoulders and run me into the Bilboes; confound you, faid I, for a couple of Hell-cats, what's this for? For, crys one of the grim Potentates, as faucily as a reforming Constable, for your tumultuous noify Behaviour, why fore, you don't think you are got into a Bear-Garden. Wounds, quoth I, then talk'st as if the Devil kept a Conventicle; why Hell at this rate is worfe than a Parliament-House, if a Man mayn't have the Liberty of Speech, especially when its to redress his Grievances,

Just as we were thus parlying, who should come by, but Bob Weden, jabbering to himself like a Jackdaw in a Cherry-Tree that had lost his Mate, I knew him by his hoarse Voice, which sounded like the lowest Note of a double Courtil: Who's there, Bob, said I? Captain, says he, I am heartily glad to the you; yes, yes, I am that very Drone of a Bagpipe, you may know me by my Hum; I have got my Quietus at last, and I thank my Stars, by the help of R um and hot Weather, have bilk'd all my English Creditors. Why where the Devil, said I,

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Bully Danson in the Billoes.



TIII SEOF

Vot. 11. p. 219.

did you die then, that you gave your Creditors, the Epithet of English? Just over our Head, says he, in that damn'd Country Barbadoes, where my Brains us'd to boil by the Heat of the Sun like a hafty-Pudding in a Sauce-pan; I have been in a Sweat ever fince above feven Months before I died; all the while I liv'd in that damn'd treacly Colony, I fancied my felf to be just like a live Grig tofs'd into a Frying-pan, and now Death, Pox on him for a Raw-head and Bloody-bones, has tols'd me out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. Indeed, Bob, said I, I could wish my self in an Ice-house heartily, for I have been in a kind of hectic Fever ever fince my Admittance. Zounds, fays he, 'tis fo hot there's no enduring on't; its a Country fit for nothing but a Salamander to live in; If Abednego's Oven had been but half so hot, if any of them had come out without finging their Garments, I'd have forsworn Brandy to all Eternity. Well, but prithee Captain, how came your Pedestals to be in this Jeopardy? I told him the Truth tho' I was in a damn'd lying Country, only for curling and fivearing a little. Oh! fays he, you must have a great care of that, for here are a Parcel of whigish Devils lately climb'd into Authority, who, though they were the forwardest of all the infernal Host, in the Rebellion against Heaven, yet of late they pretend to fuch Demurity as to form a Society for the Regulation of Manners, though themselves are a Parcel of the wickedett Spirits in all Hell's Dominions; but however, have a little Patience, I have a Justice of Peace hard by of my Acquaintance, who tho' he be one of their Kidney as to matter of Religion, yet I know he'll be as drunk with burn'd Brandy as a Sow with Hogwash; will bugger a Succubus when his Lust's predominant; and as for curling and fwearing, he's more expert at it than a lofing Gamester, and if I meet him in a merry humour, I don't doubt but to prevail.

Thus Bob left me for a few Moments, and indeed had we been in a Brandy-shop where we had any thing to have paid, I should have much question'd his Return, but being in a strange Country, where Friends are always glad to meet one another, and being free from the Predicament of a Reckoning, I had some Hopes of his being as good as his Word, which in the other World all his Acquaintance know as well as my felf, he was never overcareful to preserve.

During his Absence, I had little else to do but to curse the Country, and scratch my Ears for want of Liberty, which were terrified with the buzzing of a parcel of fanatical Souls, who swarm'd as thick as Rees at a Hampshire-Farmers, some damning of Doctor B—ges, others confounding of Timothy Cr—soe, some raving against Me—dof Stepney, others cursing of Salters-Hall, &c. as if the ready Road to Hell was to travel through Presby-

bery.

By this time my Friend Bob was as good as his Word, which was the first time I ever knew him fo. Well, says he, you may fee I am as fure as a Robin, I have got your Discharge; but the Justice swears, had you been confin'd for any thing besides Whoring, Drinking and Swearing, you should have been shackled and been damn'd beforehe'd ever have releas'd you; but however here's a little Scribere cum dasto will set you at Liberty; upon which we call'd the Constable of the Ward, who, upon fight of the Discharge, freed my Supporters from Confinement, which was no fooner done, but with a reciprocal Joy for my happy Deliverance, we began a Ramble together thro' all the neighbouring Avenues, in hopes to meet with fomething that might give us a little Diversion; we had not travelled above an hundred Years, but who should we meet but the old fnarling Rogue that us'd to cry poor Fack, with his Wife after him; he no sooner efpy'd us, but attack'd us open-mouth'd after the felfollowing manner, Two Sharpers without one Penny of Money in their Pockets; a couple of Bullies, and both Cowards, ba, ba, ba. Now for a Fool with a full Pocket, a good Dinner on Free-cost, a Whore and a Tavern, a Belly-full of Wine without paying for t, ha, ha, ha, a Hackney-Coach for a Bilk, or a Brass-shilling, a long Sword, never a Shirt, White-Fryars i'th' day time, a Garret at night, ha, ha, ha, ha. Thus the old Raccal run upon us as we pass d by him, that we were both as glad when we were out of his Reach, as a Hen-pec'd Cuckold that has shunn'd the Hisses of that Serpent he hugs every Night in his Bossom.

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We had not gone twenty Yards farther, scarce out of the Reach of the noily Tongue of this railing Peripatetick, but we met Bowman that kept the Dog-Tavern in Drury-Lane, whose first Salutation was, Pox take you both for a Couple of shammocking Rascals, if it had not been for you and fuch others of your Company, I had been a living Man to this day, for you broke my Tavern and that broke my Heart. When I went off, belides Book-Debts never paid, but cross'd out and forgiven, I had as much Chalk foord up in my Bar, upon your Account, as would have whiten'd the Flesh of twenty Calves at Rumford, or have cur'd half the Town of the Heart-burn, that never were satisfied to this day; and as certainly as you are both damn'd, I would arrest you here in the Devil's Name; but that know a foreign Plea, or the Statute of Limitation are pleadable in Defiance of me; and that Whore my Wife too, that us'd to open her Sluice and let in an Inundiation of Shabroons to gratify her Concupiscence, she lent her helping Buttock among you to shove on my Ruin, but if ever I catch the Strumpet in these Territorities, I'll sear up the Bung-hole of her filthy Firkin, but I'll-reward her for her bitching. Confound you, cries Bob, for a Cuckoldy Cyder-monger, don't you know Damnation pays every Man's Scores, and though we tick'd

in the other World for Subfistence, 'twas not with' a Design to cheat you or any Body else, for we knew we should have the Devil to pay one time or other, and now you fee like honest Men we have pawn'd our Souls for the whole Reckoning, and fo a Fart for our Creditors; you see we had rather be damn'd t ian not to make a general Satisfaction, and yet you are not fatisfied. Why, a Man at this rate, had better live in Newgate to Eternity, than be thus plagu'd with Creditors after his Arfe, to put him in mind of old Sceres wherever he Travels; besides, it's against the Law of Humanity; for a Man to be dunn'd for a domestick Debt in a foicign Country. Well, Gentlemen, fays he, I find you have not forgot your old Principles, and fo good by to you; and thus as old Nick would have

it, we got rid of our fecond Plague.

As we went from thence, turning down into a steep harrow Lane, irregularly pav'd with rugged Flints, like the Bottom of a Mountain in North-Wales, a damn'd greaty great Fellow, with his Hair thrust under a dirty Night-Cap, in a Dimity-Wastcoat and Buff-Breeches, with a huge Bucks-Forn-Handle-Knife hanging by a Silver-Chain at his Apron-Strings, came ruffing and blowing up the Hill against us, like a Crampos before a Storm fweating as if he had been doing the Drudgery of Sifybus, and coming near us he makes a Halt, and looking me full in my Face, gives a mannerly Bow, and cries, your Servant noble Captain: Friend, faid I, I don't know thee. Ah! Mafter, faid he, Time was, when you condescended to eat many a Sop in the Pan in my poor Kitchin; I kept the Sign of the Gridiron in Water-lane for many Years together, but have been damn'd, the Lord help me, above these nine Months, for only cozening my Customers with slink Veal. I told him I was forry for his Condition, and hop'd I did not owe him any thing: No, worthy Master, says he, not a Farthing, for you never had more at a Meal than a HalfHalf-penny Rowl, and I always, because you were a Gentleman, allow'd you the Benefit of my Dripping-pan, and every time you came, you paid me for my Bread very honestly. I did not much approve of the Rogue's memory, so bid him farewel: But my Friend Weden, like a bantering Dog, did so territy my Ears about my Half-penny Ordinary, that I had rather for the time been flung naked into a Tust of Nettles.

As he was thus teazing me, who should we stumble upon but Captain Swinny the Irishman; you cannot but imagine a very joyful Congratulation pais'd between us; who had been flanch Friends, fuch old and intimate Acquaintance. No sooner was our Salutation over, but we began to enquire as we us'd to do upon Earth, into one anothers Circumstances: Upon which, fays Swinny, by my Shoul and Shalvation, I have got my good old Lord here, that I us'd to procure and pimp for in t'other World; and as he gave me Money upon Earth to indulge him in his Sins, and provide him Whores to cool his Lechery, now he's damn'd for't, like a grateful Mafter, he allows me every day a Dish of Snap-draggons to fetch him Water from Styr, to cool his Entrails. I think fays Bob, you were always very careful of your Lord's health, and never brought any thing to his Embraces but unpenetrated Maids, or very found Thorn-backs. By Chriesh and Shaint Patrick, 'tis very true, says he, for I always made my felf his Tafter for fear he should be poison'd, and first took a sip of the Cup to try where the Juice was good or no; and tho' he was as great Wencher as any was in England, I'll take my swear, excepting the Gout, he's come as found a Nobleman into Hell, as has took leave of the other World these sifty Years, and was so very bobborous two days ago, tho' he's near seventy, that he bid me look out for a soft-handed She-Devil to give him a little Frication, and faid nothing vex'd him but that he was damn'd among .

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a parcel of Spirits, with whom he could have no carnal Copulation: Well, Gentlemen, I must loiter no longer, I am travelling in haste to Styx to fill my Lord's Bottle, but all won't cool his Lechery, though he be turn'd a perfect Aquapote? fo, my

dear Joys farewel.

We had not parted with him as many Minutes a Man may beget his Likeness in, but who should we meet but Mumford the Player, looking as pale as a Ghoft, failing forward as gently as a Catterpiller cross a Sicamore-leaf, gaping for a little Air, like a Sinner just come out of the Powdering Tub. crying out as he crept towards us, Oh my Back! Confound 'em for a pack of Brimftones : Ob my Back! How now, Sir Courtly, faid L, what the Devil makes thee in this pickle ? Oh, Gentlemen, fays he, I am glad to fee you, but I am troubled with fuch a Weakness in my Back, that it makes me bend like a superannuated Fornicator: Some Strain, said I. got in the other World with Overheaving your felf. What's matter how 'twas got, fays he, can you tell me any thing that's good for't? Yes, faid : I, get a good warm Girdle and tie round you, 'tisan excellent Corroboratick to strengthen the Loins; Iox on you, fays he, for a bantering Dog, how can a fingle Girdle do me good, when a Brace was my Destruction? I think, faid I, you did die a Martyr for a pair of penetrable Whiskers, fell a bleeding Sacrifice to a cloven Tuft, that was glad, I believe, of your going out of the other World, as old Nick was of your coming into this, for I hear you kept the poor Titmouse under such flavish Subjection, that a Peer of the Realm notwithanding his Honour, could not fo much as come in to be Brother-Starling with you. Nay, fome fay you put an Itahan Security upon't, purposely to indict any Body for Felony and Burglary that should break open the Lock. Pox confound you, fays he, for a Lyar, how can that be, when half the Pit knows they had Egress and Regress when they pleas'd, without any manner of Obstruction? But tattling here won't do my Business, I must seek out Needbam, Lower, or some other famous Physician that may give me Ease; so

Gentlemen, adieu to ye.

03

We had not gone much farther, but at the corner of a dirty Lane we found a wondrous Throng of attentive Scoundrels, seranaded by a couple of Ballad-Singers, who frood in the middle of the tatter'd Audience, with their Hands under their Ears, finging, With a Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in and out ho: Who should come limping by just in the intrim, but Mr. D-e-n the Poet: There's a delicious Song for you, Gentlemen, fays he, there are luscious Words wrapt up in clean Linen for you, though there is a very bawdy Mystery in them, yet they are so intelligibly express d that a Girl of ten Years old may understand the meaning of them; my Lord Rochester's Songs are mine Asse to it: Well my dear Love for Love, thou deservest to be Poet Laureat, were it only for the. composure of this Seraphick Ditty, it's enough to put Musick into the Tail of an old Woman of fourscore, and make a Girl of fourteen to be as knowing in her own Thoughts, as her Parents that got her. Oh, 'tis a Song of wonderful Instruction, of incomparable Modesty, considering its Meaning. Who should come puffing into the Crowd in abun dance of Haste, with a Face as red as a new Pantile, but Nat L---e? Hark you Nat, fays D-d-n. did you ever hear such a feeling Ballad in your Life Before? Egad, the Words fleal fo cunningly into ones Voins, that Nature will scarce be pacified till the has dropt some loofe Corns into ones Breeches, here's a Song indeed for a Poet-Bays of your Gravity to admired I have heard twenty better under White-Eryani Gate-way. You're a Madam, fays D ______n, you never understood a Song in your Life, nor any thing elfe, but jumbling the Gods about, as if they were so many Tapsters in a Lumber-House. I'll fing you a Song, says L—e, worth thity on't that I made when I was in Bedlam, to be sung in my Play, that had five and twenty Acts in't; now pray observe me, and your self shall be Judge.

The Gods on a Day when the r Worships were idle, Met all at the Sign of the Half-Moon and Fiddle; Uld Eacchus and Venus did lovingly joyn, And swore there was nothing like Women and Wine: They drank till they all were as merry as Grigs, And wallowed about like a litter of Pigs; Till their Heads and their Tails were so little apart, That the breath of a Belch, mix'd with that of a Fart; But as it fell out, poor unfortunate Mars, Just nodded his Nose into Venus's Arse; Why how now, says Mars, ye old Jade d'y suppose, Your Arse was design'd as a Case for my Nose? Then pulling his Head from her Bumb, fell a swearing, Her Honour smelt worse than a stinking Red-Herring,

Well, says Mr. L—e, after he had ended his Ditty, what think you now Mr. D—d—n? I hink, says he, what should I think? I think there is more pretty tickling fort of Wit in the very Chorus of the other, than there is in all your piece of fanatick Trumpery. Thus we leave them squabbling together, which Song should have the Preserence; and

fo ftept forward.

We had not jogg'd on above a quarter of a Mile further, but a parcel of Spirits in the shape of Screeck-Owis came hovering over our Heads, crying out, Make room, make room, for the chief Pastor of the Flock will be here to Night. Think we, here's some great Cuest or other a coming; for my part I thought mothing less than an Archbishop of C.

My Friend Bob was much of my Opinion, and cry'd, there was some fat Priest coming in to pay his Carnish, but who should it prove at last but a differenting Doctor, trick'd up in a Band and Cloak, and all the factious Ornaments becoming a squeamish

mish Conscience, attended with abundance of bald Crowns and gray Hairs, who came hobling after him like the old Men of the Charter-House, behind their Chaplain to eleven a Clock Prayers. My Friend Bob and I having both a Curiofity to know what Don Prattlebox it was, enquir'd of a Devil who had a discerning Countenance, if he knew who this new Comer was? He answer'd us 'twas Doctor Ma-th-w T-y-r of Salters-Hall, and those that attended him were fome of his Congregation, who were come in order to take up Lodgings for the rest, who would not be long after: Adlheart, fays Bob, they are the most faithful Flock in the Universe, for it their Shepherd comes to the Devil, I fee they will be sure to follow him, whilst the Churchmen are such a parcel of straying Sheep, that tho' their Guides go to Heaven themselves, they can perfwade but very few of their Congregation to bear them Company.

The next Person that we met with as we were rambling about, was Harry Care, the whigish Pampheleteer, who was fluff'd all over with Papers as thick as a Buttock of Beef with Parsley, and coming near us, he ask'd how long we had been in? Sir, faid I, we are both but lately come from the other World: Pray Gentlemen, says he, can you tell me how my old Friend Sir Roger L ge does, and whether you hear any thing of his coming into these Parts, for I am at a great Loss for some body to exercise my Talent with? I left him very well, faid I, but when he takes leave of the upper World, whether he goes up hill or down hill to Eternity I can't inform you. Sir, fays he, your humble Servant; and away he troop'd and left us without further

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As we were passing by the Door of a little Brandy-shop, who should be fitting upon an old Wormeaten Rench, but Sam Scott the Fiddle-feller, and Will. Elder the Graver, each with a huge Dutch Pipe of infernal Mundungus in their Months,

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fmoaking for two penny-worth of Annifeed-Water. Sam. Scott had one while got the frart of him, which Will. Elder perceiving, exercised his Lungs so very frequoufly, that he overtook him at the last Whist. which they discharg'd with such remarkable Exactness, that none of the Standers by could undertake to decide the Wager: When their Pipes were out. we faluted one another with abundance of Friendthip, and Sam. Scott having an ascendency over the House, invited us to take part of a Bowl of Punch, and just as we were stepping in, who should come by but O-n P-ce that dy'd drunk at the Dog-Tavern in the Company of my Friend Weden: Mighty joyful we were to meet thus fortunately together; and to crown the happy Juncture with an hour's Mirth, we flept into the little Conveniency, every Soul feating himfelf upon an empty Runlet like a Godson of Bacchus, in order to reccive the promis'd Bleffing: By that time we had every one ramm'd a full charge of Sot-weed into cur infernal Guns, in order to fumify our Immor-taities, the Scull of Geliab was brought in for a Tunch-Bowl, fill'd with such incomparable Heliconian Juice, that fix Drops of it would make a Man a better Poet than either Shakespear or Ben. Johnson: By that time a Cup or two were gone about to Plute and my Lady Proserpine, we began to fall into a merry Inquisition about one another's Damnation: Prithee Sam. Swit, said I, what the Devil were you damn'd for? Why, I'll tell you, fays Sam, I was found guilty of a couple Indictments; one was for confuming 975 Papers of Tobacco in fix Menths, without any Affistance, to the poisoning of many a Phytlicky Citizen about Temple-Bar; and the other was for smoaking my Dog to Death without any Provocation. Come, Bob Weden, faid I, it's your turn next, let's go round with it, prithee what Charge did the hellish Informers bring against you? To tell you the truth, fays he, they prov'd a e guilty of two great Crimes too, That one was

for dealing by my Friends very knavishly; and the other was for living by my Wits very foolishly. Come Captain Dawfon, fays the Company, what fort of Conviction are you under? As for my part, Gentlemen, faid he, the chief thing that condemn'd me, was the Sin of forgetfulness; 'twas only for bilking my Lodging, and being fo careless to leave my Perriwig-Comb behind me. Well Neighbour ce, faid I, what was it brought you into these Territories? Twas for living like a Rake, fays he, without Money, and dying drunk in a Tavern with twelve Shillings in his Pocket. Will. Elder being the last, we fumm'd up our Enquiry with his Confession; truly says he, mine was a very great Fault I must acknowledge, no less than the damnable Sin of Omission: Your must know, Gentlemen, the chief of my Business was to grave the Lord's-Prayer within the compass of a Silver Penny; but to tell you the truth, I never thought of it but when I was at Work, fince my Eyes were open, and tis chiefly for that Neglect I suffer this Confinement.

Well fays, Bob Weeden, for my part, now I have gotten a Bowl of Punch before me, and Inch good Company, I would hot give a Nitt out of my Shirt Collar to return back to my old Quarters upon Earth, for that was but a Life full of Extreams, and this can be no other; for there I was always very drunk or very drowfy, furfeited or very hungry, generally very poor and very pocky, afraid to walk the Streets, and no Money to keep me within Doors; thought very witty by Fools, and by wife Men very wicked, was every body's Jester that wanted Wit, and a Blockhead to all those that had it; dunn'd every where, and trufted no where, car'd not for any body, and belov'd by no body: And what Station on this fide Death can be worle than fuch a miferable Life? What fignifies a little hot Wheather, when a Man's affur'd it can't endanger his Health; nothing can be subject to Sickness but what is liable to Death.

Death, and that Period, Immortality is free from. Come then faid I, if it be fo, here's a Bumper in memory of the Sellar at the Still, and honest Fack Ni-ls the Harper, Count C-ni-s, Captain Wa-k-, and all the jolly Lads of our loving Acquaintance, with a Huzza. In this manner we spent the Evening as merrily as so many Tars under the Tropicks, over their Forfeitures, till at last we had the Devil to pay with empty Pockets: But Sam Scott, who was the Undertaker of the Treat, having made his Coffin into a Bass-Viel, gave my Landlady a Lesson, two or three Kisses, and a few fair Words. and prevail'd with her to trust him for the Reckoning; fo being all faluted with you're Welcome Gentlemen. we all arose like a Company of Coopers from our Tubs and our Runlets, and went away hooping for more Liquor.

These are all the remarkable Passages that at prefent I think worth transmitting to you: So, hoping you will requite me after the like manner with something that may be Entertaining to a Gentleman under my warm Circumstances; if it be an Essay upon Ice, or a Treatise of the sovereign Essicacy of Rockwater, it will be a very cooling Satisfaction to your

parboil'd Friend,

DAWSON.

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Mr. HENRY W Answer to Bully DAWSON.

Noble Captain and Commander in Chief of all the

duan db every Scoundrel, starving, lousing, begging,

borrowing, bullying, and all the Plagues of human Life, would never mend your Manners upon Earth, I have little Reason to believe the firit Discipline of Hell can make any Reformation in so incorrigible a Libertine; what Reason have I ever given you to affront a Poet? A Gentleman of the Law, a Member of an Inn of Chancery, an Officer in the Trained Bands, a Man of Invention, known Courage, Worth and Integrity; a Gentleman of my Stature, Figure and Parts, that am able to crush a thoufand fuch Nitts as thou art under my Thumb-Nail: It's well known to the World, I have fought many Duels with Success, writ many Lampoons with Applause, manag'd many Causes to my Clients Satisfaction, told many a pleafant Story to the benefit of Coffee-Houses, flirted out many a Jest to the Delight of my Companions, march'd out often to the Credit of St. Clement's Train-bands, when I have been the only Wonder of all the little Boys that followed us, who to the Pleasure of my own Hars, have cry'd aloud, there goes a tall Enligh. there's a fwanking Fellow for you between the two Blunderbuffes; there's a Goliab, fays the Men; there's a strong-back'd Sampson, says the Women: And shall I, because I have been guilty of two or three little Slips, which no Man is exempt from, be put in mind of em, by fuch arrogant Crackfart as thou art: I tell thee, Bully, if thou wer't but to be found upon Earth, I would grind thee in a Paper-Mill for thy Insolence, till I had made-Bumfodder of thee: But however, fince Charity obliges every good Christian to forgive a Man when he is Dead, I shall pass by your Affront, and take no more notice of it for the future, but upon the Word of a Man of Honour, had you been Living, I would no more have forgiven you, than I would have gone one Day without a Dinner if I had but one Book in my Library; therefore all things shall be forgotten, though you have deserv'd the contrary. And fince you have obliged me with a short . . .

a short Journal of your Transactions on the other side Styx, I think my self oblig'd in Honour to make a return of your Civility after the like manner, for the World knows me to be a Man of a forgiving Temper, and I scorn by bearing Malice, or study-

ing Revenge, to forfeit my Character.

I happen'd the other Night in Company with fome Men of Honour, brave Fellows, who were a little nice in their Conversation, as well as their Wine, that try'd every Word that was spoke by the Touch-stone of good Manners, and one of them happening to fay he was a Lieutenant one board one of his Majery's small Frigors, when so violent a Storm role upon the Coast of Ireland, that a Monumental Sea washing over the Topmast Head, by the very pressure of its Weight sunk the Vessel to the bottom of the Ocean, which gave such a prodigious knock against the Sand with her Keel, that the very rebound, being a tight Ship, fent her up again to the Surface, without Damage; and that by a Watch of Tompion's, which he had in his Pocket, they were three quarters of an Hour and some odd Minutes in this dangerous Expedition; that is, in going down and coming up again. Lord Sir, fays I, how did you breathe all that while? Zoons, Sir, fays he, it's an Affront to ask a Gentleman fuch a Queffion, and I demand Satisfaction? Am I bound to tell every Blockhead how many times I fetch my Breath in three Quarters of an Hour? Nay, Sir, faid I, if you are for that Sport, have at you, I'm a Man of Honour, and date wait upon you any where; with that he whisper'd me to go down Stairs, which we both did accordingly, and drawing at the Door, the first Pass I made was a home Thrust (for I never love to dally in such Cases) and I run him through the Centre of the fifth Jubile Button of his Coat, and just scratch'd him in the Breast, upon which he dropp'd his Sword, believing I had kill'd him; but I taking up the fallen Weapon, flept to him and unbrac'd him, found he was

more afraid than hurt; and that it was but a small prick that fignified nothing: Now, pray, Sir, said I, how did you Breathe, I think I may make bold to ask you? I'll tell you, Sir, said he, I took in the Water at my Mouth, just as a Fish does, but having no Gills to give it Vent, I let it out of my Fundament. Upon which answer, I am well satisfied, gave him his Sword, and we became as great Friends as the Devil and the Earl of Kenta.

Another Duel I had fince that, (for you must know Challenges come thick and threefold upon me; like Actions upon a breaking Shop-keeper) which I hope for its Singuliarity, will prove a little Entertaining to you; I happened lately to be invited to a Gentleman's Chamber in Grays-Inn, to drink part of a Bowl of Punch; accordingly I went, and was very plentifully entertained among some other Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, with a capacious Vessel of this most noble Diapente, infomuch, that we were all elevated above the use of our Legs, as well as our Reason. The Centleman that gave us the Entertainment, by the ashstance of his Man, made a Shift to get to Bed about twelve at Night, but the rest lay up and down in the corners of the Room, fnoaring like fo many gorg'd Swine, and battening in their own. Snivel, which Tobacco had drain'd from their moiff Entrails: I guarded the Garrison of good Liquor the very last Man, and maintain'd my Post at the Table like a true English Heroe, till between Bacchus and Morpheus, like the rest of my Companions, I was lull'd into a Lethargy, and falling forward in my Chair upon the Table, my Forehead happen'd to take the Edge of the Punch bowl, and turn'd it clear over my Head, that it served me for a Night-Cap, my Nose being drowned in the remains of the Punch; every time I drew up my Breath, up went a Spoonful, so that in a little time my Nostrils were fyring'd as clean as a Lady's Honour by Noon, that has drank two Quarts of Epfom Waters for her Mornings Draught: But after some time being almost suffocated, Nature finding it self oppress'd, gave me a log, and wak'd me out of this drunkon Slumber. I had not scratched my Hars, and rubb'd my Eyes above three Minutes, but awakes another; O Lord, fays he, that a Man should lead this wicked Life, to be married but a Fortnight and play thefe Tricks, my Wife will think I am a whoring already, or plague herfelf with some damn'd Whimsey. or other. By this time a third awakes, flarts up like a Ghoff out of a Grave, crying, A little drink for the Lord's lake, for I am as drowthy as if I had been dry'd in an Oven all Night, and with that whips up the Punch-bowl to his Head, and drinksoff the rincings of my Nostrils as heartily as if it had been Sherbes made on purpose for a Cooler, and by the way, ever fince that time has found fuch an Alteration in his Faculties, that from a very dull Fellow he is become an absolute Wit, to the Admiration of all that know him, though I never durst tell him it was from the dripping of my Brains that he deriv'd his Ingenuity. But to be fhort in my Story, when I was thoroughly awak'd, I began to have a wambling in my Stomach, as if I. had supp'd over Night with a Mountebank's Toadeater, the Chamber-pot being full, I was unwilling to defile the Room, and before I was aware, let fly into my Lignum vita Night-Cap, and being then pretty well at Ease, I open'd the Chamber Door, and flagger'd homewards; at the end of Turnfile I happen'd to make a Trip at a Drunkard's Enemy, a Stump, and down I tumbled; who should come by before I could get up again, but the Constable going his Rounds, who quickly made me the Centre of a Circle of Fack of Lanthorns, and seeing me grovelling on the Ground, did not know but fome body had mischiev'd me, upon which they ask'd me if I was wounded? Yes faid I, fadly cut. Where, where, Sir, crys the Watchmen? I reply'd, about the Head; they cry'd out, who did it, who did

did it! Punch, Punch, said I, One of the Watchmen being a fat short Fellow, they us'd to call him Punch, by my Soul, Sir, said he to the Constable, I never faw the Gentleman all the Night before, and with that they haul'd me up, and perceiving their Mistake, two of them, like honest Fellows, handed me home to my Chambers, without fo much as stealing my Hat, or picking my Pockets, which was a Wonder: I had not been many Hours in Red, but comes the Footman of the Gentleman who entertain'd us, to my Door with a Challenge, for affronting him for his Civility, by Spewing into his Punch-bowl. I fent him Word I would not fail to meet him at the Time and Place appointed, Cod willing; fo put on a clean Shirt, and cquipp'd my felf for the Adventure. But confidering I had a Man of Fortitude to deal with, and one that would face any thing upon Earth, except a Cat, which he hated much more than he did the fight of the Devil; I therefore thought Policy beyond Strength against such an Adversary, so refolv'd to fet my Wits on work to prevent Bloodshed, and fortunately having a Cat in my Chamber that had not Kitten'd above a Week ? I took the whole Progeny out of the Neft, which confifted of half a Dozen, puts three into one Coat-pocket, and three into tother, and away I march'd behind Southampton-Wall to meet my Antagonist; where I waited but a few Minutes e er he approach'd the Place in a great Fury; I argu'd the Matter reasonably with him, but found nothing would attone for the Affront but downright Fighting, so stepping a few Paces back, he gave me the Word and draws. I instead of applying my Hands to my Sword, apply'd them to my fafer Ammunition the Kittens, and fortifies each Fift with a young Mrs. Evans; I grip'd 'em hard to make 'em Mew, that the Onset might be the more terrible; no fooner did he fet his Eyes upon his little squawling Adversaries, but away he scower'd, as if a Legion of Devils had been in purfuit

fuit of him. I after him, tolling now and then one of my Hand-Granadoes at him, but took care to pick them up again, lest my Ammunition should be fpent. Who should follow me into the Fields at a diffance by the Scent, but the old one, in quest of her young, who by this time came up with us, and feeing her hopeful fifue thus terribly abus'd, she flew about like a Fury; at first he only travers'd his Ground at a little diffance, but when he faw' the Mother of the Family come cocking her Tail, whetting her Talons, and staring worse than a dead Pig, he ran outright to Totnam-Court, as if Vengeance had purfued him, took Sanctuary at Inman's, fince which Retreat I have not yet feen him; but for Self-prefervation, which you know is Nature's-Law, I have ever fince walk'd arm'd with a Brace of Kittens in my Pocket, for fear of farther Danger.

These are late Testimonials of my Courage, to let you see I dare yet meet any Body upon the old killing Spot, though he be a better Man than my self, and what is wanting in Courage, I can supply with Policy at any time: Therefore consider how much you wrong me when you accuse me of Idleness, since my Prowess is sufficiently shewn in every Days Ad-

venture.

So much for my Courage, and now for a few Certificates of my Wit, for which the World, as well as your self, knows I am equally famous: I happen'd the other Day to be at Nando's Coffee-house, in Company with a Parson, who was Exclaiming heavily against a Weaver of Whores Hair for cheating him in a Wig. Sir, said I, next time you have occasion for a new Noddle-Case, if you please, I'll recommend you to the honestest Periwig-maker in Christendom; I bought this Wig on my Head of him, it cost me but fifteen Shillings, and I have wore it de die in diem these nine Years and upwards, and you see it's not yet dwindled into scandalous Circumstances; and, Sir, if you please,

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I'll tell you for what Reasons he can afford better Penny-worths than the rest of the Trade; In the first Place, you must know he dwells at Chelmsford in Effex, and the Country you are sensible admits of cheap Living; in the next Place, he has nineteen Daughters in his Family, all bred up to his own Trade, who being kept unmarried, that their radical Moisture should by no Means be exhausted, their own Hair grows to prodigiously fast, that it keeps them all employ'd from the first Day of famuary, to the last of December, setting aside Holydays; once in four Years he Mows the Family round, never failing of a very plentiful Crop; much about this time I reckon his Harvest is ripe, and all the Neighbouring Gentlemen are flocking in to bespeak their Perriwigs; some are fair Girls, fome browne, fome black, fo that he can mix up a Colour to fuit any Complexion. And is this true. Sir, fays the young Priest? True, Sir, faid I, I hope you don't think me so little of a Christian to impose upon a Scholar, a Gentleman of your Function: 'Tis fo true, Sir, that it brings a great Trade to the Town, and every body knows that Effex, for Chelmsford Wigs, and Rumford Calves, out-does all the Counties in England. Say you so, says the Levite, I am come up to Town about a little Businels that will require my Attendance about a Fortnight, and having a Horse that has nothing else to do, I'll e'en make a Journey thither to morrow, and try if I can chaffer. Sir, faid I, there is not fuch Hair in the Kingdom of England, as in his Family, for they are all virtuous Girls, and that makes their Hair the stronger, besides, all the Clergy round him are his Customers, because he makes up his Wigs without any Mixture of Whores hair; for as contagious Fumes we are fensible will corrupt the Body, who knows but the Effluvias emitted from the Locks of a polluted Woman, hanging fo near the Nostrils may be fuck'd in, to the Strengthning of loofe Inclinations, and may beget

an Appetite to Fornication, too rebellious and powerful for Reason to curb into an orderly Subjection.
Well, says the young Doctor, I'll have one of the
Wigs to carry into the Country with me and please
the Pigs; at Chelmsford you say? Yes, Sir, at Chelmsford said I, the least Child in the Town knows him;
ask but for the Barber and his nineteen Daughters,

and you cannot mils of him.

Having thus laid the Scene, I took my leave, and adjourn'd about the Bufiness of the Day, and coming from Montague's Shop three or four Days afterwards, I stepp'd into the same Coffee-House, where I happen'd to meet with the fpiritual Pastor just coming to Town, who had been erring and straying like a lost Sheep in quest of Tonsor in Nubibus. As foon as ever he fet Eyes upon me, he attack'd me Tooth and Nail, with as much Fury as if I had been Brother to the Whore of Baylon, and told me, I was some Papist, or otherwise a Fanatick, or else I would have had more Religion in me, than to have made a Fool of a Man of his Fundion, for that he had taken a Journey on purpose to Chelmsford, and could not find no fuch Barber. Pray, Sir, faid I, don't be fo angry, for fince I never gave ear to your Preaching, why should you listen to my Prating? And fince you make a Fools of a whole Parish every Sunday, how can you be so angry with a Man to make a Fool of you once in his Life time? fo turn'd my back, and left the whole Company to laugh at him. Aiss Add , adhado meo Letr we ona

You must know I love dearly to put a Jest upon a Priest, because it was always my Opinion, they put more Jests upon the World than any People; besides, any Body may put a Trick upon a Blockhead, but that conduces but little to a Man's reputation. I love to put my Jokes upon Men of Parts, that the World may see I can bire the Biter; nothing carries the Burthen of another Man's wit with a greater Grace, than a sacerdotal Dromedary; therefore to let you see the wonderful Regard

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I bear to Religion, I have one Story, or piece of Wit more to entertain you with, that I hope may

further divert you. samon and our vinces of so

I chane'd to be in company with a parcel of grave Sermon-Hunters, and among a long Catalogue of reverend Orators, whose Name should bring up the Rear of the eminent Black-Lift, but my honest Neighbour the Dean's? I took not their Flattery for my Example, but gave my Tongue the Liberty to speak as I thought, and faid, he was a learned Blockhead; fome of my good Friends had the Civility to report my Saying to him. Upon which, he fent the Reader of the Parish to admonish me, who came one Morning very folemnly to my Chamber, and took upon him to tell me how dishonourably and sunchristian-like I had done, in aspersing the Doctor with the Calumny of being a learned Blockhead. Truly, Sir, said I, I am forry I should be so unmannerly to express my Sentiments so freely; but however, fince it is done and can't be help'd, I defire you will go back and tell him it's more than I can fay by you, for thou art a Blockhead without any Learning at all, and a fit Man to be fent upon fuch an Errand. Upon this Answer he lugg'd his Hat over his Eyes, and ran away as fullen and as filent as the Devil pinch'd by the Nose did from St. Dunstan, when the old Gentleman had loosen'd his Barnacles.

Now for a Piece of my Poetry, to let you fee my Talent is universal, and then I believe I shall have quitted Scores with you. In a hot Sunshine Day this Summer, when the Sun was climb'd to his meridian Heighth, and the Progeny of every Cowturd had taken Wing, and were buzzing about Streets in fearch of Gooks Shops, Sugarbakers, and Grocers, that a Man-cou'd not walk London-streets without having his Nose persecuted by Gnats, Wasps or Blue-bottles, my Stomach, which is generally as froward without Sustenance at that Hour as a hungry sucking Child without the Bubby;

would

would not let me be at rest till I had purchas'd its Pacification at the Expence of Nine-pence; in order to gratify the Cormorant, I stepp'd into a Cook's shop, where a Six-penny Slice of Veal was brought me, fo garnish'd with Fly-blows, that there lay a whole Covey of the little Embroys upon every Morfel, that I had more picking Work than a Surgeon has with a Patient whose Buttocks are pepper'd with small Shot, which put me in such a Poetick Fury, by that rime I had half swallowed up my Noonings, that I pluck'd out my Pen and Ink, and whilst my Fancy was warm, writ a Satyr against Fly-blows, wherein perhaps you may find as much Wit and ill Nature mix'd artfully together as you may in that incomparable Satyr, The Trueborn Englishman; fo pray read and judge fayou-

A STAYR against FLY-BOWS

wienv to everely the Schilments for the

By Mr. W.

業業學案 E work of Vermin that our Isle affords, * T & Spawn of curs'd Flies, engender'd first in T--rds. 素素素 Te nitty Off-spring of a winged Plague, That swarms in Mutton from the Rump to th' Crag:

Tormentors of our Cooks, all England's Foes, From rural Gluttons, to our London Beaus. In ev'ry cloven foint thy Mother's blow, Where if not crush'd, you will to Maggots grow, Raife your black Heads, and crawl about our Food, And poison what was eatable and good; Pollute that Flesh which should our Lives maintain, To Dogs condemn what was de sign'd for Man. Te Eggs of Mischief that in Clusters dwell, Hateful to the Eyes, and Nauseous to the Smell, Ill Omens of a worse succeeding Harm, That makes good Housesvices blush, the Husbands A.rm.

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For thee the faultless Cook-maid bears the blame,
More Salt, you Slattern, crys the angry Dame,
And then the Falchion-Ladle goes to work:
I'll teach you, Jade, to salt the Beef and Pork.
May Showers of Brine each Powdering-Tub o'erflow,
Pepper and Salt in every Orchard grow;
Then may each Hand to seas ning be employ'd,
That thy curs'd Race may be at once destroy'd.

I'll assure you, Captain, these Verses are highly in Esseem among all Dealers in Flesh, I have had many a Dinner for a Copy of them, to be put into a gilt Frame, and hung up in a Cook's shop to give People a concocting Laugh after Dinner, that their Victuals mayn't lie heavy upon their Stomachs. By this time I believe I have pretty well tir'd your Patience, so think it full time to conclude my felf,

Your Humble Servant,

and A san son and sales and the fire Money

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From NEIL GWIN to P.-G H.-HES.

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Sifter P-g, The and the particular Sharagers

*** F all the Concubines in Christendom, that ever * O * were happy in so kind a Keeper, none sure *** ever squandered away the Fruits of her La-

bour so indiscreetly as your self; Whoring and Gaming I acknowledge are two very serviceable Vices in a Common-wealth, because they make Money circulate; but for a Woman that has enrich'd herself by the one, to impover is herself by the other, is so great a Fault, that a Harlot deserves Correction for. Some People may think Copulation a very easy and delightful Way of getting Money, but they are much mistaken, for the Pains, you know as well as

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my felf, which we take to please our Benefactors, destroy our own Pleasure, and make it become a Toil we are forc'd to sweat at. Then who, but you, that had acquired fuch plentiful Possessions by the Labour of her Bum, and Sweat of her Brows, would have toffed away Thousands in a Night upon the Chance of a Card, or Fate of a Die, as if you believed your Honour was an Indian Mine, which would furnish you with Gold to Eternity for the Trouble of digging : But now, Madam, you find your felf mistaken, for those Crows-feet that have haid hold of the Corners of your Eyes, and wrinkly Age, that in spight of Art, supplies the Places of your absent Charms, fright away the Amorous and the Generous from your experienc'd Embraces: Besides, Women I hear, are so plentiful upon Earth, that a Lady of our Quality, must be the true Copy of an Angel in Appearance, whose Favours shall be thought worth Meat, Drink, Washing, Lodging and Cloaths; fo that a pretty Woman now a-days may make a Slave of her Bumfiddle fer Thirty Years together, and not get Money enough to keep her out of an Hospital, or an Almshouse at the Age of Fifty. I, you see, through the whole Courfe of my Life, maintain'd my Post, and as I was Mistress to a King, liv'd as great as a Dutchess to my last Minute; and you, like an extravagant Concubine, to game away an Estate, in few Years. large enough to have maintain'd a core of younger Brothers lifted into your Ladiship's Service, who would have drudg'd to oblige you as much as yourdid to delight the good old Gentleman that gave it to you; fie upon't, I am asham'd to think that a Woman who had Wit enough to tickle a Prince out of fo fine an Estate, should at fast prove such a Fool as to be bubbled of it by a little spotted Ivory and painted Paper; if that Mouth could have spoke that had labour'd hard to earn the venny, and Mifer-like was always gaping for more teaches, fure it would have scolded at your profuse Hands,

Hands, for flinging away that Estate so fast which they had but a small Share in getting of, but indeed it is not fit the filent Beard should know how much it has been abus'd by the other parts of the Body, for if it did, it would be enough to put it into a pouting Condition, and make it open its Sluice to the drowning of the Low-countries in an Inundation of Salt-Water. I would advise you, Madam, with the small Remains of your squander'd Fortune, to go into a Nunnery, turn Roman Catholick, which is the best Religion in the Universe, (for Ladies of your Occupation, grow wonderful pious, and make a Virtue of Necessity) and there remain till Death, as a living Testimony of the Truth of the old Proverb, (viz.) That what is got over the Devil's back. is spent under his Belly: Which is all the Consolation you deserve from your Sister in Iniquity,

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P-G H-HES Answer to NELL GWIN.

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Am forry a Miffress of a King should de-I generate so much from that Generosity grange which was always applauded as a Virtue in us Ladies, who, like the Industrious Beaver, do our Bufinels with our Tails; for a Woman of my Quality to value Money, looks mean and mercenary, and is becoming no Body but an unmerciful Mifer or a common Strumpet; should I have plac'd an Esteem upon the Riches that was left me, the World might have suppos'd it was for the Greediness of Gain, that made me vield my Favours; and what had I been better than Madam Fa--es, or Mrs. Kn--ght of Drury-lane; had I expos'd my Honour for the nere of base Coin, and finned on for the fake only of Advantage. Beauty's M 2 the

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the Reward of great Actions, and I generously beflow'd mine upon a Prince that deserved it, abstradedly from the Thoughts of Interest, but rather to Thew my Gratitude, in return of his noble Passion for. me; and fince he had made me the Object of his Affections, I refolv'dethro' the true Principle of Love to furrender the ultimate of my Charmis to make him happy: My Embraces was all he wanted, and the stmost I could give, and if a Prince would submit to take up with a Flayer, I think on my fide there was Honour enough, without Interest, to induce me to a Compliance. I know I am old and paft recovering an impair'd Fortune, after the same manner that I fust got it; but then confider what a small matter is sufficient to keep a superanuated Grannum, past the Pleasures of this Life; warm Cloathing and a few Sugar-Sops, what else can an old Woman want, that is fit for nothing but to mumble over her Frayers, or fit nodding in a Chimney-corner like an old Cat, when her Company becomes as naufeous to all that are younger than her felf, as a fober Divine is to a prophane Libertine? What Conversation need the have besides one Maid to exercise her Lungs upon, and keep Life's bellows open? I am so far from repenting the Lots of my Hate, that I look upon't my Glory, and the only Piece of Carelefnels I ever committed worth my Boaffing. It's a Fleafure to me to behold the Viciffitude of Fortune, and see her snatch that out of my Hand, which before she had dropp'd into my Mouth; besides, without a Taste of Poverty there can be no true Repentance, for I always obferve. Affliction goes a great Way in making a good Christian. I have faid my Prayers within these few Months, as heartily as ever I neglected 'em, and am oftentimes pleas'd I am grown poor, because it makes me the more pious : Every fity Guineas I now lofe, makes me when I come home, read a Chapter in Fob, and take his Patience for my own Example. The Gold that I thus fling away

away, puts me in mind how finfully it was got, and to that cause I ascribe the Badness of my Fortune, To be Rich and Godly, I have tound very difficult, but to be Needy and Religious, is the easiest thing in the World, which inclines me to believe Poverty and Piety, are as great Companions as Impudence and Ignorance, or Love and Jealoufy; fo that when I have loft all, perhaps I may take care to fave myself, which will be much better, than like you to be damn'd with a full Pocket. It often makes me laugh to fee hungry Quality, craving Courtiers, as infatiate as the barren Womb, how industrious they are to add to their own Estates by the Ruin of an old Fornicatrix, who can part with her Money as freely at one Sport as the got it at another, and therefore defires you will rest but as quietly under your Damnation, as the does under her Losses, and she believes you will find your felf much easier: So,

Farewell.

KENKEN KENKEN GEBHEEN

From HUGH PETERS to DANIEL B-s in Rogue lane.

Most Reverend Brother in Iniquity,

Jeggs F you don't remember of your own Knowledge, you cann't but have heard from some
of our grisly Historians, that in the late
Times of Confusion, when the pious
Scoundrels of England arose with their Arses uppermost, I was not a Man inserior in my Funstion to your learned and most eloquent Self, or
any other fanatick Cackler of the holy Law, by the
Corruption of which (thro' the Spirit of Nonsense,
and Grace of Blasphemy) our Party has always
supported the worst of Causes in the best of
Times; and be it known to you, Brother DoM 3

Gor, for fo I presume to greet you, that I had not only the practical Knack of moistning the Lyes of my Congregation with the dreadful Doctrine of Predestination, but could also dry up their Tears with a Spunge of Comfort, and make em laugh as heartily whenever I pleas'd, as a City-Audience at a Smithfield-Comedy; in which most excellent and renown'd Faculties, you are the only modern Chatteriff, that I hear has fince fucceeded me, for which Reason, I am very desirous of corresponding with you after this manner, till Fate shall give us your good Company in these Territories, to which (if our subterranean Governor changes not his Opinion) you need not doubt of being heartily Welcome.

I am sensible News from another World to a Man of Curiofity, cannot but be acceptable: I shall therefore proceed to give you some account how our Parry (who are very numerous) fare in these sultry Dominions, towards which I hope in a little time, you will fet forward on your

Tourney.

My quondam Master Oliver Cromwel of ever famous Memory, to whom upon Earth, you must know, I was not only Chaplain in Ordinary, but as well Jester to his Excellency, an Honour which I hear most Noblemen confer upon the black Robe; now good old House-keeping, and the party-colour'd Coat are quite thrown out of Fashion: My Master, I fay, who in Honour to his Exit, was fetch'd away out of the upper World in a Whirlwind, and conducted into these parts with all the Solemnities of an Usurper, was establish'din a notable Post at his first Admittance into Pluto's Court, in which eminent Employment (that like a faithful Servant follow'd him) I found him, to my great Satisfaction. Aletto, one of the Furies, having taken a Surfeit with over-Rogging Guido Faux (which is a Ceremony perform'd here in Publick every Fifth of November) for discovering the Gun-Powder-Treason-Plot, and defeatdefeating that notable Defign, which by the indefatigable Industry of the most skilful Politicians on this fide Acheron, was so hopefully projected: And fearing some Disorders should arise in our internal Common-wealth for want of ffriet Discipline, my old Master Oliver was pitch'd on to be Deputy-figker to the fick Beldam, and a fcorpion Rod was accordingly presented him, with all the wal Ceremonies of to grand an Instalment. This News of his Advancement was fo terrible a Conflict to the Cavalier Party, who dreading the Severity of his Correction, petition'd Pluto to remove him, but to no purpose; which Insolence so instam'd my Cholerick Mafter, that his Nofe swell'd as big at the end as an Apple-dumplin, and look'd as hery red (to the Terror of those that came under his Lash) as if his magnificent Gigg had been a living Salamander, fo that wherever he met with a Cavalier, he did so firk and jirk him, that Busby was never a greater Terror to a Blockead, or the Bridewell Flog-Master to a Night-walking Strum-per, than he at this Day to a High-flyer or a Jacobite. Great Regard has been shown by his infernal Majesty, to all that in Forty Eight were Members of the High Court of Justice; Some are made Master and Wardens of the Devil's Mint, for the Coining of new Sins; fome Commissioners of the Temptation-Office, others, Barons of the Diab lical Stink Ports; and particularly Sollicitor-General Cook is made Lord-Keeper of Hell's Punisoments; and Bradsbaw and Ireton, two of his Imperial Smuttings's Privy Counfellors: So that all the Posts of Honour and Preferment in these lower Regions are in the Hands of our Party, hoping those of the same Kidney who live over our Heads, enjoy the like Advantages, as we have heard below by a certain Courier from Amsterdam, you are all pretty firmly posses'd There and land a CM 4 mill bad look There

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There lately arriv'd in these Parts a certain Woolen-Draper out of Covent-Garden Parish, who being touch'd with a deep Sense of Ingratitude, could not reft quietly in his Whigwam, till he had made a publick Confession of a great Indignity he had put upon Mrs. Meg's Chaplain, by which he gave us to understand you were the worthy Gentleman he had most fordidly Affronted; the manner of which he declared with as much Sorrow and Concern for the Action, as ever was beheld, in the Face of a dying Penitent, between the Severity of a Halter, and decency of a Night-Cap, the substance of his Report being to this Purpose; after he had fetch'd two or three deep Sighs, as loud as the Puffs of a Smith's Bellows: Alas! fays he, to you I speak, good People, that are here about me, I was blefs'd with a Wife of fuch fingular Piety in the other World, who rather than not hear that reverend Teacher of the Gospel D. B. twice every Sunday, she would Cackle for a whole Week, far worse than an old Hen that has drop'd a Benefit to her Owner; whilst I, like a true profligate Suburbian, us'd to confound her Zeal, stop the Current of her Devotion, and damn her Hypocrify; but the good Woman was too ffrict a Protestant to be thus feduc'd, and still persever'd in spight of all Restriction in her accustomary Righteousness, till at last I bethought my self the best way to reclaim her from this dilagreeable Purity (for fo I thought it) and bring her over, like me her Husband, to be a good fociable Sinner, was to keep a close guard over my Pocket, and another over my Till, well confidering, that if the Flock could not live without spiritual Consolation, the Shepherd could not frend his Lungs without temporal Subaffence: After I had try'd this Experiment for about a Fortnight before the time of Contribution, when the Hearts of the Hearers are usually as open as their Teacher's Confcience, I found my Wife's extraordinary Zeal had stirr'd up a tumultuous Spirit within

within her, so that nothing would pacify her stubborn Disposition, but ten times the price of a fat Pig, to gratify the great Benefits she had often receiv'd from her Soul-faving Phylician; but I, looking into the Merits of the Caufe, and finding other Mens Wives us'd to be fav'd, (or at least made believe fo) at a much cheaper Rare, and therefore for good Reasons best known to my self. would by no Means comply with her religious Generofity; upon which the good Woman my Wife, left she should be thought an ingrateful Reprobate. by her deserving Guide, convey'd a Present to the worthy Doctor of a whole piece of black Cloth. without my Knowledge, and like a true lover of Peace and Quietness, conjur'd my Apprentice to keep it seeret; but my Man's honesty being equal to my Wife's Religion, in a little time after, he inform'd me of the Matter, upon which (forgive me good People) I waited upon the Doctor with a Bill; and without any Tenderness to his Piety, or regard to his Function, gave him fuch a Tally-man's Dun, that he fwore through Divinity, and deny'd the Matter of Fast as sturdily as if he had been bred a Citizen; yet at last, upon positive Proof thereof, paid the Money like an honest Gentleman, but hoff'd away as if the Passion of Envy had overcome the Patience of the Priest. But fince I find (most worthy Gentlemen) that Fate has doom'd me to thefe fulphurous Mansions, where the Devil rules the Roft, and Presbetery flourishes; I here, before the Protector of this Commonwealth, and all his infernal Hoft, fubmit my felf to the present Government in Hell establish'd, and heartily declare a penitential Sorrow for the Indignity offer'd upon Earth to that famous and most spiritual Kid-napner, who I cannot but acknowledge has contributed more rowards the Peopling of these Dominions. than the States of Holland have ever done towards the Peopling your Neighbouring Country the East-Indies.

But now, Brother Doctor, to make you fensible of the Interest you have in these Parts, the Audience (notwithstanding the Offender's Submission) were so highly inflam'd that so difgraceful an Affront should be put upon so worthy a Benefactor to the Good old Cause, that some cry'd out with a true Spirit of Diffension, Flay, flay the Rogue, flay him for a Cavalier, what abuse the Doctor! Cthers, Scald him, scald him, he's a Church Papist: Others, Geld bim, geld bim, he's certainly a Prieft: But the Women were against the last Sentence, and cry'd the Devil had no Law for that Severity. So a great Hurlyburly arose about the manner of his Punishment; but at last the Crowd hurry'd him away as the Rabble in your World do a Pickpocket, to a Pump, or a Horse-pond, and what became of him afterwards

I have not yet heard.

We have abundance of Souls flock hither daily, that bring us in very comfortable Tidings from Mincing-Lane, Salters-Hall, Bifhopfgate-ftreet, Fewen-ftreet, Moorfields, Bartholomew-Close, Fetter Lane, Stepney, Hackney, Bednal-Green, &c. but more particularly from Covent-Garden; among whom, to your Credit he it spoken, I have always pick'd out the most agreeable Conversation: For you must know, a little before I absented my self from the Pleasures of the upper World, 'twas my Fortune to be haul'd before a dozen of damn'd crabbed Cavaliers, revengeful Fellows, who look'd as if they would lose a Dinner to hang an honest Round-head at any time; and as three or four Tun-belly'd Lumps of Gravity, in blushing Formalities, lin'd with Coney-skin, and those twelve unbucky Disciples order'd the matter (to show they were all Fire and Tow) they told me a dreadful Story of hanging and burning at Charing-Cross, in fight of that old Palace we before had plunder'd. About which ugly fort of Bufiness, when I came to find they were in good earnest, I began to grow as. dizzy in my Brains, as a Hog troutled with the Megrims, Megrims, and could no more endure the Thoughts on't, than I could of Popery, on my dying Day; I strove all I could to make it easy, but I prots it was in vain, for it prov'd ftill as hateful to me, as Castration to a Priest, or Barrenness to a young Woman: In thort, at last it made me think of nothing but rattling of Chains, and picking of Straws. infomuch, that when they fagotted up my Thumbs togother, and tumbled me into a Hell-Cart well litter'd with Straw, but the Devil a Weel to't, I did but just shut my Eyes, and fancy'd my felf to be in a dark Room in Bedlam. In this manner they rumbled me through a long Lane of Spectators, who ftar'd at me as if I had been a Rhinoceros with a Bantam Queen upon my Back; at last they dragg'd me into an ill-favour'd piece of Timber, in the shape of a Welch Sign-post, where they tuck'd me up to a Beam, and made me keck a little, as if something had gone the wrong away; upon which I fell into a kind of a Hag-ridden Slumber for a quarter of an Hour, dreaming I funk a thousand Leagues into the Bowels of the Earth, and no fooner awak'd. but found my felf, as I told you before, in Company with my old Master: My sleep provid much too short for the Recovery of my Senses, and the'I faw feveral of my old Friends about me, the pain of my Neck, and terror of my Fall, made me rave worse than a narrow-scutted Punk under the Hands of a Mad-Midwife; till by the Advice of a confult of Phylicians, who are here as numerous as Crocodiles in the Land of Egypt; a Vesicatory of Devil's-Dung was apply'd to my Caftern, which reftor'd. me to my Wits in a few Minutes, which in thetime of Advertity, like ungovernable Rebels, had abdicated their Master. But that which most troubled me when I found my feit Compos Mentis, was the circular Impression the Hempen Collar had left about my Gullet, by which the Fellow Subjects. di cover'd I fwung into Hell the back Way: for which Rea fon, some producal Fackadandies, refusid

to keep me Company, despissing me as much as a Butcher does a Bull-dog, that instead of running fair at the Head, catches hold of the Tail, and ngs at the arfe of his Enemy; for you must know, ctor, the most reputable way of entring into this Subterrestial Country, is to come in at the fore-Door, thro' which none are admitted but such s spend their full time in Wickedness in the upper World without flinching Nav, be as proud of a notorious Sin, as a Jockey is of his riding that has won a Horse-Race, and glory more in the Invention of a new Vice, than a Coward does of a Victory, till at last, by the Effects of his Debaucheries, Pox, Gout and Rheumatism, he is lifted out of your World into ours, without one thought of Repentance. These are highly rewarded here for the glorious Examples they have left behind them; but he that comes hither like a Dog, with the print of a Collar about his Neck, is no more respected than a Prophet in his own Country; the reason is, because they who pass Gallows-way into these Shades, generally at their Exit, show a Sorrow for their Sins; fo that if Heaven did not take their Contrition for a kind of Death bed Repentance, the Devil would be a great lofer; befides, they foften the Hearts of Sinners by their faiveling and howling, and deterothers from the like Wickedness. These Considerations occasion the Tyburnians to be very much flighted by other Company: But I, through good Fortune, by that time I had been here a Fortnight, met with a good honest. Shoema ker, who had cut his Throat in a Garret in Ruffelfreet, upon the point of Predefination, which he had heard you handling of for three Hours toge; ther the very fame Afternoon, before he could find in his Heart to perform the decent Execution. Upon ferious Examination, I found the Fellow talk'd very notably of Religion; nay, much better than he did of a Shoe-foal, or an Upper-leather; he had fuch an Affurance of his Parts, as to challenge Bunyan

Bunyan the Tinker to chop Logick with him; and Naylor the Quaker, who was of a Principle between both, was thought the best qualify'd Person in all Hell for an impartial Moderator; but your nimble chop'd Pupil was as much too cunning for the Pilerim Author, as a Fox is for a Badger, that at last the Shoemaker got his Ends, and left the poor Tinker without one Argument in his Buget. By the affiftance of this honest Cordwainer. (who hearing I had been a Minister of the Gospel in the other World, was mighty respectful to me) 1 got acquainted with several others, who had been of your Congregation; fome old Women, who had hang'd themselves in their Garters, thro' fear the Lord had not elected them? Others, who had waited for a Call to Heaven till their last drain of Patience, as well as their Patrimony, were quite exhausted, the first in religious Exercises, and the last in holy Offerings to you their Teacher; and finding very little come of either, they refolv'd the King shou'd lose a poor Subject, and your felf a pious Communicant; and fo by the judicious Application of either Knife or Halter, convey'd themfelves thro' Death to these infernal Shades, which they always liv'd in dread of, but not finding the Climate so terribly hot on this fide Styx, as you have often represented it, they rest well satisfy'd in their Conditions, and all heartily prefent their humble Service to you, hoping with my felf, you will always flick close to your old Doctrine, and labour hard to support and insufe into your Followers, the true Enthuliaftick Principles of Fanaticifm, and you need not question but to wallow in the Pleasures of human Life whilst above Board, and be doubly D-nd hereafter among us for the fignal Services you have done to the fable Protector of these populous Territories, which can never want Recruits, whilft there is a B _______ fs in the upper World, and a Lucifer in the lower one.

D_ B - s's Answer to HUGH PETERS,

Harman the Tanker to the office of him him him

A Receiv'd your infolent Epistle with no small 1 Dissatisfaction, and had you not inform'd hose me, I should have gues'd it came from Hell, and that none but the Devil, besides your felf, could have digitis'd a Pen after fo fcurrilous a manner: How I came to be your Brother, as you are pleas'd very faucily to call me, I can't tell, for thou wer't no more than a meer Pulpit Merry-Andrew, fit only to Jest poor ignorant Wenches out of their Bodkins and Thimbles, and I, D -1 B--- s am known thro' all England to be a Reverend Teacher of the good Word the Gospel, and a Saver of Souls by the Means of Grace, and the help of Mercy, a good of a flat od boffer be

HYET HOUH

"Tis true, I cannot but acknowledge that you were a ferviceable Agent in the promotion of the Good old Cause; but when you came to die a Martyr for it, the whimfical fear of Damnation fo diflurb'd your Fly-blown Brains, that a Dog hang'd by a cleanly Housewife for dropping a Sirreverence in a Room new wash'd, or a Cat condemn'd to the same Punishment for licking up the Childrens Milk, were never certainly fuch a fcandal to a Haltes, as thy Frantick felf. When like a true Teacher of friritual Diffension, thou should'st have glory'd in all the past Actions of thy Life, that had the least tendency to the pulling down of that Papistical Governmens, that Whore of Babylon, Monarchy, and fetting up in it's flead, that wholesome and inseparable Twins, Presbytery and a Commonwealth; you haften'd on your own. Damnation by foolish Fear and cowardly Repentance, and shew'd fifty times more Distraction than a Horn-mad Cuckold, that had catch'd his Wife playing at Flipflap with her Tail like a live Flownder in a Frying-Pan.

I found

As for that Woollen Jack-a-dandy, that fed his Family by the Product of a Sheeps-back, that unrighteous Tell-tale Rogue, that us'd to Curse his Wife for being godly, if ever you will do me a piece of good Service in your damnable Country, I beg you to entreat Lucifer on my behalf, to freeze. him sonce a Day into a Cake of Ice, and then thaw him without Mercy, in one of his hottest Hell-Kettles; or let him be flogg'd three times a Day by your old Mafter, worse than Titus Oates, or Brother Johnson, for he's as rank a Cavalier as ever had the Impudence to spit in a Round-head's Face, or fpeak Treason against the Rump-Parliament; and tell him, tho' he made me pay for the Cloth, given me as a just Reward of my Pastoral care of his Wife's Immorality, yet she had the Christian Gratitude, to make me doubly amends before a Fortnight was expir'd; but how the Donor came by the Benefit she bestow'd, I thought was a little ungrateful for the Receiver to enquire into, and unbecoming a Minister of the Word, bearing my Figure and Character.

As for the forry Wretches you mention, who by the Virtue and Efficacy of my Doctrine, took a By-path into the other World, that happen'd to lead 'em into your Territories: I must tell you, they were fuch a parcel of Scoundrels, whose diminutive Souls I look'd upon to be meer Trumpery, damag'd Goods, not worthy their Freight, fit for nothing but to be thrown over-board; poor tatter'd scraps of Immertality crouded into Skins, each of less value than a Hog's pudding. Lucifer himself I'm sure, should he wage new War with Heaven, would not have given Threepence a piece to have lifted them into his Service, they would not have been fit for fo much as Powder-Monkeys. to have handed Fire and Brimstone after the Army; for my part I wonder now you have got 'em, how you bestow 'em, or what use the Devil can put 'em to: I protest when they were living upon Earth,

I found them such needy Communicants, I thought them fitter to be confin'd within the narrow Limits of fome old Alms-house for Sublistence, there to read and Practife Mr. Tryon's Water-gruel Directory, and enjoy the charitable Income of Three-halfpence a Day, fettled by fome old Rogue who had cheated the World of Thousands, and hopes to make an Atonement by flarving perhaps twenty old Women every Year in his little Row of Charity Pigeon-holes, endow'd with nine-pence per Week. and a Thimble full of Coals; as if providing a miferable Life for one Person, was a sufficient Recompence for cheating another: I fay, They were fitter to be made close Tenants to come such bountiful Nest of Drawers, than to come like a parcel of thred-bare Zealots into a Meeting, like Bullies into a Tavern, without a Penny of Money in their Pockets, and diffurb People of good Fashion and Credit, zealous Benefactors to their Guide, in the height of their Devotion, an intolerable Grievance to a pious Congregation, that pay well for the affurance of Salvation: And if we did not fometimes. by the frightful Doctrine of Non-Election and Damnation, make these Ragamuffin Reprobates take up the Knife of Despair, and clear the Garden of the Righteous from those rascally poor Weeds who are always fucking Juice from the more valuable Plants, in a little time the fruitful Soil would be fo overrun with Docks and Nettles, that there would be arife from the Products of those Trees laden with rich Fruit, which for yielding plentifully in due Sealon, become more worthy of his Care.

This is the Case, and therefore who can blame me for my Doctrine, if it should be a Means of making two or three Garetteers, and as many Cellar-Divers, by the help of twifted-Hemp, or cold Iron, forward their Journies to the Lord knows whither, the World has the less to provide for, and those that are gone have according to the Opinion of our Fore-fathers, nothing to care for? So to tell you the truth on't, I am never without a Score of such Communicants to spare, and if they were all to be with you before Night, I should think it a very comfortable Riddance.

I am forry I have not so much time to Abuse you as I could heartily wish I had, for you cannot but be sensible how much you have deserved it, and how well qualified I am for such an Undertaking, if I had but leisure to exert my Talent; and why we of the same Function should treat one another scurvily, would be no Wonder, because two of a Trade can never agree; however I shall reserve my Fury till another Opportunity, being just now Invited to a Supper by a devout. Communicant, whose Husband's in the Country, and I am sure she will have provided something worth my mibbling at, which I scorn to lose the Benefit of for a piece of Revenge: So farewell.

to tale. Galves-Lieux-Ciub upon artih, to glory

in the Remembrance of the weeth of Villianies; and

of their informal Territories can never fink, as long

LUDLOW the Regicide to the CALVES-HEAD CLUB.

Most diabolical Sons of Darkness,

*** F all the Villainies perpetrated upon Earth,

O is that the greatest Rebel could be proud of, or

Like fee blush at, I my self had so large a share
in, that the Devilsor my hearty sincerity, and
trusty Management therein, gives methe Right-hand,
and has dignify'd and distinguish'd me with the
superb Title of his elder Brother: No Man ever
gloried more in Wickedness than my self, and that
which now makes my Punishment a Pleasure, is to
think how nobly I deserved it. Many I know are
the treasonable Plots and Contrivances transacted

in the upper World, but never was any magnificent Piece of Wickedness, or superlative Deed of Devilism, ever perform'd with more Offentation and Alacrity, than that most impious and audacious Act, in which I was fo highly concern'd, and that the very Monarch of Hell might have been proud to have had a hand in ; to fire Churches, commit Sacriege, ravish Virgins, murder Infants, or spit in the Faces of our Parents, are trifling Sins that a Man of my Figure in Iniquity would be asham'd to be caught in; but to murder the best of Princes, and glory in the Deed, is fuch an infernal Evil that Hell can't blacken, or Earth can't parallel; a facred Piece of Villang becoming only the Treachery of a Pavitan to execute, and the Pen and Principles of a Tutchin to endeavour to justify.

Lucifer and all his Kingdom of Hob-gobblins, drink a Health to your Society every Thirtieth of January, in burnt Brandy, and are well affur'd the Interest of these insernal Territories can never sink, as long as there is a Calves-Head-Club upon Earth, to glory in the Remembrance of the worst of Villianies; and a Whigish Society of Reformation, for the better Establishment of Hypocrify. We, who had the Honour to be His Majesty's Judges, or rather as some call us, Regicides, are all mels'd together in an Apartment by our selves, and the Murderers of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth of France are appointed to attend us at our Table; and Feston that stabb'd the Duke of Buckingham, is our Lac-

quey to run of Errands. In all Lucifer's extensive Dominions, there is not

In all Lucifer's extensive Dominions, there is not one Society so much respected as our selves, and the greatest Villains that ever were upon Earth, are by the Devil, when they come here, scarce thought wicked enough to wait upon us in the most service Station; the very Jesuits themselves known by all the World to value royal Blood no more than a Jew does a Hog's-pudding, are not suffer'd to walk within a hundred Yards of us; nay, the very dissenting

diffenting Shepherds of that rebellious Flock, who always follow'd me as their only Bellweather, are not here thought worthy of our Conversation, only now and then a Member of our sanctify'd Society the Calves-Head-Club, drops headlong in among us, and Old Nie indeed appoints them to grind Mustard and scrape Horse-radish for us his well-beloved Brethren the Regicides; for you must know 'tis the Custom in this sweating Climate, for People to deal much in very hot Sauces, and that most delicate Palate-scorching Soop called Pepper-Pot, a kind of Devil's Broth much eat in the West-Indis, is always the first Dish brought to our Table.

All Hell applauds you mightily for your Zeal and Integrity for the Good old Caufe, and your cordial Approbation of the great Effects thereof, which you annually show upon every Thirtieth of January, that derisionary Festival, which you keep like the bold Sons of Confusion, that the true Spirit of Rebellion may never die, and the dreadful Confequences of a damnable Reformation may never be forgotten, in which most notable, audacious and couragious Piece of Infolence, you not only declare your selves the brave Defenders of all Kingkilling Principles, but plainly discover your undaunted Souls are ready upon all occasions of the like Nature, to folemnly engage in the most flartling Mischief that Hell's politick Divan are willing to contrive, or a Body of the most resolute Infidels in the Universe able to perpetrate? this do I fpeak to your eternal Reputation, that Lucifer and all his fable Legions have publickly acknowledged their Pride and Malice, are much out-done by your private Affembly, and the expertest Devils among all the infernal Host, turn pale with Envy, and degenerate from their Blackness to see their Impudence our brazen'd by a Club of mortal Puritans? so that I would advise you as a Friend, when Death, by virtue of his uncontroulable able Habeas Corpus, shall remove you to these dusky Confines, you will put on a little Modesty, tho' you play the Hypocrite, least if you behave your selves here as you do in the upper World, you shall dash the Devil out of Countenance.

So farewell.

An Answer by the CALVES HEAD CLUB, to LUDLOW the REGICIDE.

Most Noble Colonel.

alda

E receiv'd your Letter, wherein your Was Hatred to Kings is discernable in your Stile; you Scorn, like our felves, the Flattery of a Courtier, and Write to your Friends in the rough Language of a bold Soldier, that did not only dare to uncrown, but to unhead a Monarch, to advance the Authority of the good People of England above fovereign Domination, and free them from the Bridle of the Laws, which are no more in our Opinion than a Politick Restraint upon their natural Freedom, an Act worthy of fo indefatigable a Patriot, who would leave no Stone unturn'd, that the wrong Side of every thing might be rais'd uppermost; and that those who had long against their Wills been brought under a compulsive Subjection, might once have an Opportunity of trampling upon that Ambition to which they were once Slaves, and of raising up their groveling Snouts above that aspiring Head, which for many Ages had oppress'd Millions of Mankind by the Dint of Power, eclips'd their native Liberty, and crushed them into a slavish:

What As in the Universe would not kick at his Master, if he was sure he could knock his Head off, and shake off that Burthen beneath which he groans,

if

if he was not such a Coward to be fearful of a greater? Rebellion is always fanctified if it succeeds well, and the End propos'd, obtain'd with Sasety, always gives Glory to the Atchievement. Authority is only obey'd, because 'tis fear'd; and if once trodden under Foot, nothing appears so despicable, as he that mounts a resty Steed is counted a good Horse-man, if he tames the Beast; but if the stubborn Courser throws his Rider, he falls a laugh-

ing-flock to the glad Spectators.

You feem to be truly fensible how much we glory in that Act, which ought to be as much your Pride, as it is our Satisfaction: We reverence the valiant Arm that did the Deed, and daily fignalife our Gratitude to the pious Memory of those illustrious Heroes, who by their undaunted Magnanimity brought their unparalle'd Undertakings to a hopeful Issue, and left behind them such a glorious Example, which we shall never neglect to imitate when our felves have Opportunity. We have long hop'd for the lucky Minute, wherein we might show the World the Strength of our Resolutions, and the Constancy of our Principles, and make those cowardly Slaves know, who pretend an Abherrence to your past Bravery, that we are the Cocks, when we dare crow, that will make the Lyon tremble; we have at all times when we meet, an Ax hung up in our Club-Room, in pia Memoria of your facred Action: But had we the true Weapon, as much as we hate Popery, we should turn Idelaters, and worship it much more than Roman Catholicks do their Pictures. We have every Thirtieth of. Fanuary a Calves-Head Feast, in contempt of that Head which fell a glorious Sacrifice to your Juffice, over which we drink to the pious Memory of Oliver Cromwell; Confusion to Monarchy; to the Downfall of Episcopacy; a Health to every noble Regicide, and to the universal Propagation of all King-killing Principles; and if these are not meritorious Formalities, and decent Observances, we know not how to oblige our honest Brethren, who are Co-habitants with you at such a Distance beneath us.

To be accounted Rebels and bold Villains, does not in any measure make us uneasy; for the believing our felves otherwife, is a compleat Satisfaction to balance their Envy that fo think us; befides the Pleafure we find in accounting them Fools, Slaves and Cowards, is really more to us than a fufficient Recompence: So that by our vilifying our Opposites, we deny them Opportunity ever to be even with us. The Author of the Dialogue between Vassal and Freeman, is our Secretary; you guels'd his Name very right in your Letter, and a notable Fellow he is either in Verfe or Profe, for the Justification of our Principles; and is such a desperate Tongue-stabbing Heroe at pro and con, that he clears the House of all People wherever he comes, but those of his own Kidney; he vindicates all the Proceedings of the High Court of Justice, with such admirable Obstinacy and Impudence, that the best Lawyer in Westminster-Hall is not able to cope with him, and justifies the bringing of a King to a Scaffold, when the People diflike his Stewardship, with fo much Infolence and Arrogance, and drags him to a Block, as you would a Bear to a Stake, with fo much Decency, that had he liv'd in the happy Days when you erected a High Court of Justice, he would have been the fittest Man in the Universe for two Posts under you; First, To have been Attorney-General, and then Executioner, and would, I am confident, have so strenuously exerted himself in both Offices, that he would have gained a double Reputation with our godly Party. First, For the Discharge of the one with the utmost Malignancy. And, Secondly, For the Dispatch of the other without Disguise; for I dare be confident, he has Affurance enough to go through flitch with any thing that the World calls Villainy, if we but think it Virtue without the fear of Shame, or dread of Punishment: Indeed, had our growing Principles at this Day but such another Champion to defend 'em, I do not question but in a few Years we might bring Matters to bear, and by down night Dint of our own Weapon, Calumny, make way to play the old Game over again, to a far better Puspose than has been yet effected. With the great Hopes of which we take leave at present, desiring your Brother Lucifer up on all occasions to lend us his Ashstance. So we subscribe our selves both His and your

Breacht od The Humble Servant,

J. T. S. B. J. S. &c.

From J. NAYLOR, to his Friends at the BULL and MOUTH.

Friends and Brethren in the Spirit,

※※※ O U who are the frue Transcript of the Peo-※ Y ※ ple originally call'd Quakers, may perhaps ※※※ expect, that I James Naylor in the Dark,

fhould commend my hearty Love to you my Friends in the Light, in such like manner as the Spirit us'd to dicate to me upon Earth, before I unhappily fell under this wonderful Transfiguration, which I now am appointed to maintain thro' the

whole Course of Eternity.

I had no sooner set Footing into this deep Abyss of Midnight, to which the Sun, Moon and Stars are as great Strangers, as Frost and Snow are to the Country of Ethiopia, but a parcel of black Spiritual Janizaries saluted me as intimately as if I had been Resident in these Parts during the Term of an Apprenticeship; at last up comes a swinging lusty, over-grown, austre Devil, arm'd with an ugly Weapon

like a Country Dung-fork, looking as tharp about the Eyes as a Woodstreet Officer, and seem'd to deport himself after such a manner, that discovered he had an Ascendency over the rest of the immortal Negroes, and, as I imagined, fo 'twas quickly evident; for as foon as he espyed me leening between the diminutive Slabbering-bib, and the extenfive Brims of my Cony-wool Umbrella, hechucks me under the Chin with his ugly Toad-colour'd Paw, that flunk as bad of Brimstone as a Cardmatch new lighted, crying, How now, honest Fames, I am glad to fee thee on this fide the River Styx. prithee hold up thy Beard, and don't be asham'd, thou art not the first Quaker by many Thousands that has fworn Allegiance to my Government; befides, thou hast been one of my best Benefactors upon Earth, and now thou shalt see like a grateful Devil, I'll reward thee accordingly: I thank your Excellence kindly, faid I, pray what is it your infernal Protectorship will be pleas'd to conter upon me? To which his mighty Ugliness reply'd, Friend Naylor, I know thou haft been very industrious to make many People fools in the upper World, which has highly conduc'd to my Interest. Then turning to a pigmy Aerial, who attended his Commands as a running Footman; Haste, Numps, says he, and fetch me the painted Coat, which was no fooner brought, but by Lucifer's command, I was shov'd into it Neck and Shoulders, by half a dozen fmutty Valets de Chambre, and in a Minutes time found my felf trick'd up in a Rainbow-coloured Coat, like a Merry-Andrew. Now, Friend, fays the ill-favour'd Prince of all the Hell-born Scoundrels, for the many Fools you have made above, I now ordain you mine below; fo all the Reward, truly, of my great Services, was to be made Lucifer's Jester, or Fool in ordinary to the Devil: A pretty Post, thought I, for a Man of my Principles, that from a Quaker in the other World, I should be metamorphosed into a Fack Adams in the lower one. I could not but think

think it a grange kind of Mutation, and knew no more how to behave my felf in my gaudy-colour'd Robes, than if I had been damn'd, and cramm'd into a Tortoife-shell, and must have walk'd about Hell

upon all Four with a House upon my Back.

In a little time after this new Dignity was conferr'd upon me, the Devil happen'd to make a splendid Entertainment for all the Souls in his Dominion, who in the upper World had been profes'd Quakers, where I, quoth the Fool, was order'd to give my Attendance for the Diversion of the Company, but found my felf so strangely disappointed when I beheld the Gueffs, that had been meffed in Noah's Ark among Lyons, Bears and Aligators, I could not have been more amaz'd than I was at the unexpected Appearance and Deportment of fuch a confus'd Astembly: My Master Lucifer, and Ramsey the Jesuit at his right Hand, fat at the upper End of the Table, and the rest of the scrambling Company were feated like fo many hungry Mechanicks at a Corporation-Feaft; but instead of their Conversation being Yea and Nay, there never was heard fuch Swearing and Curfing at a publick Gaming-Table, nor all the Points of Copulation mo e lewdly discuss'd at a Bawdy-house; Blasphemy was the modestest of their Talk, and there I came in with em for a Fool's share, and exected my Talent to the Approbation and Applaule of the whole Society.

Observing such a wonderful Change in these our infernal Friends, from what they appeared to be in the upper World, made my Curiosity itch mightily to know the reason of this surp ising Alteration; upon which, said I, prithhee Lucifer, in plain Words, (for we Fools you must know may say any thing to our Masters) what is the meaning that these People who were quondam Quakers when upon Torra firms, should turn such debauch'd Libertines in these lower Regions, and from the most religious and precise of all hypocritical Heaven-Servers, VOL. II.

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to become the most degenerate Reprobates in all your damnable Dominions? I'll tell you, fays Lucifer, the reason; Always those that pretended to the greatest Purity in the other World, put on the Cloak of Religion, not to fave their Souls but to hide their Vices, as some Women wear Masks, not to preserve their Beauty, but to hide their Ugliness; and when that Veil is taken away which obfour'd the Sinfulness of their Natures, or when Opportunity gives them leave to be Wicked without Damage to their Interest (as they may here) you fee how loofe and wanton the most Zealous of both Sexes will be, notwithstanding all the external Premises of Piety and Vertue. These Words, tho they came from the Father of Lies, yet their fatyrical Force gave me fuch a Stab in the Conscience, that had my Label of Mortality been flung by a Wasp or a Hornet, it could not have griev'd the outward Man more, than this diabolical Saying did the inward; and knowing by Experience it favour'd of a little Truth, I thought I could do no more than communicate his Answer to you my Friends, who are Lovers of Verity, from whence you may discern with half an Eye, that Satan un derstands you as well as he does the College of Fe fuits, or a Dutch Conventicle, and if you take not timely Care, will certainly prove too cunning for you.

Perhaps you will think me a very imperfect Intelligencer, to tell you of a Feaft, and give you no Account of the Provisions, or what fort of Food the Devil in his fultry Dominions entertains his Friends withal; therefore in the next Place I shall venture to give you a Bill of Fare, that you may know at present what you may expect hereafter, lest otherwise I should leave your Curiosities unsatisfied, and keep you ignorant of those Avernous Dainties by which Immortality is here

Sublifted.

The first Course consisted of a huge Platterful of Scorpions Spits-cock'd, a Fricassee of young Salamanders, a Bailiff's Rump roafted, baifted with its own Dung, and a Cock Phoenix scalded in his Feathers, fmother'd with melted Soap and boil'd Arfnick; thefe were grofs, fubftantial Meats, defign'd chiefly for keen Appentes. The fecond Courle contain'd fix dozen of West-India Gwanas roafted in their own Shells, a Dish of Squab-hickaries poach'd, a brace of flying Dragons flew'd in their own Blood, and a Dish of Shovel-nos'd Sharks fry'd with a Leviathan in the middle, tols'd up with what's as good for a Sow as a Pancake; these were Dainties that could not but be acceptable to the most squeamish Stomachs; but now for Rarities that must please the Gust of an Emperor. The third and last Course consisted of such spiritual Nutriment, that the nicest palated Soul on this Side the Adamantine Gates, without a Surfeit, might fublish on to all Eternity, which was ferv'd up to the Table, in much greater Order than any foregoing part of the Entertainment. In the first Place, a Dish of Metaphysical Curds, swimming in the Cream of Eloquence, was brought to the upper End of the Table, by a Devil in a long Gown, upon which Piece of Cookery, Lucifer and the 7efuit fed very heartily. In the next Place, a Dish of pickl'd Enthulialms well pepper, d with Obstinancy, and cover'd with the Vinegar of Diffention, was handed to the Board by a meagre-fac'd Devil in a little Band and long Cloak, which by abundance of the Company was highly approv'd on. The third Dish was a mess of melancholy Humdrums, mix'd with Sobs and Sighs, and garnish'd round with Blasphemy and Nonsense, serv'd up with a She Devil in Querpo-Hood and green Apron, which the whole Assembly in general commended, and devour'd as greedily as a Gang of Welfb Drovers would do a Mess of Leek-Porrige, or a Dish of Cows Bubby. When every Soul had fed plentitifully N 2

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tifully, and refresh'd his Immortality with a cheerful Dose of Spirit of Sulphur, I, quoth the Fool, for the Jest's sake, was appointed to say Grace after Meat; and when I had discharg'd the Office of a Chaplain, as comical as I could, the Guests stagger'd away like so many sluster'd Long Tails from a Kestish Feast, and so the Solemnity was ended.

I have little more News to communicate from these Parts, only that within these few Months, we have had five or fix thousand diabolical Spirits. return'd from their Embaffies in the upper World, who were many Years fince commanded thither by Prince Lucifer, to the Affistance and further Efablishment of our Party and Opinion, and had every one of them posses'd themselves of good Quarters, and lay fnug in the Bosoms of our fanctified Friends, but reported when they came back, that an old Trout-back Apostate, who lately fell from Quakerism to the Church, arming himself Capa-pe with the Armour of Truth, took up the Sword of the Gospel, and by downright Dint of Scripture and found Reason, made so large a Conquest over Satan's Subjects, that the Devils were forc'd to quit their Possessions, and leave great Numbers of our Friends to the Mercy of G-d and their Ecelefiaftical Enemies; but fresh Recruits are daily fent among you from these infernal Territories. hoping in a little time to recover our loft Interest.

I would have troubled you a little further, but that Lucifer being put in a merry Mood by the pleafing News of your European Differences, has order'd all his Jesters to be in waiting, and you know, all Princes upon publick Rejoycings at Court, must have their Fools as well as Knaves, to attend 'em:

When every

So farewell.

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The QUAKERS Answer to JAMES NAYLOR.

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wind the bit Preserts to the Land Fames Naylor, HY Friends are all very much afficied to hear that Satan the Father of the Wicked, has laid violent Hands upon thee, and has drawn thee out of the Light into the Land of utter Darkness; if the Drofs of the World, that ungodly Mammon, which tempts the Unwary often into the Sins of the Flesh and many other Iniquities, would redeem thee from thy woful Prison, where nothing is to be heard but weeping, wailing and gnashing of Teeth. we would lend thee our Affistance with all our Hearts; but the Spirit within us has declar'd the Truth, and told us, That thy unmerciful Jaylor will take no Bribe or Bail, and that the Debt thou art in for, the World cannot pay, and therefore we all fear thou art trapann'd into a loathfome Gaol from whence there is no Redemption. We thought the many Persecutions thou underwent'st for the L-d's sake in this World, (viz.) As peeping thro the Yoak of Infamy, and losing thy two Members of Attention. Secondly, For hugging the Vagabonds Land-mark against the Will of the Spirit. and undergoing the Rod of Correction. And, Thirdly, For fuffering the Clack of the Spirit to be bored thro with a hot Wimble, for warranting thy self to be the true Son of thy Father, would have been Merits sufficient to have rais'd thee upon the Pinnacle of Mount Sion, and there to have fixed thee as a standing Evidence of the Truth to all Eternity; but fince the Spirit within thee provid a lying Spirit, that extinguished the Light, and led thee like a blind Guide into the dark ways of Destruction; We that were the Followers of thy false Glimmerings, must forfake thy Errors, and seek the Lord by a more perfect Illumination, for the falle, N'3 fading fading a Jack-a-Lanthorn which thou left stamong us, is burn'd into the Socket, and now stinks in the Nostrils of the Righteous, far worse than the dying Sauff of a Cotton-Candle; Besides, What spiritual Pilgrim in his Progress to the Land of the Living, would follow a wicked Will-with-a-Wisp, who has led a Friend before into dark Ways, and there lest him to grope among the Filthiness of Sin and Pricks of Conscience, to all Eternity? No, if we follow thy Ways, we shall err like stray'd Sheep, and be pounded by Satan for wand'ring into the Paths of the Wicked.

That the Father of Lies, upon thy first Entrance into his Wicked Habitation, should put thee into a Fool's Jacket, we do not much wonder, for the painted Marks of Folly are Satan's gay Livery, with which he cloaths his wicked Servants in this World as well as in his Dominions; for didft thou ever behold on Earth the Sons of Darkness, who follow the Lusts of the Flesh, and delight in those Pomps and Vanities which the inward Man forbids our frail Natures to pursue, but they always were diflinguish'd by some gaudy Badge, which discovered their Pride, or other Infirmities? Do not the High-Priefts of Baal wear lawn Coversluts, their head Journeymen red Pokes upon their Backs? Do not Flatterers of Princes wear Badges on their Breafts, and adorn their Spindle-shanks with glittering Gimcracks? Do not their lazy Slaves wear blue and yellow, that the World may know whose Fools they are? Do not the Bleffers of their Food wear filken Ornaments dangling from their proud Necks to their Ancles, that the Publick may mistake them to be wifer than their Neighbours? Do not the Captains of the Hoft hoop their Loins with golden Safres, and flick Feathers in their Caps to fright their Foes with their Finery? Do not Judges wear Gowns of a Crimson Die, and the great Men of the Law wear the Skull-caps of Knavery, with the Edges tipp'd with Innocence, to deceive the Vul-

gar? Do not Phylicians ride in Coaches with the Weapons of Deftruction ty'd dangling at their Arles, as if they were hurrying on a full Trot to kill and not recover their Patients? Do not haughty Vintners hypocritically tye on their blue Entigns of Humility, to cozen their Customers into an Opinion of their Lowliness? Do not Whoremongers and Adulterers thatch their empty Noddles with whole Thickets of Whores-hair? And do not wanton Women wear Turrets on their Heads, and cover their Tails with the Bowels of the Silk-worm? Do not Drunkards wear red Noses. Knaves Hawks Eyes, and Liars impudent Faces? In short, Friend Naylor, most People upon Earth have some Badge or other of Satan's Livery; even Kings themselves wear Purple, and the Whore of Babylon Scarlet; therefore our Friends are all of an Opinion, that fince thou departed ft so far from the Light, as to fuffer wicked Satan to decoy thee into his Trapfoul of eternal Darkness, he has done thee but Justice to put thee into a Fool's Coat, that every time thou art thoughtful of thy milerable Confinement, thou may'ft look upon thy Party-coloured Livery, and cry with a pitiful Voice, alas, what a Fool am I! Which is all the Comfort thy Friends who are forrowful for thy Condition, are able to admini-Aer unto thee at this immensurable distance.

We are very glad to hear that Satan is no Niggard in his Family, but like a generous Host, provides so plentiful a Table for his numerous Guests: We thy Friends upon Earth, have taken his infernal Food into our serious Consideration, and have resolved, Nemine contradicente, to lead a starving Life upon Earth, rather than enter his Palace-gate to be beholden to him for a Dinner. We shew'd thy Bill of Fare to our Friend Roberts, at the White-Hart in Chamery-lane, approved by the wicked Men of the Law, who love to prophane their Stomachs with fine feeding, to be as nice a gratisfier of luxuious Palates as ever handled Ladle; and he decla-

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reth for Truth, by the motion of the Spirit, that tho' he has often roafted a Cod's-Head larded with Bacon without tying it upon the Spit, boil'd a pound of Butter fluff'd with Anchovies without melting it, grilliado'd Jelly of Harts-horn without disfolving it, fry'd a Jack-boot into incomparable Tripe. flew'd Pebble-stones till they have become as fost as flew'd Prunes, and has made good favoury Sauce with an addled Egg and Kitchin-stuff, yet he acknowledges himself wholly ignorant how to dress any one Dish thou hast mention'd in the Catalogue of thy Dainties, and therefore defires thou wilt do him the friendly Kindness to acquaint us in the next Letter, what fort of Cook Satan has got in his Kitchin; and if he be a Friend, whether thou think'ft our Friend Coquus's Wife mayn't be admitted as his Scullion, in Case she would become a Servant in thy Master's Family, for the is grown fo peevish, he is willing to part with her. So hoping thou wilt give us an Account the next Opportunity, we rest thy,

Loving Friends.

<u>ŔŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖŖ</u>

From LILLY to COOLY the Almanack-maker in Baldwin's Gardens.

My dear old Bottle Friend and Companion,

** Wer fince I took a Trip into this lower World * F * and left you (by the help of Moon-groaping * * and Star-fumbling) to project Almanacks, pre-

dict Predigies, and conjure up lost Spoons, stolen Goods, and stray'd Cattle, I have had no Opportunity of paying my Respects to you, till now, for itis so abominably up hill from our World to yours, that none but the Devil himself is able to climb it, he being forc'd to creep upon All-sour like a Squirrel up

a Nut-Tree all the way of his Journey; and had I fent a Letter by his cloven-footed Worship, I was fearful you would not have thought him at your Years, a proper Messenger. I hear since I left you, you are grown as grey as a Badger, and that you are approv'd by all Cook-Maids, Porters Wives and Basket-women, to be the most eminent Bodkin and Thimble-hunter of all the Ptolemans in the Town, and by the help of the twelve Heavenly Houses and their seven twinkling Inhabitants. not only undertake, but make wonderful Discoveries. Flat-Caps and blue Aprons, I hear haunt: your Door every Morning, as Hawkers do a Publisher's, or Journey-men Taylors a Smithfield! Gook's at Noon, some for a Sixpenny, and some an Twelvepenny flice of your Aftrological Judgment: of which to show your Honesty to the World; you! give them fuch lumping Pennyworths, that you have made the noble Science of Heaven-peeping as cheap to the Publick, as boil'd Tripe in Fee-lane. or bak'd Sheeps-heads in your own Element Baldwin's-Gardens, I am joyful to to hear you are grown fo great a Proficient in the Celeftial Gimcracks : but indeed, when I first knew you a Joyner at Oxford, that us'd to make Cedar Cafes for Clofe-ftool Pans, I thought you as ingenious a Mechanick in your way, as he that invented a Moufe-trap or a Nut-cracker, but little thought then; you would have laid down the Plain and the Hand-faw, of which you were an absolute Master, to take up Albumazar's Weapons, the Celeffial Globe and Compasses, to which you were a meer Stranger : But however, Aftrology being a kind of a liberal Science, all Men I know are free to dive into the Mystery, from the whimfy headed Scholar, to the firoling Tinker; therefore your Learner-Apron and the Glue-Pot are no Disparagement to your pursuit of the feven wandring Informers, any more than it is a Scandal to a Mountebank to be first la Fool, and then a travelling Physician: . Gad-Tribe N 5

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bury we know was no more than a Country Botcher. before he was admitted as a Tenant into the twelve Houses, and Partridge was no more than a London Cobier, before he was made running Footman to the feven Planets; yet both these Students in Aft olcgy have arriv'd, I hear, to as great an Eminency in their Heavenly Profession, as ever was acquir'd by the fam'd Dr. Saffold, or his Succeffor Cafe, by long Study and Experience, in the noble Arts of Poetry and Physick. Therefore why mayn't that spurious Issue of a Carpenter call'd a Joyner. make as legitimate an Aftrologer, as profound a Conjuier, as infallible a Fortune-Teller as the best of em; nay better, if he knows but to use his: Tonguelike a smoothing-Plain, and cantake down the Roughness of some Peoples Incredulity, then may he work 'em ashe does his Deal boards, till he has glu'd or nail'd 'em fast to his own Interest. These are the Talents for which I hear you are famous above other Aftrelogers, and that by downright dint of Craft, Pout and Banter, you Have wheedled more Money in your time out of Chamber-maids, Cook-wenches, old Bawds, Midwives, Nurses, and young Strumpets, than ever was got by the Rug and Leather, Luck in a Bag. or that most excellent Juggle on the Cards, call'di Fre of ing the Parson: Nay, if all the Gains that you ha e made of these three p ofitable Inventions were to be join'd together, befides a whole Mustardpet full of Proad-pieces a Drudging-box full of Guineas, a Meal-tob full of Growns and half-Crowns. and an old Powdering-tub full of Shillings and Sixpences, which lye ran el'd upin your own House, I hear that you have feveral hundreds of Pounds in the Stationers Company, which besides the Interest of the Money, entitles you every Year to four good Dinners in the Hall, as many Noddless full of rare Claret; and four Pockets full of Veni Ion Pafty for your Female Deputy, who is faid to he anotable Understrapper to you in the Bufinels.

of Aftrology, and is of as much Service to you as a Second to a Merry-Andrew, for without the one,

the other could do nothing.

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I cannot but highly approve of the Method I observe in your Almanacks, for since you write every Year four, i.e. Three in other Persons Names, and one in your own, you have wifely projected a way to be infallibly right in your Predictions of the Weather, which are commonly vary'd under no more than four several Denominations in any one of the four Seafons; fo that by making your Prognostications in every Almanack different, one must certainly tell right, and by keeping all four in your Pocket, which, I am inform'd you have Cumning enough to take care of, by plucking: out that which you know is agreeable and falls right, declaring your felf to be the Author, you gain Reputation, and by this Juggle make some Fools in your Company believe that you have the Stars at more command than the Haberdasher of Dead Bodies has his Linkmen at a Funeral. This piece of Cunning none of the Celeftial Fragernity can justly blame youter, every Arnift well knowing: a Juggler and an Aftrologer are as inseperable Companions as a Bawd and a Midwife, or a Lawyer: and a Knave, for either without the other, like an Adjective without a Subfantive, would be unable: to fland by himfelf.

Of all the Almanacks that are extant, none are forvaluable in these subterranean Regions as your own; sew Hawkers travel into these Farts but they bring whole Baskets full along with them, and they Gry of Cooley's Almanack for two Months in the Year, is as universally bawl'd about Hell's Metropolis, as Mackrel among you when they come to be six a Groat, or Chichester Lobstes, when they think at Midsummer. Of all the Almanacks brought among us, I ince Lucifer gives yours the Preference, and never your without one in his Picket, to put this in mind of an Holy Rood Day, that his De il-

thing:

thip may not lose his Nutting time. Your last English Merlin but one, wanted of the four Cardinal Points, for which piece of Forgetfulness, the Devil in a great Rage cry'd he ow'd you a Shame, and. I was fince inform'd, that one of our infernal. Plenipotentiaries upon Earth discharg'd his Master's Promise in a short time after, at the Derby Alehouse in Fulciood's Rents; by the same Token, the Liquor had fo eclips'd your diffinguishing Faculties, that instead of a Tankard of warm Ale, that flood by you, you took hold of the Candleflick, and in a drinking Posture convey'd the lighted Candle to your Mouth, the Tafte of which was for intolerable to your Lips, that you flung it away in a great Paffion, believing 'twas the Tankard of. Drink, and fwore the Bitch of a Wench had made. it fo fealding hot there was no drinking it. This. unhappy Accident occasion'd some ill-natur'd People to reflect on you, and fay, How should you know a Star from a Kite-Lanthorn, that could not diftinguish between a Tankard of warm Ale and a light-

I have no News from these Parts that can be welcome to a Man of your Gravity and Profession. As for Astrologers, they are no more regarded in this Kingdom, than an honest Man in your World, or a modest Woman in a Theatre, for the best Employment that most of them aspire to here, is to carry a Closestool-pan upon their Back after an Quack Doctor, which savory Receptacle being put in a square Case, makes our Fraternity look like so many Raree-show Men loaded with their Boxes of dancing Baubles.

ed Candle?

I must confess, Doctor Sassold, that samous Student in Physick, Poetry and Astrology, whose Verse was as good an Emerick, as his Pills were as Purge, being Inciser's peculiar Favourite, was advaned to the Dignity of being Flea catcher to his Royal Confort—but the other Day had like to have lost his Place, by chasing one of his Lady.

little

little Enemies into her Mount of Venus, and bearing the Bush to start the Game, was so wonderfully pleas'd at the Pastime, that the old Fool could not forbear laughing, which ill Manners so instam'd the infernal Dutchess, that she vow'd, except he would down on his Knees and kiss what he laugh'd at, she would never forgive him; upon which the poor Doctor was forc'd to join Beards, or else would have been turn'd out, to his eternal Shame as well as Misery.

Albumazar and Ptolomy are fet up like the two Loggerheads at St. Dunstan's Church, and once in a hundred Years they strike upon a huge Bell the. number of the Centuries from the Fall of Lucifer. that the Devils and the damn'd may know how. Eternity passes; for you must imagine, as a quarter of an Hour is to the time of your World, fo is. a hundred Years to the Eternity of ours, every, Watch goes here at least ten thousand Years with but one winding up, for their Movements, like our Form and Substance, are all Spiritual, and the worst Artist we have among us, your Fleet-street. I-pion is but a meer Blacksmith to; as for my own part, I trudg'd for the first fix Months after Doctor Fonteus, with a Steeple-crownd Conveniency, as I mention'd before, but having always such aftink of Devil's Dung in my Noffrils, I petitioned for a Remove, and was admitted to be a Yeomana of the Balon to Lucifer's Cloven-Hoofs, to pick. wash and refresh them after his return from Earth, which he viits very often for the Preservation of his Interest in the upper World; and the worst Inconveniency I, find is, That his Worship's Feet: fmell worfe after much walking than a fweating Negro's.

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But however, my old Friend, let not this Difcourse discourage you from venturing to come among us, or frighten you into a Repentance of your France and Subtilities, that may carry you another way; for a Man of your Merits, learn'd in Astrology from the very Nose of the great Bear, to the extream point of the Dragon's Tail, and skilful in the Mathematicks from the Mensuration of a Surface, to the most profound Nicety in solid Geometry, need not question, but that your old Acquaintance and Assistant, who has faithfully stood by you upon all Occasions, will bestow some reputable Post upon you, answerable to the Gravity and Skill of so understanding a Wiseacre, to whom I subscribe my self a loving Friend and Brother Philoman

LILLY ..

COOLEY'S Answer to LILLY.

Would have you to know, I am not so far in my Dotage, but I have Reason enough. left plainly to difcern I am very much affronted in your Ironical Letter: As for my part, Mifer, mean it as you please, I take it in good Earnest, for it is not confiftent with my Temper and Gravity at these Years, to like such unmannerly Jesting. Time was, I was a young Fellow, that would have feolded with a Butter-whore, box'd a Carman; or have forthbled scurrilously with any Lilly in the Universe; butt alas! When a Man has lived in this World to the Age of near Seventy, and has had familiar Conversation with all the foolish Women in the Town, puzzled his Brains with more Angles, Circles, Squares, Pentagons, Hexagons, Heptagons and Parallellopipedons, &o. than ever has been yet found in that most famous Introduction to the Mathematicks, call'd Euclid's Gimeracki, pour'd as much Derby Ale through his Guts every Year, as would have fill'd the great Fat at Heydelburg, and metamerphes'd as much Tobacco into Smoak every: Month

Month, as would have put a whole Country into a Mist; I think it is high time for a Man to have done with Discord, and begin to compose himself into a little Harmony; therefore I take it Ill you should attack me in my old Age, especially when you have Hell on your side, and the Devil and all to

help you new Knot not I year see had to a

What, the I was a Joyner at Oxford, and once to thew my felf a good Work-man, made a Cedar Close-stool-Case for the Dean of Christ-Church, I question not but one time or other for the Excellency of its Work, it will be carried into the Library, and be there preferv'd as a Monument of its Maker's Glory to all succeeding Ages, when you will have no Remains to put the World in mind of you, but your old conjuring Countenance, painted upon a Sign, and hung up over Black-fryars Gateway subscribed with a little paultry Poetry, fit for no body's Reading but a parcel of Country Hobbies. who have left the Plow and the Flayl, to come up to London to be cozen'd out of the Fruits of their Labour. It is well known, I was born and educared in a learned Air, and the a Man be bred as Coblar in that Climate, he cannot help being a Scholar, if he be but furnished with as much Brains. as will fill a Cockle-shell. I confess, I have not had the Honour to be entered of a College, yet by my own Chamber-Study, without a Tutor, having a good natural Genius, I could tell you how many Parts. of Speech there were by that time I was eighteen Years of Age; and I will appeal to the World who may judge by my Conversation, whether I have not made a wonderful Advancement within thefe fifty Years, in omuch that you may fee I dare write: Philomat in the very Title Page of my Almanack. and therefore, Mifter, am not to be banter'd as: thefe Years.

You have the Confidence in feveral parts of your Letter to call me Conjurer, the I must tell you.

Mister, by the way, you are the first Person that

ever thought me fo. It's true, I do fometimes when I am well paid for it, erect a Scheme in fearch of loft Goods, or firay'd Cattle, and do prefume, Secundem Artem to fend the Querent East, West. North or South, a Mile or two distance from the Lofer's House, to search within fix Doors of the Sign of the four-tooted Beaft, and if they cannot find the Thief one way, I can fend them as far another for a new Fee; and all this I can justify by the Rules of Aftrology as well as any Man; but must an Artist for this be call'd a Conjurer, and by a Person too who has been a Professor of the same Science? Indeed, old Acquaintance, I take it very unkindly, because you your self must needs know we are honest Men that deserve no such Charader.

As for my mistaking the lighted Candle for a Tankard of hot Ale, I remember nothing of the Matter; but Bacchus tho' he be no Planet, yet all Men know he has a great ascendency over us Mortals, and what he might influence me to do, when the Light of Reason, by which we see to distinguish, was eclips'd, I know not; but I am morally sure, when my Senses are about me I am not easily to be so deceived; for I presume to know a Pig from a Bog, or the difference between a Thing and Cartwheel, as well as Ptolomy himself were he now living.

You say, to my Reputation, that my Almanacks fell beyond any body's in your subterranean Country, and that Lucifer himself is never without one in his Pocket: I am very glad to hear he is so much my Friend, as to give mine the Presence, and for his Civility intend to send him one next year well gilt on the Back, and bound up in Calves-Leather, by the Hand of some Friend or other, that shall swim in Derby-Ale to the very Gates of his Palace; such a wet Soul that shall be as welcome as a shower of Rain to your drowthy Dominions. The pleasing News you have sent me is, That my

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Works are so vendible in your Parts, for I affure you, upon your Intelligence, I shall raise the Price of my Copy the next Year; for if my Almanacks sell as well in Hell as they do upon Earth, I am sure the Company of Stationers must get the Devil and all by them; so I rest yours between Enmity and Friendship.

H. C.



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From TONY LEE to C-VE UNDERHILL:

Brother Cave.

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Onfidering how often you have Jested in the Of C Grave to please Bet --- ton Prince of Denmark. I wonder the Grave by this Day has not been in Earnest with you, that in process of Time, when the Church-yard Vermin have feafted themselves upon your Cadavers, your own Scull may become a Jest to some other Grave-digger. I must confess when I left you, you were a sociable fort of a Drunkard, and pretty little pedling fort of a Whoremaster, but I hear fince you have droop'd within a few Years into such a dispirited Condition, that 'tis as much as a plentiful Dose of the best Canary can do to remove the Hyppocon for a few Minutes, that you may entertain your Friends with a little of your Comick Humour, grac'd with that agreeable Smile that has always render'd what you say delightful, and that it is not in the subtile Power of intoxicating Nantz to add new Life to that decay'd Member, which has in a manner taken leave of this World before the rest of your Body: You have so often been us'd to a Grave in your Life-time, that I think you never wanted a Memento Mori to put you in Mind of Mortality: Death fure can be no Surprize to a merry Mortal, who has fo often Jested with him upon the Stage, and I long to hear when

the grinning Skeleton shall shake you by the Hand, and fay, Come old Duke Trinculo, thy last Sands are running, thy ultimate Moment is at Hand, and the Worms are gaping for thee. What a Jocular answer you will make to the thin-jaw'd Executioner, for every Comedian ought to die with a Jest in his Mouth to preserve his Memory, for if he makes not the Audience laugh as he goes off the Stage, he forfeits his Character, and his Fame dies with his Body; therefore I would advise you to set your Wits on work to prepare your self, that as you have always liv'd by repeating other Peoples Wit, you may not make your Exit like a Fool, but show you have some remains of your own Juvenile Sparklings

to oblige the World with at your last Minute.

I hear the Effects of your Debauches are tumbled into your Pedestals, and make you walk with as much Deliberation as Mr. Cant Preaches; when a Man is once fo founder'd by the Iniquity of his Life, that his full Speed is no faster than a Snail's Gallop, and that his Memory and his Members both equally fail him, it is full time that he was travell'd to his Journey's end: For with what Comfort can a Man live in the World when it is grown weary of him? Young Men I know look upon you as superannuated, and had rather see a Death'shead and an Hour-glass in their Company, than fee you make wry Faces at your rheumatick Twitches, or hear you banter upon your gouty Pains, and the past Causes thereof between lest and Earneft. When a Man once comes to answer a bawdy: Question over the Bottle filently, that is, with a feign'd Simper and a shake of the Head, no body cares a Fart for him, he is good for nothing at those Years, but like Solomon's Proverbs, to let. young Men foresee that worldly Pleasures, when they come to be old, are but Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, and to ffir up young Women to despile the impotency of old Age, which their fumbling Fathers in vain admonish them to reverence. A young ComComedian is apt to make every body his Jest, but when arriv'd at your Years, himself becomes a Jest to every body. Youth gives an Air to Wit that renders it delightful, but for an old Man to pretend to talk wifely, is like a Musician's endeavouring to fumble out a fine Sonetta upon a Winebroach, tho' the time be good, the Instrument is imperfect, and the Organs want that Sound which should give a Grace to the Harmony. Some Men at fixty, are apt to flatter themselves in Publick under the imbecilities of Nature, and will boaftingly fay, They can do every Thing as well as they could at Thirty; but experienc'd Women, who are the best Judges of human Decay, are too sensible of their Error, and if Modesty would give them leave, could easily demonstrate the Difference. I thank my Stars, I knew not by Experience the Winter of old Age, but made my Exit in the beginning of my Autumn, but yet I found what Nature at Midfummer esteem'd a Pleasure, was even then become a Drudgery; and what us'd to be a Refreshment to Life, was found but a flavish Exercise to the Body: therefore I heartily pity your impotent Condition, who has near twenty Year furviv'd your grand Climaterick, till thou art forc'd to crawl about the World with a load of diseas'd Flesh upon thy Back, and art no less than a Sumpter-horse to thy own Infirmities. Methinks I fee thee creeping upon the Surface of the Earth, upon a feeble pair of gouty Supporters, thy Loins swath'd up in Flannel, leaning upon a Crutch-head Cane, and bending towards thy Mother Earth, who catches thee at every Stumble, sometimes reflecting on the past Pleasures of human Life, and sometimes looking forward with imperfect Eyes, towards the doubtful State of Immortality, grinning as you walk at the Gaiety of Youth, and fnarling in thy Thoughts at those Delights the Weakness of thy Age has put thee past enjoying; pursuing only that Pleasure, which tho' thy Youth made Vicious, is in Age beand Body ftill from Separation.

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The Ghoff of a Comedian in these Shades is but an useless piece of Immortality, for all the Entertainment upon the Stages of our infernal Theatres are very Tragical, no Smile, no merry Looks, or monky Gestures us'd by your Merry-Andrews upon Earth to provoke your liftning Audience to a Laughter, are fashionable in these Parts. If you intend to come among us, you must learn to howl, to grin, and gnash your Teeth, unless you can make your felf fo compleat a Philosopher as to laugh at your own Misery. Horror, Darkness, and Despair o'erfpread the whole Dominion, and our tyrannical Prince is never better pleas'd than when he fees his Subjects the most miserable. As for my part, as merry a Representative of some foolish Flebeian as I was in the upper World, I cannot in these melancholly Grottos for the Heart of me, frame fo much as one chearful Conceit to mitigate those Torments, which by Virtue of our diabolical Laws are perpetually inflicted upon me: Therefore those who betake themselves to these Regions ought to arm themselves with abundance of Resolution; for whoever flinches beneath their Pains, do but encrease their Punishments, for which reason I advise you to consider what you have to trust to, if your Journey be downwards; and if you find it in your Power, to divert your coming hither with Prayers and Tears to Heaven, or elfe I must tell you in good Farnest, you may Jest on as I did, till you dye and be damn'd like your Humble Servant,

ANTHONY LEE. Course made Visious, is in Age bas

The solve that Heatens.

er elle con acquibe Deville C. Cretter

VE UNDERHILL'S Answer TONY LEE.

Honest Friend Tony.

***Hen I first read your Letter, as merry as the * W W World thinks me, I was ftruck with fuch a *** terrible Tremulation, that it was as much as

three gulps of my Brandy-bottle could do to put my chill'd Blood into its regular Motion: I had no fooner recover'd my felf, but thinking of Death and the Devil, which I had scarce done in fixty Years before, I fell into fuch an extravagant fit of Praying, that if any Body had heard me, they would fooner have guess'd me, by the length of my Devotion, to have been a Presbyterian Parson than Duke Trincule the Comedian; it was the first time that ever I found my felf in earnest in my Life, and I was fuddenly fensible of so vast a Difference betwixt that and Jeffing, that I believe for a whole Hour together I was chang'd from an old comical. Merry-Andrew, into a new forrowful Penitent; and was I to con over your Letter but once in a Day, I believe it would go near to fright me into abundance of Religion, which we Players, you are fenfible, feldom or never think on, except we are put in mind on't by some extraordinary Accident; and the main Reason I believe why we are not overburthen'd with Zeal, is our drolling upon the Clergy, by representing Mr. Spin-Text the Preacher, or Mr. Love-Lady the Chaplain, after a ridiculous manner for the loofe Audience to laugh at; which we repeat fo often, till at last we are apt to fancy Religion as well as the Teachers of it, to be really no more than what we make them, that is, a meer Jest, and worthy only to be smil'd at and not to be liften'd to.

Certainly you have a very good Intelligence in your World, of the Circumstances of us who dwell magic

above

above you, or else you are the Devil of a Gueffer, for you feem in your Letrer, to have as true a Senfe of my Condition as if you were an Eye-Witness, of it; for to tell you the Truth on it, I find all the Members of my Body in fuch a fumbling Condition, that I begin to think of a Lip in the Dark, and to wonder what in a little Time will become of me; the People are still pleas'd to see me crawl upon the Stage; indeed the shaffling Pace that Age and Decay hath brought me to, makes the Audience as merry as if it were a Counterfeit Gesture to provoke Laughter; but, i'faith, Brother Tony, that which makes them glad makes me fad, infomuch, that my Heart has aked every time these five Years, when I have play'd the Sexton in Hamlet, for fear when I am once got into the Grave, the grim Tyrant shoul give me a Turn over the Perch, and keep me there for jefting with Mortality.

Nature, which finds her felf declining in me, is fo greedy of new Breath, that I gape as I crawl for the Benefit of the fresh Air, as if I was Jaw-fallen, and those humming Infects that are a pestiferous Calamity this hot Weather to all Cooks-shops and Sugar-bakers, are so unmannerly, that they sly over those few Palisadoes of my Breathing-Hole that are lest, and dung t'other side the Pails; as if they took my Mouth for a House of Office; nay sometimes in creeping along the Length of a Street, I have had my Tongue so Fly-blown, that had I not gone into a Tavernand wash'd them off with a Pint of Canary, I don't know, but my whole Head might have been as full of Maggots in a little time, as a

Sheep's Arle at Midfummer.

I find the greatest Curse of my old Age is, my Desire surviving my Capacity, for I protest, my Inclinations are as youthful as ever, tho my Ability

is quite superannuated.

SOOFE

I am just now entring into a Fit of the Gout, which so terrifies me, that I pray one half Minute, and curse the other, like a true-bred Seamen in a

Storm.

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Storm, therefore am forc'd to break off, Blood and Wounds, abruptly. So farewel,

C-ve Underbil.

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From Alderman B____ to ____

素素素素 Earing what a noify Reputation you have * H * acquir'd within the Walls of England's Me-* tropolis, and what a popular Rumble your ※※※★ politick Generofity makes over the Heads of us, out of whose Ruins you have, true Citizen like, erected your own Welfare, I could no longer forbear putting you in mind of some of your former Managements, left some rakehelly Rhime-Tagger or other, should flatter you to believe you have Honesty and Integrity enough to qualify you for a Bishop; I took you a meer Bumkin, and taught you your Trade for a Basketof Turky-Eggs. and therefore it highly concerns your Prudence to confider the Obligation you lie under of carrying your felf to the World with all Humility, tho al-pir'd to the very Pinnacle of Prosperity, fince the first Cause of your Advancement dropp'd out of the Fundament of a Turkey: The Eggs, as an Argument of their being new laid, I remember were befmeared with excrementitious Tokens of good Luck. wheh make me fancy, when I receiv'd them, they were besh-ten Omens of your future Fortune, in whose behalf they were presented me.

Birds have often shew'd their Tenderness and Compassion to Mankind: Eagles have preserv'd Infants in their Nests, who have afterwards become singularly prosperous in the Ages they have liv'd in. Sapple rais'd himself to the Reputation of a God among the Persians by Parrots, and your self to the Grandeur of an Alderman by your Mo-

ther's

ther's Hen-Turkies: For in all wonderful Effects the leading Cause ought to be reverenc'd and re-

spected.

Nothing conduces more to the Rife and Riches of a Citizen, than these three Qualifications: nor can a Man be a compleat Trader without them : First. To be a Hypocrite undiscernably: Secondly. A Knave, and not miffrufted: And Thirdly. To be diligent in all Matters that concern his own Interest. These profitable Talents I must needs confess you are absolute Master of, and managed them with that admirable Cunning, that I always conceiv'd a different Opinion of you, till I had given it irrevocably into your Power to feather your own Neft, by compleating of my Ruin; and like a true Politician (I thank you) you made an excellent Use of the lucky Opportunity: For when the Viciffitude of Fortune had put my Affairs in a little Diforder, and I thought it best for the Safety of my Person to take Foreign Sanduary, what friendly Protestations did you make, from the Teeth outwards, of the faithful Service you would do me in my Absence, in order to compose and settle Maters after fuch a minner, that all the Difficulties should be remov'd and made easy, that had lessen'd my Credit, and occasion'd me to withdraw? Upon which, I being too forward to believe a Person, I had rais'd from Sheep-skin Breeches, and Leathern Shoc-ties, to the Substance and Reputation of a topping Citizen, could never forget the Obligation he lay under to do me Justice, as to prove treacherous to his Mafter, truffed you alone with my whole Effects, and the fole Power of managing my Affairs according to your own Discretion : But you, like a faithless Steward, when my Back was turn'd, instead of endeavouring to support my declining Reputation, leffen'd my Circumstances to my Creditors far beneath their real Estimate, till you had bought up my Notes to the Sum of a hundred thousand Pounds, for an eighth Part of their Value, on your own Beahlf. Behalf, with the ready Specie I had left you to compond my Matters; and like an honest Man return'd them upon me at their full Contents, cheating my Creditors of seven Parts in eight of their Due, sinking the Money to your self, and leaving, like an ungreatful Wretch, the kindest of all Masters to die a Beggar; In this, I say, you shew'd your self a compleat Citizen: First, A Hypocrite in dissembling Friendship to me: Secondly, A Knave, in cheating me and my Creditors; And Thirdly, An industrious Man, in diligently converting so fair an Opportunity so foully to your own Interest.

Upon this Basis (when down right Knavery, according to the City Phrase was term'd outwitting) you rais'd a popular Esteem to your self for being a wealthy Man, and a cunning one, and as I have fince heard, daily improv'd your Riches as honeftly as you got it; and by changing broad Money into less, made your Sums the larger: A pretty fort of a Paradox, that a Man by Diminution should raise an Increase: But the Deed was darker than the Saying, yet both very intelligible to Mony'd Citizens in the Age you live in. It is no great Wonder. if rightly confider'd, that a Man of your Dealing should acquire such vast Riches, since you were so well belov'd by your under Agents, that scarce a Sessions pass'd for seven Years together, but one or other was hanged for the Propagation of your Interest, whilst your self stood secure behind a Bulwark of full Bags, that skreen'd your Person from the Law, and your Reputation from the Danger of common Slander.

Another fortunate Opportunity you had of heaping more Muck upon your fertile Possessions, and manuring those mighty Sums you had before collected, was the Missortunes of your Prince, which largely contributed (as you honestly order'd the matter) to your further Prosperity. Fourscore thousand Pounds more added to your preceding VOL. II.

Stock, was, indeed, enough to make a reasonable Man contented; but as nothing less than the Conquest of the whole World could satisfy the Ambition of Alexander; so nothing, I am apt to think, but the Riches of the Universe, can quench the unbounded Avarice of so aspiring a Crassus. But oh the Disappointments that attend the proud and wealthy! What fignifies three hundred thousand Pounds to an ambitious Alderman, if he cannot take a peaceable Nod in the Elbow-Chair of State, and be registered in the City-Annals Lord Mayor of London, that Posterity may read D-m and his Turkies were as much renowned in the Age they liv'd in, as Wittington and his Cat? I am heartily forry (fince Fortune's Favours, and your own indefatigable Knavery, have so happily concurr'd to make you rich) that the Electors of the City would not also agree to make you honourable; and that your Oracle of Time, that publick Monument of your Generofity, with your Promife of a Manfion-House for the City-Magistrate, and the twelve Apostles to be elevated at the East-end of St. Paul's. will not all prevail upon the Livery-men of London to chuse you into the Trust and Dignity, which would very highly become a Perfon of your Worth, Honour and Integrity. But, as I well remember, one of the Eggs was rotten, which I have fince reflected on, and think it reasonable to judge, if there be any Divination by Eggs, that it predicted your Hopes would be addled in this very Affair; and do therefore advise you for the future, to decline all Thoughts of the Mayoralty. I am very well pleas'd that you deal barefac'd to the World in one Particular, which is, that though you keep a Chaplain in your House to fed your Ears with a few mine'd Instructions, yet you entertain two Mistresses publickly in your Family, to reduce the rebellious Flesh into an orderly Subiection; from whence your Neighbours may fee, in Matters of Religion you are no Hypocrite, but - openly

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openly do that which more secret Sinners would be asham'd to be caught in, who perhaps are full as wicked, tho' they hide their Vices with a san Sify'd Coverslut, whilst you professing not much Religion, scorn to make so ill a use as a Cloak, of that little

you are blefs'd with.

I fear you are grown too bulky in Estate to be long-liv'd in Prosperity, you are a well-sed Fish to be caught nibbling at the Bait, and abundance of great Men are angling for you; if you are once hamper'd by the Hook, you will not shake your self off easily: And methinks it's pity a Man that, I have some reason to say, has got an Estate knavishly should ever run the Hazard of losing it foolishly; but preserve it according to the Custom of the City, to build an Alms-house after your Decease, that may maintain about the thousandth Part of as many People when he is dead, as he has cheated when he was living.

So farewel.

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The Answer to Alderman B.-__1:

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*** H Owould ever be a Servant, if it were not for * W * the Hopes of being at one time or other as *** good a Man as his Mafter? It's the Thoughts

of bettering our own Conditions withour Danger, that makes a Man submit with Patience to a servile Subjection: But he that can govern his Master, will never truly obey him; and he that finds he can outwit him, will be no longer his Fool. Nature made us Freemen alike, and gave us the whole World to seek our Fortunes in; and he that by either Wit, Strength or Industry, can straddle over the Back

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of another, has the riding him for his Pains. If one Man that is poor, worms a rich Man out of his Lstate, it is but changing Conditions with one another, and the World in general is not a lot the worfe for it : Besides, in most Mens Opinions, he best deserves an Estate that has Cunning enough to get one, and Wit enough to keep it when he has got it. I know no Injustice but what is punishable by the Laws of the Land; and if I can acquire an Estate, tho' fifty Men starve for it, that the Laws will protect me in, I think my felf as rightfully posses'd as any Man in the Kingdom: He that is bubbled out of an Estate will certainly fall under the Character of a Fool; and he that gets one will be as furely suspected for a Knave: No Man enjoys the Reputation of an honest Man, but he who bribes the World by Courtesies into that Opinion of him; and he, who, like my felf, fcorns to be at the Charge of purchasing on't, shall be sure never to enjoy the Character. Honesty and Courage may be faid to fland upon one Bottom, for all Men would derogate from both, and be Knaves and Cowards if they durst; for its the Fear of being pils'd upon by every Body, that makes Men fight foberly; and the fear of Punishment that makes Men.live beneftly; yet a politick Coward often passes for a brave Man for want of being try'd; and an arrant Knave, for want of opportunity for a very honest Fellow.

You blame me for building my own Welfare out of your Ruin, and charge me with Knavery for taking the Advantage of your Folly; I am of that old Opinion, that all Mankind are either Fools or Knaves; and it is a Maxim in my Politicks, that he who will not be a Knave, the World will make a Fool of him. One Man's overfight is always another's Gane. How then can you condemn me for laying hold of that Opportunity, which your Weakness gave me as a Tryal of my Wit? And had I neglected making a true Use of it to my own Adantage, I had made my self a much greater Fool than

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than he who trusted a single Man's honesty with so large a Temptation. Could you have kept your Hstate in your own Power, how great was your Indiscretion to deliver it into mine? And since I found, when I had it in my Custody, I could secure it to myself, beyond the Power of the Law to recover it, how foolish shou'd I have been to have omitted the Opportunity? In short, I am very well satisfied at the Usage I gave you, no Check of Conscience do I yet find that inclines me to Repentance; but am heartily resolv'd, through the Course of my Life, never to let slip so luscious and Advantage.

As for my forting of Broad-Money for the royal Snippers, it was grown fo universal a Practice among all Dealers, that it ceas'd from being thought criminal, and became a profitable Trade; and I never was so lazy in my Life, as to suffer any Project to be on foot, wherein Money was to be got, but I always had a hand in't. The Hollanders clipp'd it openly in their Shops, and pass'd it afterwards among us. And shall we suffer a foreign Nation to ingrofs that Advantage to themselves, which was doubtless rather the Property of a true-born Englishman to enjoy? No, I am a true Lover of my Country, and do affert, it's better to be Rogues among our felves, and cozen one another, than it is to be cheated in our own way by a Pack of knavish Neighbours.

As for my Master King James, I dealt honestly by him as long as he centinued my Customer; but truly when his Credit was sunk, and he was fore'd to take Sanctuary in a foreign Country, my Conscience told me 'twas the safest Way, even to serve my Prince as I had done you my Master; for indeed, I could not reasonably think Providence slung somany lucky Hits in a Man's way for him to make no Use of; besides, what signifies cozening a King of a trifling Sum of Fourscore thousand Pound, when he was going into a Country where every Body knew he would

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blufhing.

You teem to highly reflect upon me for keeping two domestick Conveniences publickly in my Family, as if a Man of my Grandeur should abridge himself of those Pleasures which every Apprentice-Boy hasthe Enjoyment of between the Miffress and the Maid, without ffirring over the Threshold : And fure an Alderman in the City, a grave Magifirate, a Man worth three hundred thousand Pounds, need not be either afraid or asham'd of being sufreded guilty of that little fniveling Sin practis'd daily in every Citizen's-house, from the very Beds in the Garret, down to the Stools in the Kitchen. Why, at that rate you would muzzle ones Appetite. a Man had better by half be a Presbyterian Parfon. and have two or three pair of holy Sifters to Imuggle over every Week, than to be an Alderman of the City of London, and have his carnal Inclinations Priest-ridden with a Curb-Briddle.

As for the fair Promises I made to the City in order to have coaks'd them to have chose me Mayor, I defign'd them only as alluring Baits to tempt the godly Party over to my Interest, and in the common Hall it took very good effect; but had I once got into the Chair, I should have shew'd them a Trick like Sir Timber Temple, and have reduc'd my Mountain-Promise into a Mole-hill Performance; which our cunning Fraternity mistrusting (for always set a Knave to eatch a Knave) by a Piece of unpractica10

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ble Subtilty they threw me out, when I thought my felf as Cock-fure of the Honour, as a Man is of a Morfel he has got in his Mouth: But the City is fo corrupted, that an honest Church-Nan can put no Confidence in a Parcel of knavish Fanaticks, but he is fure to be deceiv'd. Had the Church Party been strong enough to have brought me in, I had then caught what I gap'd for, as fure as there's a Cuckhold in Guild-ball in the time of Election: But knowing our Court of Wiseakers was at that time under the Ascendency of a Whigish Planet, I was fearful I should lose it; but they had better have chose me, for I affure them, I would sooner go into Barbary and feed Effriches with my Money, than I would lay out one Groat towards fo much as the repairing of one of their old Gates, or in adding any thing to the City's Magnificence, tho 'twas no more than a Wheather-cock: Nay, I have now fo little Charity for that ingrateful Sodom, that I would not be at the Expence of giving them an Engine, tho I was fure 'twould fave them a fecond Conflagration.

I fear, Sir, by this time I have quite tired your Patience, and shall therefore conclude with this Acknowledgment, that I liv'd under one of the best Princes in the World, and one of the best Masters in the Kingdom, and that under both, I thank my Stars, I have patch'd up a pretty good Fortune, and I profess, as I ama Christian of the true Church by Law establish'd, I would turn Subject to the Grand Seignior, and Servant to Alderman Lucifer, to enjoy again two such precious Opportunities.

So I rest, with a quiet Conscience, your thankful Servant

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From HENRY PURCEL to Dr. B --- w.

Dear Friend,

*** O tell you the Truth, I fend you this Let-* T * ter on Purpole to undeceive you; I know *** that the upper World has a Notion, that these infernal Shades are destitute of all Harmony, and delight in nothing but Jarring, Discord and Confusion; upon the Word of a Mufician, you are all mistaken, for I never came into a merrier Country, fince I knew a Whimfy from a Fiddle-Rick; every Body here fings as naturally as a Nightingale, and at least as sweet. Lovers fit perch'd upon Boughs by pairs, like murmuring Turtles in a rural Grove, and in amorous Ditties fing forth their passionate Astections; all People on this Side the adamantine Gates have their Organs perfect, and I burn, I burn, I burn, which fome Persons thought a critical Song upon Earth, is here fung by every Scoundrel: The whole infernal Territory is infested with such innumerable Crouds of Poets and Musicians, that a Man can't ffir twice his Length, but he shall tread upon a new Ballad; and as for Mufick, it's fo plenty amongus, that a Fellow shall be scraping upon a Fiddle at every Garret-Window, and another tinkling a Spinet, or a Virginal in every Chimney-Corner; Flutes, Hautboys and Trumpets are so perpetually tooting, that all the Year round the whole Dominion is like a Bartholomew-Fair; and as for Drums you have a Set of them under every Devil's Window, rattling and thumping like a Confort of his Majesty's Rat-tat-too's at an English Wedding: We have such a Glut of all forts of Performers, that our very Ears are furfeited; and any Body may hire a Confort for a Day, large enough to furround Westminister-Abbey, for the Price of an hundred of Chefauts; yet every Minstrel performs to Admiration. Every Every Cobler here that dispatches a Voluntary, whilst he's waxing his Thread, shall out-sing Mr Ab--l, and a Carpenter shall make better Musick upon an empty Cupboard strung with sive Brass-Wires, than Bap-st can upon the Harpsichord; every Trumpet that attends a Bodkin Lottery, sounds better than Sb--re; and not a Porter here plies at the Corner of a Street, but with his stubbed Flingers, can make a smooth Table out grunt the Harmony of a double Curtel. We have Catches too in admirable Perfection: Fish-Women sit and sing them at Market, instead of scolding as they do at Billingsate; Hymns and Anthems are as frequent among us as among you of the upper World; for to every Church God Almighty has on Earth, here the

Devil has a Chapel

You are sensible I was a great Lover of Musick before I departed my temporal Life, but now I am so surfeited with incessant Sound; that I would rather chuse to be as deaf as an Adder, than be plagu'd with the best Ayre that ever Corelli made, or the finest Sola or Sonata that ever was compos'd in Italy: For you must know the Laws of this Country are fuch, that every Man, for Sins in the other World, shall here be punish'd with Excess of that which he there effeem'd most pleasant and delightful. Lovers, that in your Region would hang, or drown, or run thro' Fire like a Couple of Salamanders for one another's Company, are here coupled together like the Twins Castor and Pollux, pursuant to their own Wishes upon Earth, and have all the Liberty they can defire with one another, but must never be separated whilst Eternity endures. This fort of Confinement, tho' 'tis what they once coveted, makes them fo fick of one another in a little time. that they cry out, O damnable Slavery! O diabolical Matrimony! and are always drawing two feveral Ways with all imaginable Hatred, endeavouring, to break their Fetters, and pursue variety; thus every one is wedded to what they like best, and yet 0 5

every Persons Desires teminate in their own Misery, which sufficiently shews there is no other Justice to punish us for our Follies, than the Objects of our own loose Appetites and Inclinations; for that which we are apt to covet most when we are in the upper World, generally, if obtain'd, proves our greatest Unhappiness; therefore since Experience would not teach us to bridle our Inclinations on the other side the Grave, the Pleasures we pursued when we were living, are, after Death,

appointed to be our Punishments.

Doctor Stag-s, is greatly improved fince he arriv'd in these Parts, and has more Crotchets flow-thro' his Brains in one Minute, than he can' digest into Musick in a whole Week; he had not been here a Month, but his bandy-Legs stept into a very good Place, and his Business is to compose Scotch Tunes for Lucifer's Bag-piper. Honest Tom Farmer has taken such an Antipathy against Musick, upon hearing a French Barber play Banister's Ground in Bmi, upon a Jews-Trump, that he fwears that the hooping of a Tub, and filing of a Saw, makes the sweetest Harmony in Christendom, Robin Smith, is still as Love-mad as ever he was; hangs half a dozen Fiddles at his Girdle, as the Fellow does Coney-skins, and fcours up and down Hell, crying a Reevs, a Reevs, as if the Devil was in him. Poor Vol Redding too is quite tired with his Lyre-way-Fiddle, and has betaken himfelt to be a Merry-Andrew to a Dutch Mountebank; and the Reason he gave for it was this, That he was got into a Country where he found Fools were more respected than Fiddlers. Dancing-Masters are also as numerous in every Street, as Posts in Cheap-fide, there is no walking but we must stumble upon them; they are held here but in very flight I fleem, for the Gentry call them Leg-livers, and the Mcb from their mighty Number, and their Nimbleness, call them the Devils Grass-hoppers. Players run up and down muttering of old Specches, like

like so many Madmen in their own Soliloquies; and if any Beau wants a Bridge to bear him over a dirty Channel, a Player lies down instead of a Plank, for him to walk over upon; the Reason why they were doom'd to that piece of scandalous Servitude, was, because they were as proud upon the Stage as the very Princes they represented; and as humble in a Brandy-shop, as a Scold in a Ducking-stool; therefore were fit for nothing when they had done Playing, but to be trampled upon. I have nothing further at present to impart to you, so begging you to excuse this trouble,

I reft,

Your Humble Servant,

HENRY PURCEL

Dr. B ____w's Answer to HENRY PURCEL

Dear Friend,

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****Our Letter was one of the greatest surprises to Y & me, I ever met with; for after giving Credit *** to that fulsome piece of Flattery, stuck up by

fome of your Friends upon a Pillar behind the Organ, which you once were Master of, I remain'd satisfy'd you were gone to that happy Place, where your own Harmony could only be exceeded, and had left order with some of your Friends to put up that Epitaph only as a Direction where your Acquaintance upon occasion might be sure to meet with you; but since you have favour'd me with a Letter from your own Hand, wherein you assure me 'twas your Fortune to travel a quite contrary Road I will always be of Opinion for the suture, that when a Man takes a step in the dark, those that he leaves behind him can no more guess where

LETTERS from the DEAD

he is gone, than I can tell what's become of the Saddle which Balaam rid upon when his Ass spoke; for I find just as People please or displease us in this World, we accordingly affign them a Place of Happiness or Unhappiness in the next, Virtue shall be Rewarded, and Vice punished hereafter, it's true, but when or how, I believe every Man knows as well as the Pope; therefore many People have blam'd the Inscription of your Marble, and think it a Presumption in the Pen-man to be so very pofitive in Matters, which the wifest of Mankind, without Death, can come to no true Knowledge of. The Fanaticks especially are very highly offended at it and fay, It looks as if a Man could Toot himfelf to Heaven upon the Whore of Babylon's Bagpipes, and that Religion confifts only in the true fetting of a Catch, or composing of a Madrigal. I have had many a bitter Squabble with them in Defence of your Epitaph, upon which they fcoffingly advis'd me to get Monsieur d' Urfey to tag it with Rhime, then my felf to garnish it with a Tune, and fo make it Catch in imitation of Under this Stone lits Gabriel John, &c. which unlucky faying fo Dumfounded me, that I was forc'd filently to submit, because you had ferv'd another Person's Epitaph after the same manner.

I have no Novelties to entertain you with relating to either the Abbey or St. Paul's, for both the Choirs continue just wicked as they were when you left them; fome of them daily come recking hot out of a Bawdy-house into the Church; and others flagger out of a Tavern to Afternoon Prayers, and Hickup over a little of the Litany, and fo back again. Old Claret-face beats Time Rill upon his Cushion floutly, and fits growling under his Purple Canopy a hearty old-fashion'd Base that deafens all about him. Beau Bushy-Whig preserves his Voice to a Miraele, charms all the Ladies over against him with his handsome Face; and all over Head with his Singing. Parson Punch makes a

very good shift still, and Lyricks over his part in an Anthem very handsomly. So much for the Church, and now for the Play-houses, which are grown fo abominably wicked fince the pious Society have undertook to reform them, that not a Member of the Fraternity will fit down to his Dinner. till he has repeated over a Catalogue of Curses upon the Crew of Sin fucking Hypocrites, as long as a Presbyterian Grace, then falls to with a good Appetite, and damns them as heartily after Dinner; nor will they bring a Play upon the Stage. unless larded with half a dozen of luscious bawdy Songs in Contempt of the Reforming Authority. fome writ by Mr. C-and fet by your Friend Doctor B-; others writ by Mr. D-, and Set by your Friend Mr. E : You know Men of our Profession hang between the Church and the Playhouse, as Mahomet's Tomb does between the two Load stones, and must equally incline to both, be-

cause by both we are equaly supported.

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Religion is grown a Stalking-horse to every Bodies Interest, and every Man chuses to be of that Faith which he finds to be most profitable. Our Parochial-Churches this hot Weather are but indifferently fill'd, but our Cathedrals are fill crowded as they us'd to be, because to one that comes thither truly to serve God, fifty come purely to hear the Musick; the Blessing of Peace has again quite forfaken us, and the People tired with being happy, have drawn the Curse of War upon their own Heads; and the Clergy, like true Christians, confound their Enemies heartily. Money begins already to be as scarce as Truth, Honour and Honesty; and a Man may walk from Ludgate to Aldgate, near high Change-time, and not meet a Citizen with a full Bag under his Arm, or Jot of plain Dealing in his Conscience. The ready Specie lies all in the Bank and the Exchequer, and most Traders Estates lie in their Pocket-books and their Comb-Cases: Paper goes current instead of Cash. and

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and Pen and Ink does us more fervice than the Mines in the Indies. I am very much in Arrears upon the account of my Bufinefs, as well as the Brethren of my Quality; but whether we fhall be paid in this World or the next, we are none of us yet certain. You made a timely step out of a troublesome World, could I imagine you were got into a worfe, I could eafily pin my Faith upon Impossibilities; but fare as you will, it cannot be long e'er I shall give you my Company, and discover the Truth of that which our Priests talk so much of, and know so linle:

Till then I reft yours,



From worthy Mrs. BEHN the Poetress, to the famous Virgin Actress.

Madam,

WWW Vow to Gad, Lady, of all the fair Sex I it that ever occupied their Faculties upon the publick Stage, I think your pretty felf the only Miracle! For a Woman to cloak the frailties of Nature with fuch admirable Cunning as you have done hitherto, merits in my Opinion, the Wonder and Applause of the whole Kingdom! How many chafte Diana's in your Station have loft their Reputation before they have done any thing to deferve it! But for a Woman of your Quality first to surrender her Honour, and afterwards preferve her Character, shows a discreet Management beyond the Policy of a Statesman: Your Appearance upon the Stage puts the Court-Ladies to the Blufh, when they reflect that a mercenary Player should be more renown'd for her Virtue, than all the glorious Train of fair Spectators; who, like true Women, hear your Praifes whifper'd' with.

with Regret, and behold your Person with insupportable Envy. The Roman Empress Meffalina was never half so famous for her Luft, as you are for your Chastity; nor the most Christian King's Favourite, Madam Maintenon, more eminent for her Parts, than you are for your Cunning; for nothing is a greater Manifestation of a Woman's Conduct, than for her to be vicious without Mi-Bruft, and to gratify her loofer Inclinations without Discovery; at which fort of Managements you are an absolute Artist, as since my departure I have made evident to my felf, by residing in those Shades where the Secrets of all are open; for peeping by chance into the Breast of your old Acquaintance, where his Sins were as plainly scor'd as Tavern-Reckonings upon a Bare-board; there did I behold, among his numberless Transgressions, your Name register'd so often in the Black List, that Fornication with Madam B——came so often into the Score, that it feem'd to me like a Chorus at the end of every Stanza in an old Ballad: Belides. had I wanted so manifest a Proof, as by chance I met with, Experience has taught me to judge of my own Sex to a Perfection, and I know the difference there is between being really virtuous and only accounted to: I am fenfible 'tis as hard a matter for a pretty Woman to keep her felf honest in a Theatre, as 'tis for an Apothecary to keep his Treacle from the Flies in hot Weather; for every Libertine in the Audience will be buzzing about her Honey-pot, and her Virtue must defend it self by abundance of Fly-flaps, or those Flesh-loving Infects will foon blow upon her Honour, and when once the has had a Maggot in her Tail, all the Pepper and Salt in the Kingdom will scare keep her Reputation from flinking; therefore that which makes me admire your good Houswifiy; above all your Sex, is, That notwithstanding your Powdering-Tub, has been so often polluted, yet you have kert your Helfh in fuch Credit and good Order, that

that the nicest Appetite in the Town would be glad to make a Meal of it.

You must excuse me, Madam, that I am thus free with you, for you know 'tis the Custom of our Sex to take all manner of Liberty with one another, and to talk smuttily, and act waggifhly when we are by our felves, tho' we scarce dare liften to a merry Tale in Man's Company for fear of being thought impudent. You know the bobtail'd Monster is a censorious Creature, and if we should not be cunning enough to cast a Mist before the Eyes of their Understanding sometimes there would be no living among them; and therefore I cannot but highly commend you for your Prudence in covering all your vicious Inclinations by an hypocritical Deportment: For how often have we heard Men say, tho' a Woman be a Whore, yet they love she should carry her felf modestly? That is as much as to fay, they love to be cheated, and you know, Madam, we can hit their Humours in that particular to a hairs-breadth, and convey one Man away frem under our Petticoats to make room for another, with as much Dexterity as the German Artist does his Balls, that the keenest Eye in Christendom shall not discern the Juggle, for a Woman ought to be made up of all Chinks and Crannies, that when a Man fearches for any thing he should not find, she may shuffle about her Secrets fo, that the Devil can't discover them, or else she's fit only to make a Sempstress on, and can never be rightly qualified for Intriguing. I have just now the Remembrance of a few Female Stratagems crept into my Head, which were practifed by a pretty Lady of my Acquaintance, perhaps, Madam, if they are not stale to you, you may make them of fome service hereafter; therefore in hopes of obliing you, I shall acquaint you with the Particulars.

I happen'd long fince in the time of my Youth, when powerful Nature promoted me to delight in amorous Adventures, to contract a Friendship with

me

a fair Lady, who for her Wit and Beauty, was oftentimes folicited by the Male Sex to help make up that Beaft of Pleasure with two Backs, and hating to submit her self to the tyrannical Government of a fingle Person, never wanted a whole Parliament of Nipples to give her Suck, tho' she flatter'd one Man that kept her, to believe he was fole Monarch of the Low-Countries; but one time he unfortunately happen'd to catch her with a new Relation, of whom he was a little jealous, believing for fome Reasons he had an underhand Design of liquoring his Boots for him, to prevent which he impos'd an Oath of Abjuration upon his Miffress, and made her fwear for the future to renounce the fight of him, which to oblige her Keeper, she very readily confented to, but no fooner was his back turn'd, but the had invented a Salvo for her Conscience, as well as her Concupifcence, and dispatching a Letter to her new Lover, told him what had pass'd, but withal, encourag'd him to renew his Visits at fuch Opportunities as fhe inform'd him were convenient; at the Time appointed her Spark came, The receiv'd him with a blind Compliment, and told him, she would open any thing but her Eyes to oblige him; but those she must keep shut for her Oath's fake, having fworn never to fee him if she could help it. The Gentleman was very well fatisfied he had so conscientious a Lady to deal with: Love, Madam, fays he, is always blind, and for my part, I shall be content to enjoy the darkest of your Favours; upon which he began vigorously to attack Love's Fortress, which you know, Madam, has no more Eyes than a Bettle; as she told me the Story, he was beat off three times, and at last was forc'd to draw off his Forces, so march'd off to raife Recruits against the next Opportunity. next Day came the Governour of the Garrison, as he foolishly thought himself, and made a strict Enquiry whether she had any Correspondence with the Enemy? Lord, Sir, fays the, what do you take

me to be? A Devil; As I hope to be Sav'd, I never fet Eyes of him fince you engag'd me to the contrary: So all things past off as well as if no Evil had been acted.

The next fresh Acquaintance she contracted, she would never suffer to wait upon her at her Lodgrings, other-ways dress'd than in semale Apparel; so when a new sit of Jealousy put her Spark upon purging her Conscience upon Oath, as I have a Soul to be sav'd, says she, no Creature in Breeches but your felf has been near me since you had Knowledge of it; therefore why, my Dear, should you harbour such ill Thoughts of a Woman that loves you as dearly as I do my Beads and Crucifix? Thus, tho she deceiv'd him as often as she had Opportunity, yet her Discretion kept all things in such admirable Decorum, that I never knew any of

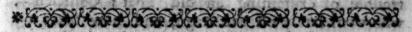
the fair Sex, except your felf, like her.

If it were not for these witty Contrivances, subtil Shifts and Evafions, which we are forc'd to use to keep the Male Sex easy, a pretty or an ingenious Woman, to make one happy, must make twenty miferable; or Wit and Beauty are never without abundance of Admirers; and if such a Woman were to facrifife all her Charms to the miferly Temper of one fingle Lover, the rest must run diftracted, and at this rate the whole World in a flort time would become one great Bedlam; besides, fince there is enough to make all happy, if prudently dispens'd, I know no Reason why one Man should engrofs more than he is able to deal with, and other Men want that, which by using there can be no miss of; therefore I commend you for the Liberty you take to oblige your chosen Friends, and the Prudence you use to conceal it from the envious number you think unworthy of your Smiles; so with this Advice I shall conclude, If you have twenty Gallants that tafte your Favours in their Turns, let no Man know he has a Rival-sharer in the Happinefs, but fivear tosevery one a-part, noncenjoys you

but himself; and by this Means you will oblige the whole Herd, and make your self easy in their numerous Embraces.

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THE PROPERTY IN A. BEHN.



The Virgins Answer to Mrs. BEHN.

Wester Characters and Asket

T is no great Wonder to me you should prove I to so fo witty, since so many Sons of Parassus, infected of climbing the Heliconian Hill, should

floop folow, as to make your Mount of Venus the barren Object of their Poetick Fancies: I have heard fome Physicians fay, the Sweet Fornication draws mightily from the Brain; for which Realon, it is more affected with the Pleasure than any other part of the Body: If fo, how could the Spirit of Peely be otherwise than infus'd into you, fince you always gain'd by what the Fraternity of the Muscs loft in your Embraces? You were the young Poets Venus; to you they paid their Devotion as a Goddels, and their first Adventure, when they adjourn'd from the University to the Town, was to solicite your Favours; and this advantage you enjoy'd above the rest of your Sex, that if a young Student was but once infected with a Rhiming Etch, you by a butter'd Bun could make him an effablish'd Poet at any time; for the Contagion, like that of a worle Diflemper, will run a great way, and be often ffrangely contracted. I have heard a Gentleman fay, that when he was bedded with a Poetels, or rival'd a Poet in his Miffress, that he has dreamt of nothing but Plays, Ballads and Lampoons for fix Months after; and has been forc'd to Cuckold a Critick, before he could get cur'd of the Distemper. From bence it appears, that a Man in his fober Senfes

runs a grearer hazard of his Brains in having familiar Contract with a Daughter of the Muses, than a drunken Man does of his nobler Parts, in Paving

the Common-shore of a Town Prostitute.

You upbraid me with a great Discovery you chanc'd to make, by peeping into the Breaft of an old Friend of mine; if you give your felf but the trouble of examining an old Poet's Conscience, who went lately off the Stage, and now takes up his Lodgings in your Territories, and I don't question, but you'll there find, Mrs. Behn writ as often in black Characters, and stand as thick in some Places, as the Names of the Generation of Adam in the first Chapter of Genesis. But oh! That I had but one Glance into your own Accounts; there I am fure, should I find a compleat Register of all the Poets of your standing, from the Laureat, down to the White-Fryars Ballad-monger: At this Rate, well might you be esteem'd a Female Wit, fince the least Return your Verfifying Admirers could make you for your Favours, was, first to lend you their Af. fiftance, and then oblige you with their Applause : Besides, how could you do otherwise than produce some Wit to the World, fince you were so often plough'd and fow'd by the kind Husbandmen of Apollo? But, give me leave, Madam, to tell you, after all your amorous Intrigues to please the Taglines of the Age, and all the Fatigue of your Brains to oblige a fickle Audience, I never could yet hear that your Reputation ever foar'd above the Character of a bawdy Poetes; and these were the two Knacks you were chiefly happy in, one was to make Libertines laugh, and the other to make modest Women blush; and had you happen'd to have hiv'd in a Reforming Age, under the Lash of Mr. C-r, he would have fo firk'd you about the Pig-market, that you must have learn'd to have writ more Modefly, or he would have been apt to have faid, you certainly thin'd your Ink with your own'd Water, or you could never have writto bawdily.

You feem almost to think it an indispensible Difficulty for a Woman in my Quality to preserve her Reputation, especially if she has done any thing to deserve the Loss of it; I say, a prudent Woman may do it with all the Facility imaginable, by keeping up to a few Maxims in female Policy, which few Women are Strangers to. First, Were I to give my felf Liberty (as whether I do or no is no matter to any body) I would always bestow my Fayours upon those above me, and those beneath me, and never be concern'd with any Man upon an equal Footing; and these are my Reasons. Suppose the vitious Eyes of a great Man are fix'd upon me, and my Charms fhould kindle a Love-Passion in the Cockles of his Heart; he Writes, Chatters, Swears and Prays, according to Custom in such Cases, I still defend the Premisses, by a flat verbal Denial; but at the same Instant incourage him in my Looks. and am always free to oblige dim with my Company; till by this fort of Usage I make him sensible downright Courtship will never prevail; and that the Cittadel he besieges is not to be surrender'd without bribing the Governess: Then he begins to mix his fine Words with fine Presents; he gives, I receive, returning a fide Glance for a Diamond Ring, two Smiles for a Gold Watch, a Kifs for a Pearle Necklare, and at last, for a round Sum the ultimate of my Favours; of which, in one Months Time, he is as much tir'd, as a Child is of a Bartholomew Knick-knack, and so we seperate again, both fully fatisfied: In this case, I say, a Woman's Reputation is pretty safe; for if he has any Brains, he will be afraid to discover I have been his Bedfellow. left I should tell the World he has been my Bubble; for he can't help believing, if he had never been my Fool, I had never been his Mistress.

In the next place, why I would rather submit to make a Friend of an inferior, than an equal; I think these Reasons are sufficient; If I oblige a Man beneathme, he looks upon my Condenscention runs a grearer hazard of his Brains in having familiar Contract with a Daughter of the Muses, than a drunken Man does of his nobler Parts, in Pavings

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In the next place, why I would rather submit to make a Friend of an inferior, than an equal; I think these Reasons are sufficient; If I oblige a Man beneath me, he looks upon my Condenscention

to be his greatest Honour; and 'tis but now and then furnishing his Pockets with a little spending Money, and he'll drudge like a Stone-Horse to give me a competent Refreshment; not only that, but he'll lye forme, fwear for me, fight for me, and be always freaking in Praise of my Virtues upon every eccasion; my mixing his Pleasure with Profit, makes it so much the fweeter, and engages him to give my Favoursa more diligent Attendance. I can govern, command, expect, and make him more my Slave, than a Woman is to her Keeper; and he takes it to be his only Happiness to be so. And for my part, I think there is more Satisfaction in having a Man that ones likes, in this fort of Subjection, than there is in being Curtifan to any goury Peer in Christendom; for I have always had the fame Ambition to be Miffress over some of the Male Sex, as some of them have had to make me their humble Servant. These are the reasons why fome Ladies submit themselves to the Lash of the long Whip, and love to be jerk'd by their Coachmen; and why Lawyers Wives join iffue with their Husbands Clerks; and Shopkeepers Help-mates court the Benevolence of their Apprentices: For a Woman's Bufiness is seldom done by a Man that's her Master; and I must frankly confess, were I to be a Slave to the best Man's Lust in the Kingdom, tho kept never so well for't, if I had not a Man beneath me in the same Classis, I should think my Life but in a miserable Confinement; for there is no other Pleasure in Money got over the Devil's Pack, but in spending it under his Belly; besides, if a Weman's Reputation be fafe in any Man's Power, it must certainly be secure in the Custody of an Inferior fo oblig'd; for Interest is the best Padlock in the World to confine a Tongue to filence: But if you make an Equal your Familiar, and no Interest binding on either side, upon every little Difgust it shall be, Confound you for a Wh-re, what made you disappoint me? D-mn you for a Jilt, what

what Spark were you engag'd with? And this fort of Usage, in a little time, a Woman must expect to be treated with; and Ten to One, but at last expos'd; and this is all the Gratitude the poor loving Fool shall meet with for her Kindness.

Pray, Madam, tho' I have been so free with you, as to deliver you my Sentiments, don't you take me to be a Person that ever put them into practice; I only tell you, according to my present Judgment, what I believe I should do, was I under the same Predicament with many Ladies, whom I see daily in the Boxes; but I thank my Stars, I had always more Modesty than to be lew'd; and more Generosity, than to be mercenary; and have hitherto took care to preserve a virtuous Reputation, notwithstanding I know what I know; therefore I desie your Conscience-peeping; besides, that was in another World; and when all comes to all, I believe it's only a Piece of your own Romatick Wit, and as such I take it.

So farewell.

KARKAR KARKARKARKAR

From Madam CRESWEL of Pious Memory, to her Sifter in Iniquity MOLL QUARLES of Known Integrity.

Dear Sifter,

**** T is no little Grief to me on this side the Grave, * I * to hear what a low Ebb the good old Trade ***** of Basket-making is reduc'd to the Age you

live in; for I hear it is as much as a Woman of tolerable Beauty, and reasonable Share of Experience can well do, to keep clean Smocks to her Back, and pay her Surgeon; when in my time, praised be the L--rd for it, I kept my Family as near and sweet, poor Girls, as any Alderman's Daughters in the City

City of London. I don't know what Scandal our Profession may be dwindled into since my Departure from the upper World; but I am fure, thro' the Course of my Life, I was look'd upon by the whole City to be as honest an old Gentlewoman, as ever hazarded her Soul for the Service of her Country; and always took care to deal in as good Commodities, as any Shopkeeper in London could defire to have the handling of, true, wholesome Country-Ware; whole Waggon-loads have I had come up at a time, have dress'd them at my own Expence, made them fit for Man's Use, and put them into a faleable Condition. The Clergy, I am fure, were much beholding to me, for many a poor Parson's Daughter have I taken care on, bought her Shifts to her Back, put a Trade into her Belly, taught her a pleasant Livelihood, that she might support her felf like a Woman, without being beholden to any Body; who otherwise must have turn'd Drudge, waited upon some proud Minx or other, or else have depended upon Relations; yet these unmannerly Priests had the finful Ingratitude before I dy'd, to refuse praying for me in their Churches; tho' I dealt by all People with a Conscience, and wasfo well belov'd in the Parish I liv'd in, that the Churchwardens themselves became my daily Customers.

My Home was always a Sanstuary for distressed Ladies; I never refus'd Meat, Drink, Washing, Lodging, and Cloaths to any that had the least Spark of Wit, Youth, Beauty or Gentility, to recommend them to my Charity; Ladies Women, Chambermaids, Cookmaids of any Sort, when out of Service, were at all times welcome to my Table, 'till they could better provide for themselves; and I am sure, tho' I say it that should not, I kept as hospitable a House for all Comers and Goers, as any Woman in England; for the best of Flesh was never wanting to delight the Appetites of both Sexes; the topingest Shopkeepers in the City us'd

now and then to visit me for a good Supper; and I never fail'd of having a Tid-Bit ready for them ; Dainties that were hot and hot, never over-done, but always with the Gravy in them, which pleafed them so wonderfully, that they us d to cry their own Victuals at home was meer Carrion to it: hay, their very Wives sometimes, contrary to their own Husbands knowledge, have tripp'd in, in an Evening, complain'd they have been as hungry as Hawks, and defir'd me to provide a Morfel for them that might fatisfy their Bellies; for you must know, both Sexes were wonderful Lovers of my Cookery, and would feed very heartily upon such nice Dainties that I tols'd up for them, when no other fort of Flesh would by any means go down with them. Many hopeful Babes have been beholden to my Manhon-house for their Generation; who tho they were never wife enough to know their own Father, yet some of them, for ought I know, may at this Day be Aldermen; for I have had as good Merchants Ladies, as ever liv'd in Mincing-lane, apply themselves to my fertile Habitation for change of Diet; and have come twice or thrice a Week to refresh Nature with my standing Dishes; for I always kept an open House to feat Lovers; and fove be thanked, never wanted Variety to gratify the Appetites of Mankind. Thirty pair of Haunches, both Bucks and Does, have been wagging their Scuts at one another within the compass of one Evening; and many Noblemen, notwihstanding they had Deer of their own, us'd to come to my Park for a Bit of choice Venison, for I never wanted what was fat and good, tho' within my Pale it was all the Year Rutting-time.

It is well known, I kept as good Orders in my House as ever was observed in a Nunnery; I had a Church Bible always lay open upon my Hall-Table, and had every Room in my House surnished with the Practice of Piety, and other good Books for the Edification of my Family; that for every Minute

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they finn'd, they might repent an Hour at their leffure Intervals. I kept a Chaplain in my House. and had Prayers read twice a Day, as constantly as the Sun rifes in the Morning, and fets in the Evening; and tho' I fay it, I had a parcel of as honest. religious Girls about me, as ever pious Matron had under her Tuition at a Hackney Boarding-School nor would they ever dare to humble the proud Flesh of a Sinner without my Leave or Approbation; and like good Christians, as often as they had finn'd, came to auricular Confession. I always did every thing in the Fear of the Lord, and was, I thank my Creator, fo happy in my Memory, that I had as many Texts of Scripture at command, as a Presbyterian Parson. For my Zeal to Religion. and the Services I daily did to the publick Community, I bless my Stars, I never wanted a City Magiffrate to fland my Friend in the Times of Perfecution, or any other Advertity; but could have half the Court of Aldermen appear on my Behalf at an Hour's warning. I kept a Painter in my House perperually employed upon fresh Faces, and had a good a Collection of Pictures, to the Life, as ever were to be feen in Lilly's Showing-Room; Beauties of all Complexions, from the cole-black clyng-fast. to the golden-lock'd infatiate, from the fleepyfy'd Slug, to the brisk-ey'd Wanton; from the referv'd Hypocrite, to the lew'd Fricatrix; fo that ever. Man might choose by the Shadow, what kind of beauteous Substance would give his Fancy the great test Titillation. Every Room in my House was adorn'd with the Picture of some grave Bishop, that my Customers might see what a great Veneration I had for the Clergy; all my Lodgings were as well furnish'd, as the splendid Apartments of a Prince's Palace; that every Citizen, whose Wife had been kiss'd at Court, might fancy in Revenge, by the Richnels of his Bed, he was making a Cuckold of Nobleman. I never was without Viper Wife for . Fumbler, to give a spur to old Age and assist

Impotency: I also had right French Claret, and the Flower of Canary, to wash away the Dregs of the Iast Sund w's Sermon, that the Bugbears of Conscience might not fright a good Churchman from the Pleasures of Fornication. I had Orders in every Room, against cathedral Exercise, or beastical Backflidings, and made it ten Shillings Forfeiture for any that were caught in fuch Actions; because I would not be billed of my Bed-Money. Thefe were the Mealnes I took in my Occupation to procure an honest Livelihood; and, Heaven be prais'd. I thriv'd as well in my Profession, as if my Calling had been licentable. How times are alter'd fince. I know not, but I hear, to my great Sorrow, that Bawding, of late Years, which us'd to be a Trade of itself, is now grown fcandalous, and very much declin'd by reason that Midwives, like a parcel of increaching Huffeys, have engross'd the whole Bufinels to themselves, to the starving of you experienc'd old Ladies, who have fpent their Days, and worn out their Beauty in the Service of the Publick; and ought in all Equity to be the only Persons. thought qualify'd for so judicious an Undertaking, to support them in their old Age, when Father Time has stripp'd them of their Charms, and their noble Faculties fail them; besides, I hear Noble men employ their own Valets, Ladies their own waiting Women, Citizens Wives one another, and all to fave Charges, to the Ruin of our poor Sifter-

Alack a-day! What a pernicious Age to do you live in? that Traders should trust one another to buy their Commodities, and all to save the Expence of Brokerage. I fear, there are some Instruments among your selves, that have been the main Occasion of your being thus neglected. I shall further proceed, to give you a little Advice, which, if but duly observed, may, I hope, in a little time, recover the accient State of Bawdery into a flourishing Condition, and make it once more as reputable a Calling.

as it was when Clergymens Widows, and decay ! Ladies at Court, did not difdain to follow it.

Never neglect publick Prayers twice a Day, hear two Sermons every Sunday, receive the Sacrament once a Month, but let this be done at a Church where you are unknown; and be fure read the Scriptures often, and be fure fortily your Tongue with abundance of godly Sayings; let them drop from you in strange Company, as thick as ripe Fruit from the Tree in a high Wind; and whenever you have a Design upon the Daughter, be sure of the Mother's faith, and ply her closely with Religion, and she will trust her Beloved abroad with you in hopes she may edify; for you must consider, there is no being a perfect Bawd without being a true Hypocrite.

Always have a Lodging separate from your House, in a Place of Credit; where, upon an occasion, you may entertain the Parents without being suspected, and corrupt the Minds of their Children before they know your Employment: You must first pour the Poison in at their Ears, infect their Thoughts, and when their Fancies begin to itch, they will have their Tails rubb'd in spite of

the Devil.

Whenever you have a Maiden-Head, be sure make a Penny of the first Fruits, and at the second-hand let the next Justice of Peace have the Residue on free Cost, tho you must give her her Lesson, and present her as a pure Virgin; by this fort of Bribery, you may win all the Magistrates in Middleses; make Hick's-Hall your Sanctuary, and gain an meful Ascendancy over the whole Bench of Justices.

Never admit common Faces into your Domestick Seraglio, 'tis a Scandal to your Family, a Dif-honour to your Function, and will certainly spoil your Trade: but ply close at Inns upon the comine in of Waggons, and Geyho-Coaches and there you may hire fresh Countrey Wenches, sound,

plump.

plump, and juicy, and truly qualified for your Bufinefs. Whateyer you do, never trust any of your Tits into an Inn of Court, or Inn of Chancery, for if you do they will certainly harafs her about from Chamber to Chamber, till they have rid her off her Legs; elevate her by Degrees, from the Ground Ploor to their Garrets, and make her drudge like a Landress, thro' a whole Stair-Case; and after a good Weeks work, fend her home with foul Linnen, torn Heed-Geer, rumbled Scarf, Apparel spew'd upon, without Fan, with but one Glove, no Money, and perhaps a hot Tail into the Bargain.

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d, P,

This Advice for the present, if put in Practice. I hope will prove of use to you; I must tell you, there is nothing to be done in the World you live in, without Cunning; Religion it self, without Policy, is too simple to be fate; therefore, if you do but take care for the future and deal by the World, as a Woman of your Station ought to do, and play your Cards like a Gamestress, I don't at all question, but the Mystery of Bawding, by your good Management, may be rais'd again, in spite of Reformation, to its pristine Eminency; which are the hearty Wishes of

Your Defunct Friend

CRESWELL.

MOLL QUARLES's Answer to Mother CRESWELL of Famous Memory.

Louing Sifter, OUR compassionate Letter, has so won my Y Affections to your pious Memory, that it shall be always my Endeavour to pursue your kind Instructions, and to make my felf the happy Imitatrix of your glorious Example, having having often, with great Satisfaction, heard of your Fame; which as long as there is a young Libertine, or an honest old Whoremaster living upon Earth, can never be obliterated. Were I to give you an account of the severe Usage, and many Persecutions I have been under of late days, since the mercenary Reformation of ill Manners has been put on foot, it would soften the most obdurate Wretches within your Infernal Precincts, and make them squeeze me out a Tear of Pity, tho' your unextinguishable Fire had so dry'd their Souls, that their Immortalities were crusted into persect Cinder.

Of all the unmerciful Impositions that ever were laid upon Bumb-Labour, none ever fo highly afflisted, or so insupportably oppress us, the Retailers of Copulation, as this intolerable Society, who have brib'd those who were our Pimps to forsake our Interest; and have made those Scoundrels who were our meanest Servants, our implacable Mafters; who come in Clusters like cowardly Bailiffs to arrest a Bully; distrain our Commodities. for want of Money to pacify their greedy Avarice; fright away our Customers, and make us pawn our Cloaths to redeem little more than our Nakedness from a Cat of Nine-tails, and the filthy Confines of a flinking Prison: At least five Hundred of these reforming Vultures are daily plundering our Pockets, and ranfacking our Houses, leaving me sometimes not one pair of tractable Buttocks in my Vaulting-School to provide for my Family, or earn me fo much as a Pudding for my next Sunday's Dinner: Nay, fometimes I have been forc'd to wag my own Hand to get a Penny for want of a Journey-Wiman in my House to dispatch Business. To shun their Fury, I once got Sanctuary in the Rolls-Liberty. where I thought my felf as fafe as a Fox in a Badger's hole, and had bid defiance to the Rogues even to this Day, for only facrififing now and then an elemolynary

STIPLE

molynary Maidenhead to the fumbling of old Impotency; but some ill-natur'd Observators beginning to reflect, occasion'd my good Friend to look a little a skew upon me, when he found his Gravity and Reputation began to be fmear'd a little; fo that I was foon tols'd out by his untimely Fear, whose Lust before had kindly given me Protection: And now again, as true as I am Sinner, the Rogues plunder me of at Last eight Pence out of every Shilling for Forbearance-Money, and I believe will grow for unreasonable in a little time, that they will not be content with less gain than an Apothecary. Officers of the Parish, where-ever I liv'd, had the scouring of their old rusty Hangers for a Word speaking, without so much as gratifying the Wench for making the Bed, or being ever at the Expense of presenting one of my poor Girls with a Paper-Fan, or a pair of Taffeta Shoestrings. One honest Churchwarden, I must confess, when I liv'd in St. Andrew's Parish, after I had ferv'd him and his Son with the choicest Goods in my Warehouse for above two Years together, till they had got a Wife between them, had the Gratitude, like an honest Man, to present me with a Looking-glass; which I took fo kindly at his Hands, that I declare it, should he come to my House to morrow, I would obligehim with as good a Commodity in my way, as a worthy old Fornicator or Adulterer would defire to lay his hand upon.

Thus plaguing and pillaging of all our known Houses of Delight, has been a great Discouragement to young Ladies from tendring their Service at such Places, or rendevouzing in numbers upon the lawful Occasions that concern their Livelihood, for fear of Trouble or Molestation, and make them rather choose to deal singly, as Interlopers, than incorporate themselves with the Company of Town-Traders, for sear of being scratch'd out of their Burrows by those reforming Ferrets, who make worse havock with the poor sculking Greatures.

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World into a folitary Wilderness.

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I can not but reflect, with great Concern, upon the Unreasonableness of some Men in Authority, who loving the old Trade of Basket-making fo well themselves, are so inveterate against the same Pra-Stice in others, that I cannot but believe, they think the fweet Sin of Copulation ought to be enjoy'd by none under the Dignity of a Justice of Peace, or at least the Authority of a High-Constable: Nay, and are so inveterate when they grow old, against other Creatures who they know use it, that a grave City Magistrate, one of the Reforming-Society, feeing a young Game Cock of his own, refresh his feather'd Mistress three times in about half an Hour, he grew fo wonderful angry with the lascivious Chaunticleer, that he order'd him forthwith to be depriv'd of his Progenitors, for committing fo foul an Act with fuch indecent Immoderation; looking upon the Intemperance to be a Chameful Example, sufficient to stir up inordinate Defires in Mankind, and to put the female part of his own Family upon unreasonable Expediancies; but the good Lady of the House enquiring into the Reason, why the noble little Ceature was so feverely dealt by, and being inform'd by her Chamber-Maid, the compassionately declar'd, that The would rather have given five Pound that fo barbarous an Action had been done in her Family, for that the Bird committed no Offence, and therefore deferv'd no Punishment. Observe but in this particular cular the Cruelty of fordid Man, and the Tenderness of the Female Sex! And how can those poor Girls, who have nothing to depend on but the Drudgery of Flip-flap, expect any other than severe Usage from so morose a Creature? For certain. whilst publick Magistrates are in their Authority fo stiff, and private Women in their own Houses so pliable, the Ladies of the Town must starve, and be firk'd about from one Redewell to another; for the Favours of a kind Mistress, which were once thought the most valuable Blessings beneath the Clouds, are now become, through the universal Corruption of the Female Sex, fuch unregarded Drugs, that the Scene is quite revers'd, and as-Women us'd to take Money formerly as but just Recompence for their foft Embraces, they are fore'd to give Money now, or elfe they will have a hard Matter to procure a Gallant that is worth Whift ling after. How therefore at this Ruter are the poor Whores like to be fed, when the rich ones buy up all for their Cats, and the middling Whores in private lie and pick up the Crumbs? For what won't down with the Quality, are snapp'd up by Citizens-Wives, Sempstresses and Head-dressers; infomuch, that I have feveral pretty Nymphs imder my own Jurisdiction; that some Weeks I may modeftly fay, don't earn Money enough to pay their three Peday Admittances into Pancras-Wells; but are often-times forc'd to Tick half a Sice a piece fortheir Watering; and were it not for the Credit Is always preserve in those Places, the poor Wenches might be dash'd our of Countenance by being refuls'd Entrance; but Money or no Money; if they are my Puppits, and name but who they belong to: they are as kindly receiv'd as so many Butchers at the Bear-Garden; for without them there would beno Sport. You may from thence observe what any honest Reputation I maintain abroad for a Lady of my Calling, that the Word of the homeliest Curtizan protected under my Roof, will pass for Three-R 55 pensee

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pence any where that she's known without the least Exception, when many a poor House-keeper has

not Credit for a Two-penny Loaf.

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We have nothing to hope for, but that the national Senate, through their wonted Wisdom, will find out, without shamming on't, some real Expedient to restrain the Looseness of the Age, and promote the Practice of Morality and ffrict Observance of Religion; for thro' all the Experience I have had in the Mystery of Intriguing, I have ever found the Lady's Students in the School of Venus. attended with the most Prosperity when the People are most Pious; whether it is that a good Conscience teaches Gentlemen to be more grateful to their Miftreffes, or that as the Prieffs grow fat, the Petticoat flourishes, I will leave you to determine: So thanking you for the kind Advice you gave nie in your Letter, which shall always be effeem'd a Guide to my future Practice,

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ingto en fondiligend, mar kome wierks I mayombkeing het, don bedan Money erough en pay their gree Penny Amburances into Paterar-Riche, but are dinn turns one et a Beer half a Sier a richt for

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LETTERS

From the Dead to the Living.

PART III.

The third and last Letter of News from Seignior Giusippe Hanesio, High-German Doctor in Brandipolis, to his Friends at Will's Coffee-House in Covent Garden.

By Mr. Tom. Brown.

Gentlemen

reason of the vast Crowds of People, which press d upon me then for Advice, so that I could not present you with a full Catalogue of my Cures, which you will find at the Conclusion of this, or acquaint you with what Transactions of moment have lately happen'd in our gloomy Regions. But having by miracle a vacant Hour or two at present upon my Hands, which, by the By, is a Bleffing I am seldom troubled with, I was resolv'd not to neglect so fair a Opportunity of paying my Respects to you, and therefore without any more Present of the continue the Thread of my Naration.

I had no sooner publish'd my Bill and Catalogue of Cures, but my House has been crouded ever

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an hardly afford my self an Hour to pass with my Friends! They flock from all Corners of this gigantic City, so that sometimes not only my Courtyard, which is very large and spacious, but even my Chamber, my Anti-Chamber, and if you'll allow me, Gentlemen, to coin a new Word, my Proanti-chamber, or my Hall, is full of them: I will only tell you the Names of a few Customers of Quaity, that resorted to me for Advice yesterday. Morning; to give you an Idea of my Business, and

how confiderable 'tis like to prove.

About a Month after my fetting up, who should rap at my Door; but the famous Semiramis? I remembred her royal Phiz perfectly well, ever fince my Friend Nokes carried me to her Coffee-house, and treated me there with a Glass of Geneva; however, for certain Reasons of State I did not think it proper to let her Babylonian Majesty know. that I was acquainted either with her Name or Quality; come good Woman, fays I to her, what: is your Bufiness? Oh, replies the, You fee the most unfortunate, unhappy Creature in the World. Why what Calamity has befalled you? Only fays the; too big for Words to express; with that the wrung her Hands, stamp'd upon the Floor, curing the left-Banded Planet the was born under, and pouring down such a deluge of Tears, that one would have thought it had been the Second Edition of the Ephesian Matron, lamenting the Loss of one Spoule in order to wheel on a Second. When her Grief. Hyes, the thus continu'd her tragical Historietto. Were I minded, 188 to trouble on with my Ganealesy, I could purious, make it wastly appear, that
few People of lescand of better Ravents than my
saff, but let that pass, the Scare is after a with me
at present, and rather than take in with ill Courses, - few People or to be troublefame to my Relations, I am content to a Hop a Coffee-house. Now as I was sitting in my Bar this

this Morning, and footing a pair of Stockings for Alexxander the Great, in came two rascally Grenadiers, and ask'd for some Juniper; but alas! while I was gone down into the Cellar to fetch it, these lubberly Rogues plunder'd me of a Silver Spoon and Nutmeegrater, and made their escape. Come Mistrels, fays I, this Loss is not so great but a little Diligence may retrieve it. Ob, never, fays fhe again, unless you belp me by your Art, I am utterly undone to all Intents and Purpofes. Finding her so much mortify'd for the loss of her two Utenfils, I resolv'd to exert the Fortune teller to her, and banter her in the laudable Terms of Affrology; fo putting on a very compos'd Countenance, I feem'd very ferioully to confult a Celeftial Globe that flood before me; then enquiring the precise time when this horrid Theft was committed, I drew feveral odd Figures and Strokes upon a piece of Paper, and at laft the Oracle thus open'd: Miffress, it appears I. find by the Heliocentric Polition of the Planets. that Jupiter, you understand me, is become Stationary to Retrogradation in Cancer, and confequently, you observe me Mistress, equivocal to him, but how and why in Trine to Mercury in Scorpio, both polited in watry Signs, and at the fame time Mars being afcendant, of the fecond House, as you may perceive, its as plain that the culminating Afpect of Saturn's Satellites, do ye mind me, centres full in the aforefaid Configuration". So then Mistress, the heary Question thus refolves it felf, viz. That your Goods were carry'd away South East by East of your House, under the Sign of a four-footed Creature, and if you'll leave open your Parlour Windows a-Nights, I dare pawn my Life and Honour, that both your Silver Spoon and Nutmeg-grater will be flung into the House one of the Nights. Semiramis was wonderfully pleas'd to hear fuch News, dropt me a Fee, and went about her Bufiness. on a remondrive way

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She was hardly gone, but in came Queen Dido. who the last time I saw her call'd Vivit so many Rogues and Rascals in my hearing, for raising fuch a malicious Story of her and the pious Aneas: it was a long time before I could get her to tell me what Errand she came about : At last, after abundance of blushing, and covering half her Face with her Hood, Seignior Hanesto, tays she, I doubt not but a Person of your Experience has observed in his time but too many Instances of semale Infirmity. To be plain with you, I am one, and tho' I made as great a Splutter about my Virtue as the foundest of my Sex, yet I was damn'd recreant all that while. In short, I find by feveral Indications which I have not nam'd to you, Doctor, that I am with Child,—and being very tender of my Reputation,—which Doctor, is all we poor Women have to depend upon,—and loth to have my good Name expos'd in Ballads and Lamhoons, I beg the favour of you, dear Do-ftor, and you shall find I will gratify you nobly for your Pains, to help me to fomething that shall make me, --- but you know my Meaning. Doctor. To miscarry is it not, Madam?
You are in the right on't, dear, Sir, reply'd she. Why then Madam, I must tell you, you are come to the wrong House; for whether you know it or no, I carry a tender Conscience about me, mind me what I say, I carry a tender Conscience about me, and would not be guilty of fuch a wicked thing as you mention for the World. But there's an Italian Son of a Whore at the corner of the Street, that will poison you and the Child in your Belly, and half the Women in the City for half a Crowns You may make your Application to him, if you think fit, but for my part, Madam, I'll be perjur'd for no body; for as I told you before, my Confcience is tender : Upon this our famous Coquette immediately withdrew in a great deal of Confusion, and curs'd me plentifully in her Gizzard, I don't que-

My next Visiont was Lucretia, who brought fome of her Water in a Urinal and defir'd me to give her my Judgment on to Finding her Ladyship look a little blueish, and to forth, under the Eyes : what was more, having been privately informed of the Correspondence she kept with Æfor the Fabulift; Madam, fays I bluntly to her, the Party to whom this Urine belongs, is under none of the most healthful Circumstances, but troubled with certain Prickings and Pains. I'll fwear, Dattor, fays the. you are a Man of Skill, for to my certain knowledge the Party is troubled with those Concerns you were talking of You need not forestal me, Madam, fays I to her, but especially when she makes Water; I knew it as foon as ever I cast my Eyes upon the Urinal: And pray Sir, what may be the occasion of it? for the Party is at a horrid loss, what is the matter with her. Why. Madam, fays I, the matter is plain enough, the Party has been committing acts of privity with somebody, and has disoble'd Love's Mansion by it; or to express my felf in the familiar Language of a modern Verfificator and Quack:

Has been dabbling in private, and bad the Mishap, In seeking for pleasure to meet with a Cl-

How Doctor, says she, have you the impudence to by the Party is Cl.—? Verily, Madam, and yet I am no more impudent than some of my Neighbours. Why you saidly Fellow you, continues she, I'd have you to know that I am the Party to whom the Urine belongs, and my Name is Lucretia, that celebrated Matron in Roman History, who scorning to out-live ber Honour, preferr'd a voluntary Death to an ignominious Life. Yes, Madam, says I, I know your History well enough, and whatever Opinion I may have of your Chastity, I have yet a greater of your Discretion; for, between Friends be it said, Madam, before you left this insignificant World, you were resolved to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly'd to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly well and the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do to taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfoly do taste the sweetness of young Tarquin's Perfol

fon cand finding what a vast difference there was between vigorous Love and phlegmatick Duty, you thought it not worth your while to be troubled any longer with the dull Embraces of an impotant Husband. Oh most abominable Scandal, cries our Matron, but Heaven be prais'd Livy tells another Story of my Chaffity; and to let thee fee how forupulous and pareful I am to preserve my Reputation spotless, know, I keep company with none but Moralists and Philosophersi Lord, Madam, fays I, your Intriegues are no Mysteries to me: I am no Stranger to that laudable Commerce you keep with that crook-back'd Moralift and Fable-monger of Phrygia, they call him my Lord Æfop (at which unwelcome Words she look'd paler than I have the charity to believe she did when the impetuous Tarquin leapt into Bed to her) and as for those sage Recommenders of Virtue, the Philosophers, take my Word for it, a Clap may be got as foon among them, as any other fort of Men whatfoever. Since my coming into these Parts, Madama I am able to give you a true account of the prefent State of most of these Philosophers Bodies. Thales, who held that Water was the beginning of all Things, is now fatisfy'd, that Fire is the conclusion of Love: Pythagoras that run through fo many Changes in tother World, has undergone a greater Transmutation here in a sweating Tub. The Divine Plato, and his Disciple Aristotle, are at this prefent Writing very lovingly falivating in my Garret. Socrates had his Shin bones fcrap'd t'other Morning by my Toad-eater Dr. Conner, by the fame token my Hibernian thrash'd him for swearing to inordinately at his Damon that led him into this Mischance. Aristotle told me last Night, that nothing in Philosophy troubled him formuch as piffing of Needles. Diogenes has a Phiz fo merrilly collyflower'd; that he protefts against planting of Men, fince these are the Effects of it; and the virtuous Seneca has loft all his Roman Patience with his Nofe. But alas, thefe folemn splaymouth'd Gentlemen,

Madami,

Madam, fays I, only do it to improve in natural Philosophy, with no wicked Intentions, I can affure you, no carnal Titillation to urge them on, or the like, Well fays be, fince 'tis in vain to play the Hypocrite any longer, I own my felf a downright frait Woman, therefore resolve me what is best to be done for my Recovery? Look you, Madam, fays I, you must take Phyfick, and live fober for a Formight or fo, and I'll engage to make you as primitively found as when you first came squawling into the World. Here's a Dose of Pills, the Devil of any Mercury's in them; take four of them every Morning, and to make them operate the better, drink me a Quart of honest Plegethon a little warm'd over the Fire and mix some grated Nutmeg with it to correct the Crudity. She promis'd to observe my Directions, presented me with half a foore broad Pieces, and as she was going out of the Room, Worthy Doctor, fays the, I conjure you to have a care of my dear dear Reputation: And, Madam, answers I, pray bave you likewife a care of your dear dear Brandy Bottle, and your beloved Dr. Steven's Water with the Goldinit; and fo we parted.

I was thinking with my felf, surely it rains nothing but semale Visitants this Morning, when a brace of two handed strapping Jades bolted into my Closet, and upon a due Examination of their Faces, I sound one of them to be Thalestris the Amazonian, who, as I hinted to you in my last, is become an Haberdasheress of small Wares; and the other that termagnant motly Composition of half Man half Woman; Christiana the late Queen of Sweden. So my two chopping Bona Robas, says I to em, and what Business has brought you hither? Why you must know, cries Thalestris, that both of us are furiously in Love, and want a little of your Assistance.

The Ladies may be always fure of commanding that, answers I, but pray explain your selves more particularly. For my part, says Thalestris, baving formerly been happy in the Embraces of Alexander the Great, I could never sawy any thing but a Soldier ever

fince.

fince. Why our military Men, fays I, have been always famous for attacking and carrying all Places. before them, but pray tell me the happy Person's. name, whom you have fingled from the rest of his Sex to honour with your Affection? With the malicious World, continues the be passes for a Bully, but I call bim my lovely charming Capt. Dawson. 'Tis true, I am not altogether disagreeable to this cruel Infensible; be likes the Majesty of my Person, my Humour and Wit well enough: But tother Morning he told me; over a Porringer of burnt Brandy, when People are apt to unbosom themselves, that be had an unconquerable Averfron to red Hair, and fo I am come to fee whether you have any Relief for this Misfortune, as you promise in your Bills. This is no Business of mine, fays I to her, but my Wife's, who'll foon redress your Grievances, and furnish you with aleaden Comb and my Anti Erythraen Unquent, which after two or three Applications will make you as fair or as brown as you defire. And having faid fo, address'd my felf to her Companion, and enquir'd of her what she came for? I am up to the Ears in Love, fays Christiana; with a jolly smock-fac'd Dutchels's Chaplain lately arriv'd in these Parts; I have already fignify'd my Passion to him, both after the antient and modern Way, persecuted him with Latin and French Billet-deus, for which I was always famous; but this stubborn Theologue tells me my Face is too malculine for him, and particularly quariels with the Bregularity of my Forehead and Eyebrows. Those with easily be reflify'd by my Wife, says I: And now, Madam, will you give me leave to ask you a civil Question or two? A hundred, my dear Seignior, answers the very obliging. To be fort then, says I, a certain French Author, who has writ the Memoirs of your Life, has been pleas'd possitively to as et, that your Majesty went thro at least one half of the College of Cardinals, and that two or three Popes were Suffected of being familiar with you. I wanted, answers the no fort of Confolation from those noble Personages, whilewhile I liv'd at Rome; and to convince you how well I am satisfied in their Abilities, by my good Will, I would have to do with none but Ecclefiaflicks; for besides that they eat and drink plentifully, and by confequence want no Vigour, they possess another no less commendable Quality, and that is Taciturnity. I applaud your Judgment, replies I, for your Churchmen are true Feeders and thundering Performers. No body knows that better than my felf, fays Christiana, and take my Word for it, one robust well-chined Priest is worth a hundred of your lean half-stary'd Captains. I'll never hear the Soldiery blasphem'd, says Thalestris, in mighty Passion, I tell thee, thou infignificant North-Country Trollop, thou foolish affected Grammarian-ridden she Pedeant, that one Soldier is better than a thousand of your stiff-rump'd Parsons; and immediately faluted her with a discourteous Reprimand a cross the Mazzard. The Blood of Gustavus Adolphus began to berous'd in Christiana, and my Glaffes, Globes and Crocodile and all, were infallibly going to rack between these two furious Heroines. when my Wife luckily stept in to put an end to the Fray. In fhort, the matter was amicably made up. and so they follow'd my Spoule into her Closet, where I'll leave them.

Thus, Gentlemen, you may perceive what fort of Customers refort to me, I could tell you a hundred more Stories to the same Purpose, but why should I pretend to entertain Persons of your Worth with so mean and unworthy a Subject as my self? Therefore to diversify the Scene, I will endeavour to divert you with some Occurences of a more publick Importance, which have happen'd in our Acherontic Dominions since I writ to you last.

But before I proceed any farther I am to inform you, that we have a spacious noble Room in the middle of Brendipolis, where the Virtuosos of former Ages as well as of the present, use to resort and entertain one another with learned or facetious

Conversation, according as it happens. Of late we have had the same Controversy debated among us. which fo long employ'd Monsieur Perault and the famous Wits of France, I mean, whether the Antients are preferable to the Moderns in the learned Arts and Sciences. The Question had been discuss'd one Afternoon with a great deal of heat on both Sides. when an honeft merry Gentleman and a new Comer among us, whose Name I have unluckily forgot. interpos'd in the Dispute, and express'd himself to this Effect. Gentlemen, fays he, I think you may e'en drop this Controverly, for I can make it appear, that little England alone affords a fet of Men at present, that much out-do any of the Antients in whatever they pretend to. There's honest Mr. Edmund Whiteaker, late of the Admiralty-Office. that in the Mystery of making up Accounts outdoes Archimedes; and my Lord Puzzlechalk, who told his Mafter's Money over a Gridiron, underflands Numbers better than Archytas or Euclid. Mr. Burgels of Covent-Garden, and indeed most of the Diffenting Parfons, go infinitely beyond Tully and Demosthenes in point of Eloquence; for those old fashion'd Orators could only raise Joy and Sadness fuccessively, whereas the latter so manage Matters, that they can make their Congregations laugh and weep both at once. The Antients were forc'd to drudge and take pains to make themselves Masters of any Tongue before they pretended to write in it; but here's your old Friend Dr. Case by Ludgate, writ a System of Anatomy in Latin, and does not understand a Syllable of the Language. As for Musick you may talk till your Heart akes of your Amphious and your Orblem's, that drew Trees and Stones after them by the irrefiftable Force of their Harmony; this is so far from being a Miracle among us, that the vilest Thrummers in England and Wales do it every Wake and Fair they go to: Then as for the various Perturbations of Mind caus'd by the antient. Musick, we saw something more wonderful happen upon

upon our own Theatre fince the late Revolution. than Antiquity can boast of; for when Harry Purcell's famous Winter Song at the Opera of King Arthur, was fung at the Play-house, half the Gentlemen and Ladies in the Side-boxes and Pit got an Ague by it, tho' it was fung in the midst of the Dog-days. Lastly, To conclude, for I am afraid I have trespass'd too much upon your Patience, we infinitely exceed the Antients in quickning of Parts: Virgil, one of the topping Wits of Antiquity, was forc'd to retire out of the Noise and Hurry of Rome to his Country Villa, and bestow'd some ten or twelve Years in composing his Æneis: Whereas Sir R---- d Bl--- re, who passes but for a fixth Rate Verlifier among us, was able to write both his Arthurs in two or three Years time, and that in the Tumult and Smeak of Coffee-houses, or in his Coach as he was jolting it from one Patient to another, amidst the vast Multiplicity of his Business too, which as the City Bard fra kly confesses, was never greater than then.

The Gentleman deliver'd his Ironies with so good a grace that he set all the Company a laughing, and for that time put an end to the Dispute. And now fince I am upon the Chapter of Sir Richard, you must know, that the young Wits inhabiting upon the Banks of Phlegethon, have lately pelted his Arthurs with Districts, but I can only call to mind at present three of them. The two first restell upon the Poem's-Genealogy, which was partly begot in

a Coffee-house, and partly in a Coach.

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been informed to be that and and

Qui potuit matrem Arthuri dixisse Tabernam Ille potest Currum dicere, Rufe, patre n. that Angièrety carabosine for when Inch The

Sapius in libro memoratur Garthius uno Quam levis Arthuro Maurys utrog; tamens.

I do not wonder now at Prince Arthur's wonderful Loquacity, fays another (for as I remember, when he and King Hoel met upon the Road, he welcomes him with a Simile of forty Lines perpendicular) fince he was born at a Coffee-house; nor at the rumbling of the Verse, since one half of the Book was written in a leathern Vehicle; for we find, continues he, that what is bred in the Bone, will hever out of the Flesh; and thus; 'tis no wonder, that according to the Observation of a modern Virtuolo, the Severn is fo mischievous and cholerick a River, and fo often ruins the Country with fudden Inundations, fince it rifes in Wales, and confequently participates fometimes of the Nature of that hafty, iracund People among whom 'tis born. However, cries furly Ben, I must needs commend Sir Richard's Sagacity and Politicks in taking care that his Muse should be so openly deliver'd; for Epic Poems, like the Children of fovereign Princes, ought to be born in Publick.

T'other Day, as I was taking a folitary turn by my felf, twas my Fortune to meet with a leash of old-fashion'd thread-bare Mortals, with very dejected Looks, and in the best Equipage of those worthy Gentlemen, whom you may fee every day between the Hours of twelve and one, walking in the Middle-Temple and Grays-Inn Walks, to get them a Stomach to their No-Dinners. At first I took them for a parcel of Fidlers, when the oldest of them undeceiv'd me, by addressing himself to me as follows. Sir, lays he, my Name is F. Hopkins, my two Companions are the fam'd Sternhold and Wisdom. and understanding that you are lately arriv'd from England, I have presum'd to ask you a Question: We have been inform'd fome time ago, that two

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Hibernian Bards, finding fault with our Version and Language, have endeavour'd to depose my self and my two Brethren here out of all Parish-Churches where we have reign'd melodiously so long, and to fubflitute their own Translation in the room of it: I confess it vexes me to the Heart to think that I must be ejected after a hundred Years quiet posfestion and better, which by the Common as well as Civil Law, gives a Man a just Title, and religns my Ecclefiastical Dominions to two new fangled Usurpers, whom I never injur'd in my days, Now, Sir, pray tell me how my Affairs go in your World. and whether I have Reputation enough still left me with the People, to make head against those unrighteous Innovators? Why truly, Mr. Hopkins, fays I to him, when these Adversaries first appear'd in the World, I was in some pain about you, the Conspiracy against your Crown and Dignity being To speciously laid, that nothing less than an univerfal Defection feem'd to threaten you. 'Tis true indeed, some few Churches in and about London. where the People you know are govern'd by a Spirit of Novelty, have thrown you out, but by what Advices I can receive, excepting fome few Revolters, the generality of the People feem to be heartily engag'd in your Interests, and, as it always happens to other Monarchs when they are able to furmount an Infurrection form'd against them. I look upon your Throne, fince you have fo happily broke the Neck of this Rebellion; to be fettled upon a furer Basis than ever. The Parish-Clerks. Sextons and old Women all over the Kingdom are in a particular manner devoted to your Service. preserving a most entire and unshaken Allegiance to you, and on my Conscience would sooner part with all Magna Charta than one Syllable of yours. You wonderfully revive my Spirits, replies old Hopkins, to tell me fuch comfortable News, but pray Sir, one Word more with you; This new Translation that has made fuch a noise in the World is it

fo much superior to mine, as my Enemies here would make me believe? Mr. Hopkins, fays I. I flatter no Man, 'tis not my way, therefore you must not take it amils what I am going to fay to you. For my part I am of Opinion, that King David is not oblig'd to any of you, but ought to cudgel you all round : for I can find no other difference between the Fewilh Monarch in his antient Collar of ckes and ays, which you and your Brethren there have bestow'd upon him, and in his new-fashion'd Irish dress than there is between an old Man of Threefcore with a long Beard hanging down to his Waste, and the same individual old Man newly come out of a Barber's Shop nicely Shav'd and Powder'd. Tistrue, he looks fomewhat gayer and youthfuller, but has not a jot more Vigor and Ability. I know von Gentlemen of Will's Coffee-Loufe, will be glad to hear some News of Mr. Dryden, I must tell you then that we have had the Devil and all of Combuffions and Quarrels here in Hell fince that famous Bard's arrival among us, The Grecians, the Romans, the Italians, the Spaniards, the French, but especially the Dutch Authors have been upon his Back; Homer was the first that attack'd him for justifying Almanzor's idle Rants and monstrous Actions by the Precedent of Achilles. The two Poets after a little squabbling were without much difficulty perfwaded to let their two Heroes fight out the Quarrel for them, but the nimbleheel'd Grecian foon got the whip hand of the furious Almanzor, and made him beg pardon. Horace too grumbled a little in his Gizzard at him tor affirming Juvenal to be a better Satyrift than himself, but upon second thoughts thought it not worth his while to contest the point with him. Once it happen'd that Mr. Bays came into our Room when Petronius Arbiter was diverting us with a very fine Newvelle. Monheur Fountaine, Sir Plilip Sidney, Mr. Waler, my late Lord Rochefter, with Sir Charles Sidey, compos'd? part of this illustrious Audience; when Mr. Dryden unluckily

unluckily spoil'd all by asking the latter, what the facetious Gentleman's Name was, that talk'd so agreeably? How, says Sir Charles Sedley, had'st thou the Impudence in the Preface before thy English fuvenal, to say that so soon as the pretended Belgrade Supplement of Petronius's Fragments came rato England, thou could'st tell upon Reading but two Lines of that Edition whether it was genuine or no; and here hast thou heard the noble Author himself talk above half an Hour by the Clock, and could not find him out? Upon this the old Bard retired in some disorder; but what happen'd to him a Day or two after was infinitely more mortifying to him.

Chaucer meets him in one of our Coffee-houfes, and after the usual Ceremonies were over between two Strangers of their Wit and Learning. thus accosts him. Sir, cries he, you have done me a wonderful Honour to furbish up some of my old musty Tales, and bestow modern Garniture upon them, and I look upon my felf much oblig'd to you for so undeserv'd a favour; however, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you, that you overstrain'd Matters a little, when you liken'd me to Ovid, as to our Wit, and manner of Verlification. Why, Sir, fays Mr. Dryden, I maintain it, and who then dares be so sawcy as to oppose me? But under fayour, Sir, cries the other, I think I should know Ould pretty well, having now converfed with him almost three hundered Years, and the Devil's in it if I don't know my own Talent, and therefore tho' you past a mighty Compliment upon me in drawing this Parallol between us, yet I tell you there's no more resemblance between us as to our manner of Writing, than there is between a Jolly well Complexion'd Englishman and a black-hair'd thin-gutted Italian. Lord, Sir, says Dryden to him, I tell you that you're mistaken, and your two Styles are as like one another as two Exchequer Tallies. But I. who should know it better, says Chaucer, tell you the VOL. II. contrary

fo much superior to mine, as my Enemies here would make me believe? Mr. Hopkins, fays I, I flatter no Man, 'tis not my way, therefore you must not take it amis what I am going to say to you. For my part I am of Opinion, that King David is not oblig'd to any of you, but ought to cudgel you all round: for I can find no other difference between the Fewish Monarch in his antient Collar of ckes and ays, which you and your Brethren there have bestow'd upon him, and in his new-fashion'd Irish dress, than there is between an old Man of Threescore with a long Beard hanging down to his Waste, and the same individual old Man newly come out of a Barber's Shop nicely Shav'd and Powder'd. Tistrue, he looks fomewhat gayer and youthfuller, but has not a jot more Vigor and Ability. I know you Gentlemen of Will's Coffee-koufe, will be glad to hear some News of Mr. Dryden, I must tell you then that we have had the Devil and all of Combuftions and Quarrels here in Hell fincethat famous Bard's arrival among us, The Grecians, the Romans, the Italians, the Spaniards, the French, but especially the Dutch Authors have been upon his Back; Homer was the first that attack'd him for justifying Almanzor's idle Rants and monstrous Actions by the Precedent of Achilles. The two Poets after a little squabbling were without much difficulty perfwaded to let their two Heroes fight out the Quarrel for them, but the nimbleheel'd Gracian foon got the whip hand of the furious Almanzor, and made him beg pardon. Horace too grumbled a little in his Gizzard at him tor affirming Juvenal to be a better Satyrift than himself, but upon second thoughts thought it not worth his while to contest the point with thim, Once it happen'd that Mr. Bays came into our Room when Petronius Arbiter was diverting us with a very fine Nouvelle. Monheur Fountaine, Sir Philip Sidney, Mr. Waler, my Jate Lord Rochefter, w'th Sir Charles Sid'ey, compos'd? part of this illustrious Audience; when Mr. Dryden unluckily

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contrary. And I, fay Mr. Bayes, who know thefe things better than you, and all the Men in the World, will stand by what I have affirm'd, and upon that gave him the Lye. Rhadamanthus, who is one of Pluto's older Judges and a severe Regulator of good Manners and Conversation, immediately ient for our Friend John to appear in Court; and after he had feverely reprimanded him for using fuch insufferable Language upon no Provocation; For your Punishment, fays he, I command you to get Sir Richard Blackmore's Translation of Fob by heart, and to repeat ten Pages of it to our Friend the Author of the Rehearfal every Morning. Poor Bayes defired his Lordship to mitigate so harsh a Sentence, and by way of Commutation frankly offer'd to drink so many Quarts of liquid Sulphur every morning. No, fays my Lord Judge, tho' they commute Pennances in Doctors-Commons, yet we are not such Rogues to commute them in Heil, and fo I expect to be obey'd.

Thus, Gentlemen, you see we observe a severe Juflice among us, and indeed to deliver my Thoughts impartially, I must needs fay, that Equity is administer'd after a fairer and more compendious manner in these Dominions, than either in your Westminster-Hall, or your Palace at Paris, where Aftrea pretends to carry all before her, yet has as little to do in either of those two Places, as a Farrier at Venice. A fignal Instance of this we have had in a late famous Tryal. A Foot-Soldier of the first Regiment of Guards, and a Drury-lane Whore, were fummon'd to appear before Judge Minos, who after he had, with a great deal of Patience, heard the Crimes that were alledg'd against them, asked them what they had to offer in favour of themselves, why Sentence of Damnation should not pass? The young Harlot, either relying upon the Merits of her Face, which she foolishly imagin'd would bring her off here, as it had often done in your World, or else being naturally furnish'd with a greater Stock of Impudence than the Soldier, broke thro' the Crowd, and thus andress'd herself to the Court. I hope your Lordthip, fays the, will take no Advantage of a poor Woman's Ignorance, who ought to have learned Counsel to plead for her. However, I depend so much upon the Justice of my Caufe, that I will undertake it my felf. The chief Argument I infift upon, my Lord, is this: I think it highly unreafonable that I should suffer a-new for my Crimes in this World, having done fufficient Pennance for them in the other. By my Aunt's Confent and Privity, I was fold to an old libidinous Lord, and debauch'd by him before I was fourteen. The noble Peer kept me some four Months. Then took occafion to pick a Quarrel with me, and fer me a drift in the wide World, to fleer my Courfe as Fortune should direct me. In this Exigence I was forc'd to apply my felf to a venerable old Matron, who finding me young and handsome, took me into her Service, mamm'd me upon her Cultomers for a Baronet's Daughter of the North, and much I was made of, and courted like a little Queen; but, my Lord, our Profession is directly opposite to all others, for too much Custom breaks us. an Officer in the Army, whom Pluto rewarded for his Pains, taught me what Fortune de la guerre meant, fo that I was very fairly Salivated before Fifteen. Having got a little Knowledge of the World under this old Matron's directions, who went more than halves with me in every Bargain, I thought it high time to trade for my felf, and told her one Morning, that I was refolved to expose my felf no longer in her House. What you please as for that, replies this antient Gentlewoman, but first, my dear Child, let us come to a fair Account. to fee how the Land lies between us. Then stepping into the next Room she shew'd me a Deal-Board all be scrawl'd with round O's and Cartwheels in ungodly Chalk; then clapping on her

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Speciacles, Let me see, cries she, for Lodging, Diet, Washing, Cloaths, Linnen, Physick, &c. you owe me ten Pounds, (which came up within a few tranfitory Shillings of what I had earned in her House) and this you must pay, Sweetheart, before you talk of parting. 'Twas in vain to complain of her Extortion, for besides that she pleaded Prescription forit, her Arithmetick was infallible, and she judg'd for her felf en dernier reffort. Thus I was turn'd out of Doors, but having in the interim, while I flay'd here, contracted a small Acquaintance with a Sister of the Quill that lodg'd in Covent-Garden, I repaired to her Quarters, and continu'd with her. Between us, my Lord, we acted the Story of Caftor and Pollux, that is, we were never visible together, but when she appear'd above the Horizon, 'twas Bed-time with me; and when she kept her Bed, twas my time to shine at the Play-house. When either of us went abroad, we made a fine Show enough, but then we gratify'd our Backs at the Expence of our Bellies; Cow-heel, Tripes, a few Eggs, or Sprats, were our constant Regale at home, and upon Helidays a Chop of Mutton roafted upon a Packthread in the Chimney; and many a time when my Sifter and I wore filver-lac'd Shoes our Stockings wanted Feet. I should trespass too much upon your Lordship's patience, to tell you how I have been forc'd to shift my Name as well as my Quarters, to Submit to the nauseous Embraces of every drunken Tobacco-taking Sot, that had half a Crown in his Pocket to purchase me; and when I have been arrested for a Milk-score not exceeding the terrible Sum of four Shillings, to let an ill-look'd Dog of a Moabite enjoy me upon a founder'd Chair in a Spunging house to procure my To this I should add, what unmerciful Contributions I was forc'd out of my small Revenue to pay to the conniving Justices Clerks, the Constable, the Beadle, the Tallyman, but especially to those Rascals the Reformers, whose Business

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ness it is not to convert, but only to lay a heavier Tax upon poor Sinners, and make Iniquity shift its Habitation oftner than otherwise it would, I should never have done. In short, our Condition, my Lord, is like a frontier People that live between two mighty Monarchies, oppress'd, squeez'd and plunder'd on all fides. By that time I was one and twenty, I could number more Diseases than Years, smoak and swear like a Grenadier; and last Bartholomew-Fair, having made a Debauch in flumm'd Claret and Dr. Stevens's Water, with an Attorney's Clerk, a Fever feiz'd me next Morning, and tript up my heels in three days. How I was buried, that is to fay, whether by the Contributions of the Sisterhood, or at the Charge of the Parish, I cannot tell; but this my Lord, is a short and faithful Account of my Life, and now I submit my felf to the Justice of this honourable Court. I will not pretend to vindicate my Profession, but this I may venture to affirm, that the World cannot live without us, and that a Whore in the Bufiness of Love, is like Farthings in the Bufiness of Trade, which (tho they are not the legal Coin of the Nation) ought to be allow'd and tolerated, if it were only for the conveniency of ready Change. Well, fays my Lord, fince tis fo, and your Calling expos'd you to so much Suffering, I hope you made your Gallants pay for it? That you may be fure I did, answers our Damsel, I fold my Maidenhead to fifteen several Customers, by the same Token seven of them were Jews, and it pleases me to think how I cheated those Loggerheads in their own Mosaical Inclinations. I never parted with any of my Favours, nay, not so much as a Clap gratis, except a Lieutenant and Enfign whom once I admitted upon trust, by the same token they built a Sconce, and left me in the Lurch. I always took care to fecure my Money first; the those ungracious Vipers of the Army would rifle me now and then in spite of all my Precaution: For, my Lord, we Whores.

344 LETTERS from the DEAD

are like the Soa, what we gain in one place we lose in another. Take her away, says my Lord Minos, take her away, see her fairly dipt every Morning for this Twelvemonth over Head and Ears in good wholesome Brimstene: To be both Merchant and Merchandize, to sell her self for Money and yet expect Pleasure for it, is worse Exaction than ever

was practifed in Lombard-fireet, or Cornhil.

Our Drury-lane Nymph was no sooner carried off, but the Soldier advanc'd forward, and thus told his Tale: My Lord, you are not to expect a fine Speech from me, I am a Soldier, and we Soldiers are Men of Action, and not of Words. I was a Barber's Prentice in the Strand, liv'd with him five Years, got his Maid with Child, beat his Wife for pretending to reprove me, had run on Score at all the painted Lettices in the Neighbourhood, and my Circumstances being such, was eastly persuaded to turn Gentleman-Soldier. My. Captain promis'd to make me a Serjeant the very moment after I was listed, but he serv'd me just as he did his Creditors, whom, to my certain Knowledge, he left in the lurch. Well, my Lord, I follow'd him to Flanders, where I stood buff to Death and Damnation four Campaigns, sometimes for a Great, sometimes for nothing a day. Had I more Sinsto answer for than either the Colonel or Agent of our Regiment, I have buffled thro' Mifery enough to wipe out all my Scores, curtail'd of my Pay to keep a double-chin'd Chaplain, who never preach'd among us, and maintain an Hospital, where I could never expect to be admitted without Bribery; forc'd for want of Subliftence to fleal Offal, which an hungry Dog would not pils upon, and if discover'd fure to be rewarded with the Wooden-horfe, and left the unweildy Beaft shou'd throw me, fecur'd by a brace of Musquets dangling en my Heels; to lie up to the Chin in Water. for preventing of Rheumanilms, and smoak wholefome Dock-leaves to prevent being dunn'd by my

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Stomach; drubb'd and can'd without any Provocation, by a smooth-fac'd Prig, who t'other day was a Pimp, or fomething worse to a Nobleman; never fure of one Hour's rest in the Night, never certain of a Meal's Meat in the Day; harass'd with perpetual Marches and Counter-Marches; roafted all the Summer, and frozen all the Winter; cheated by my Officer, cuckolded by my Comrades. Thefe, my Lord, were the Bleffings of my Life, and if ever I could muster up Pence enough to purchase a fingle Pint of Geneva. I thought my felf in my Kingdom. Last Summer I was one of the noble Adventurers that went in the Expedition to Cadiz, and having fecur'd a little Linnen to my felf at Fort St. Mary's, in order to make me a few Shirts when I came home, and rubb'd off with two infignificant filver Puppets (I think they call them Saints) out of a Church, the superior Commander seiz'd upon them for his own private use, in her Majesty's Name, and legally plunder'd me of what I had as legally stolen from the Enemy. This and a thoufand other Disappointments, together with change of Climates and other Inconveniences, threw fuch a damp upon my Spirits, that within three Days atter I landed at Portsmouth, I fell ill, and was glad to part with a wretched Life, which had given me fo much Vexation and fo little Satisfaction. Thus, my Lord, I have honeftly laid all before you, so let the Court sentence me as they please. Why really, fays the Judge, thy Case is hard enough, and I must needs say thou dost not want any new weight to be laid upon thee; and fo immediately acquirted him, ordering him to be fet at liberty without paying of Fees.

Finding Justice impartially administred in Hell, you may perhaps have the Curiosity, Gentlemen, to enquire what fort of Reception my Lord Double, of Turn-about-Hall, found among us upon his Arrival into these Dominions. I must tell you then; that to the universal Admiration of our infernal

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World,

World, my Lord is become Pluto's great Favourite, fo that nothing almost is transacted here without his Advice and Direction. Every Body indeed expected, that his Lordship who changed his Religion on purpose to delude the unhappy Prince, whose prime Confident he was, and at the same time kept a private Correspondence with his Enemy in Holland, would have found an Entertainment suitable to his Deserts, been loaded with Chains, and regaled with liquid Sulphur; but hitherto he has either had the good Luck, or Management, to avoid it. A fudden Guff of Wind had blown away the Fan from the top of Pluto's Kitchin, that very Afternoon he came here. Our Monarch was first in the mind to clap his Lordship's Breech upon the Iron-spike, and make a Weathercock of him (the only thing he was fit for) that with every Wiff of Brimstone he might tell where Damnation fate. Soon after he was of opinion to make a Light-Match of him to use upon occasion, whenever he had any Empire or Kingdom to blow up. But at last carefully considering his Face, and the Majesty of his Gate, he made him his Taylor, and, to fay the Truth, no body knows the Dimensions of his Inciferian Majesty better than his Lordship: And as it often happens in your World, for Noblemen to be govern'd by their Taylors or Peruke-makers, fo my Lord in his present Capacity of Taylor orders every thing at Court, puts in and displaces whom he pleases, and possesses Pluto's Far to that degree, that happening to be in company last Week with Aaron Smith, Col. Wildman, Slingsby Betkel, C--rn-h, and others of the same Kidney, who heartily wish the Prosperity of old Hell, they gravely shook their Heads, and said they were afraid their Mafter Pluto's Government would not long continue, fince he had got a Viper in his Bosom, and a Traytor in his Cabinet, who would not fail to conjure up some neighbouring Prince against him to difpossess him of his antient Throne. Indeed 'tis prodigious.

digious to confider how this Diffembler has wriggled himself into the good Opinion not only of our Sovereign, but even of Queen Profergine. About a Month ago he had Interest enough to get my late Lord Sh-ft-ry, released out of the Dungeon. where he has been confined ever fince his coming here, and made him Administrator of the Glyster. Pipe to Pluto, forthis merry Reason, because he had always a good hand at friking at Fundamentals. That old libidinous Civilian of the Commons, Dr. Littleton, he has made Judge Admiral of the Stypian Lake, and the famous Mr. Alfop, who wished in his Address to King Fames, that the Diffenters had Casements to their Breasts, he has got to be the Devil's Glazier; nay, what will more furprize you, he has procur'd the reversion of Master of Pluto's rough Game, when it falls, for Dr. Oats; and obtain'd a promise of Candle-snuffer-General to all the Gaming-Houses in these Quarters, for honest George Porter the Evidence. ings I sugar of Tree-Tradand old Planat, and the

A Continuation of my Catalogue of CURES.

mens of any the entire to march on he had ma-

metodated to be checket year over dim.

Timothy Addlepate, of Obeapside, Milliner, was so wonderfully afflicted with the Zelotypia stalica, that he constantly lock'd up his simpering red-hair'd Spouse, when Business call'd him abroad, and would hardly trust her with her Aunt or Grandmother. By rectifying his Constitution with my true Covent-Garden E.L.I.X.I.R., he is so intirely cured of the literus Martialis, or his old yellow Distemper, that now of his own accord he carries her to the Playhouse, sends her to all the Balls, Masquerades, and merry Meetings in Town; nay, trusts her alone at Epsom-Wells and Richmond, and will let her sit as whole Asternoon with a gay smooth-fac'd Officer of

the Guards at the Tavern, and is never diffurbed

Jethro Lumm, at the fign of the Blue-Ball and Stotted-Horse, between a Cheesemonger's and Perfumer's shop in Ratcliff-bigh-way, by taking a few Doles. of my Pulvis Vermifugus, or my Anti verminous Powder woided above 20000 Worms of all forts, as your Afrarides, Teretes, Hirudines and fo forth, inthe space of twelve Hours, one of which by the modest Computation, was supposed long enough to reach from St. Leonard's Shoreditch, to Tottenbam High-Crofs. I con ess my Medicine is a little bitter. but what fays the learned Arabian Philosopher Hamet Ben Hamet, Ben Haddu Albumazar? A Diadem. will not cure the Apoplexy, nor a Velvet-Slipper the Gout ! And are not all the Antients as well as Neotorics agreed, that rare corpus nostrum fine vermibus? Therefore my good Friends, be advised in time.

Ezekiel Driver, of Puddle dock, Carman, having disorder'd his Pia mater with too plentiful a Mornings draught of Three-Ki reads and old Pharoab, had the missortune to have his Car run over him. The whole Street concluded him as good as dead, and the over-forward Clerk of the Parish had already fet him down in the Weekly-Bills. Two Applications of my Unguentum Traumaticum set him immediately to rights, and now he is Coachman in ordinary to a Tallyman's fat Widow in Soko. Witness his Hand E. D.

Elnathan Ogle, Anabaptist-Teacher in Morefields, over against the Grasshopper and Greybound, for want of being carefully rubb'd down by the pious Females after his sudomisch Exercise, had got the greese in his Heels, and was so violently troubled with rheumatical Pains, that he was no longer able to lay out himself for the Benesit of his Congrega-

tion. My Emplastrum Anodynum so effectually refiev'd him by twice using of it, that he has since shifted his Profession, teaches the Youth of Finsbury-Belds to play at Back-Sword and Quarter-Staff.

and:

nd has turn'd his Conventicle into a Fencing-School.

- Marmaduke Thummington, at the Red-Cow and three Travellers in Barbican, was posses'd with anobstreperous ill condition'd Devil of a Wife, whose everlatting Clack inceffantly thundering in his Ears. had made him as deaf as a Drum. His Cafe was fo lamentable, that a Demi-culverin shot over his Head affected him no more, than it would a Mantwenty Miles off: He was insensible to all the betting and fwearing of the loudest Cock-match, that ever was fought by two contending Counties; nay at one of Mr. Bayes's fighting Plays, would fit you as unconcern'd, as if he had been at a Quakers filent Meeting. After all your Elmys, and other Pretenders had despair'd of him, I undertook his Cure, and with a few of my Otacouftical Drops have so intirely recover'd him, that the Society of Reformershave made him their chief Director, and his hearing is softrangely improv'd that at an Eaves-dropping at a Window, he can hear Oaths that were never fworn, and Bawdy that was never spoke.

Grammar-Elaboratory, in the out-skirts of the Town, was so monstrously over-run with the Scorbuticum Pedanticum, that he used to dumfound his Milk Woman with strange Stories of Gerands and Participles; would decline you Donnus in a Cellar in the Strand before a parcel of Chimney-Sweepers, and consute Schioppius and Alvarez to the old walley d Matron, that fold him grey Pease. The this strange Distemper, when once it has got full Possession of a Man, is as hard to be cured as an Hereditary Pon, yet I have absolutely recover d'him; so that now he troubles the Publick no more with any of his Dutch-Latin Dissertations; but is as quiet an Author, as ever was neglected by all the Town, or

buried in Little-Britain.

finethy Gimerack, Doctor of the noble Cocklethell-Fraternity, whose Philosophy and Learning; lay so much under Ground, that he had nothing of either to show above it, used to be troubled with strange unaccountable Fits, and during the Paroxysm, would contrive new Worlds, as Boys build Houses of Cards, find a thousand Faults with old Moses, make a hasty Pudding of the Universe, and drown it in a Menstrum of his own inventing, and scave the best Patient in the City, for a new gay-coated Buttersty. I took out his Brains, washed them in my Aqua Intellectualis, and if he has since relaps'd, who may he thank, but his cursed East-India Correspondent, who addled his Under standing a new, with sending him the Furniture of a Chinese Barber's Shop.

Nehemiah Drowfy, Grocer and Deputy of his Ward, was so prodigiously afflicted with a Lethargy, that his whole Life was little better than a Dream. He would fleep even while he was giving the account of his own Pedigree, how from leathern Breeches and nothing in them, he came to the vast Fortune he now possesses. Nav, over the pious Spouse of his Bosom he has been often found asleep in an Exercife which keeps all other Mortals awake. By following my fage Directions he's fo wonderfully alter'd for the better, that after a full Dinner of Roaff-Beef and Pudding he can liften to a dull Sermon at Salters-Hall, without fo much as one Yawn; nay, can hear his Apprentice read two entire Pages. of Wesley's Heroic Poem, and never makes a nod all' and confure Science in and Aloures to the Landing

The End of my Catalogue of CURES.

ell as is bounded to be cared as an all

But to come to Affairs of a more publick Concern, we are in a strange Ferment here about the divided Interests of the Houses of Austria and Bourbon. Our Master following herein the Policy of the Fesuits, or rather they following him, for we ought to give the Devil his due, seems to incline most to the latter. However, if the Spaniards and French

French set up their Horses no better in your World than they do with us, 'tis easy to predict that the unnatural Conjuction of the two Kingdoms will be soon shatter'd to pieces. Whenever they meet, there's such roaring and swearing, and calling of Names between them, that we expect every Minute when they will go to Loggerheads. 'I is true some few of the Dans that are lately arriv'd here, call Lewis-le-Grand their Protector, and are Frenchifyed to a strange Degree; but the rest of their Countrymen call them a parcel of degenerate Rafeals, and are so violently bent against them, that times Pluto lock'd them up a Nights in distinct Appartments, we should have the Devil and all to do with them.

Next to the Affairs of France and Spain, are we concerned about the Fate of the Occasional Bill; a few old-fashion'd Virtuolos among us hope it will. pass, but the Generality of our Politicians, and particularly those belonging to Pluto's Cabinet, who ase styled the Congregation de inferno ampliando, are refolv'd at any rate to hinder it's taking Effeet. As Hypocrify fends great Numbers to Hell. than any other Sins whatever, you are not to wonder if the Ministry here do all they can to oppose the passing of a Bill, which will prove so destructive to the Internal Interest by destroying Hypocrify. For which reason Pluto has lately dispatch'd several trufty Emissaries to your Parts, who are to bribe your Observators and other mercenary Pamphleteers, to raife a hideous Outcry about Persecution, and represent this Design in such odious Colours to the People, that, if possible, it may miscarry, A little time will show us the Success of this refin'd Conduct.

One short Story, Gentlemen, and then I have done. A Spaniard last Week was commending the Authors of his own Country, and particularly enlarg'd upon the Merits of the voluminous longwinded Tof atus, who, he said, had writ above a

Cart-

Indeed Ingratitude is so monstrous and execrable a Vice, that, according to the Roman Orator's Obfervation (I need not tell you, that when I fay the Roman Orator, I always mean Tully) the very Earth it felf, the bruta Tellus, as Horace deservedly calls it, is a standing Testimony against all ungrateful Men, and rifes up in Judgment against them. For does not this Earth, the vilest of the four Elements, make grateful Returns to the Husbandman for the little Cost and Pains he bestows upon her? Does the not fometimes give thirty, fometimes twenty, and at least ten Measures of Corn for the one he entrusted her with? Whereas an ungrateful Wretch is fo far from doubling or trebling a Kindness done to him, that 'tis next door to a Miracle, if he can be brought to give back the Principal.

And now, Sir, you'll ask me, I suppose, what I mean by declaiming thus against Ingratitude, any more than Simony or Sacrilege, or any other Sin whatever; and particularly how this comes to affect you? Why, Sir, don't be so hasty, I beseech

you, and you'll foon be fatisfyed.

You must understand me then, that one Mrs. Rebecca Blackman, Widow, who lives at the Sign of the Griffin in Skoe-Lane, (Huppole, Sir, fomebody's Conscience begins to fly in his Face by this time) told me, that a certain Gentleman of Cambridge, who very much refembles you in Name, Face and Person (and now Sir, I humbly conceive that some body that shall be nameless blushes) borrow'd of her upon the 1st of April, 1698, in the tenth Year of his Majesty King William's Reign, the Sum of five Pounds, (well Sir, let him bliff on, for blufhing is a fign of Grace) which herpromis d to repay her in Verto Saserdotis, within a Month after, (good Lord ! to fee how canonically fome People can break their Words) upon the Word of a Gentleman, as he was a Christian, and all that. But mind what follows, Sir. This worthy Gentleman I told you ef, altho he was bound to the Performance of his Promise

Promise by all that was good and sacred; and if good and facred would not bind him, by a Note under his own Hand, wherein he promis'd to pay to Mrs. Rebecca Blackman, Widow, or Order, the aforesaid Sum of five Pounds upon demand: Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this, he has not had the Manners fo much as to fend her a Letter to excuse himself for this Delay, and takes no more notice of her, than if he had never feen any fuch Person as Mrs. Rebecca Blackman in all his Life.

She being therefore my antient Acquaintance and Friend, and one for whom I profess to have a very great Value, deur'd me to write a few Lines to you, which accordingly I have done, and by her order I request you, as being a Person of great Civility and Candor, to tell the aforefaid Gentleman, (whom as I am inform'd you may see every Morning in the Year, if you have a Looking-Glass in your Room, which I will in Charity suppose) that she expects to have the five Pounds supradict' within a Fortnight at farthest, and then all will be well: Otherwise she must be forc'd, in her own defence, to employ the secular Arm, anglice, a Bailiff or Catchpole, and put the abovemention'd Person into Lobb's Pound.

New, Sir, having a great regard to Mother Univerfity, (of which I might have been an unworthy Member, had not my Unkle -) and likewise being defirous to prevent farther Effusion of christian Money, I make it my humble Request to you to speak to the aforefaid Gentleman, that he would fend me the Sum of five Pounds with all expedition; and in so doing you will in a most particular Manner ob-

has the Institute of the last it was a

in Clifford's-Inn.

From my Chambers Your most bumble tho unknown Servant, Stranger to his Name and Medici

ign fwm men the her he has failired his Querginon for which Cirac by an old Statute of King Inc.

that they they take the ANSWER I.

To Mr. W. H. Attorney at Law, at his Chambers in Clifford's- Inn.

Worthy Sir,

DOOD I fterday Morning, about Eight of the Clock Y Precifely, the Sun being newly entred into Sagitarius, and the Wind Randing at South-

a mideal diwon to

Haft by East; which Corner, as the learned Abbot Joachimus Trithemius, in his elaborate Treatife, intituled, Eurus Enuclatus, tells us, is a certain Prognoffick of Droughts and hot Weather; I was fmoaking a Pipe of Tobacco, and reading Erasmus's Moria Encomium of the Basil Edition, printed by Frobenius, -who, you know, Sir, married Christopher Plantin's Cook-maid, when to my great Surprise, the Post-Boy brought me a Letter from one W. H. who pretends to date it from his Chambers in Clifford's Inn; tho' as far as I can judge of the Beaft by his Style and way of Writing, he ought to have a Room no where but in the Brick-House in Moorfields.

For, Sir, the Author of it, and I defire you to tell him so much from me, seems to rave, and in his raving Fit difgorges old Buckram Apothegms and Ends of Latin Stolen out of Lycosthenes; and in short, at the Expence of other Folks, throws his thread-bare Quotations about him like a mad Man.

as you will foon perceive, if you'll give your felf the trouble to read what follows.

I. This Retainer to the Law, Sir, begins his Letter with Ingratum fi dixeris, omnia dixeris; and has the Impudence to tell me, that it was a Saying of one of the greatest Sages of Antiquity, as if a Man were a jot the wifer for his calling him fo; and, like a presuming Coxcomb as he is, presumes I am no Stranger to his Name and Merits. Pray, Sir, tell him from me, that he has fallify'd his Quotation : for which Crime, by an old Statute of King Ina, as You will find in Gothsfred and Panormitanus, he ought to do in Penance in a certain wooden Machine, call'd in Latin, Cellistrigium, and in English, a Pillory; and that in all the antient Manuscripts both in the Vatican and Bodleian Libraries, not to mention those of the Duke of Curland, and the Prince of Hesse Darmstad, 'tis written, Attornatum & dixeris, omnia dixeris; which is as much as to say, Sir, that if you call a Man an Attorney, you call him all the Rogues and Rascals in the World.

II. Before I proceed any farther, I must beg the favour of you to inform him, that we are much surprised here to find an Attorney guilty of so much Nonsense, as to send down Latin to the University, where we have more than we know well what to do with. 'Tis as bad as sending Darby-Ale from Fuller's-Rents to the Town of Darby, or Sturgeon to Huntington. In sine, as he has managed matters, 'tis downright Murderium (he knows the meaning of that Word) for which he must never expect the

Benefit of the Clergy.

HOY

To pass over his next idle Quotation, and an old batter'd English Proverb; the next Person he falls upon, is the Roman Orator; and with his usual Discretion, he gives me to understand that he means Tully by him. "Tis well he tells us whom he means; for of all the Men in the World, I thought an Attorney had as little to do with an Orator, as a Bawd with an Eunuch. But why should a Fellow. that never meant any thing in his Life, pretend to Meaning? or how came Tully and Inch a Blockhead to be acquainted? Wel, but Tully, he fays, obferves that the Earth it felf, which, I hope by the bye, will one of these Days stop his pettifogging Mouth, for calling it the vileft of the four Edements. is a standing Testimony against Ingratitude; and why? forfo.h, because it returns the Husbandman two for one. I can't imagine how it should come into this Wretch's head to rail at Ingratitude, who is the most ungrateful Devil that ever livid; and great a Blockhead as when he first came to Town.

Towards the conclusion of his Letter, you must under fand, fays he, that one -- This he faid to shew his Civility and good Manners; You must understand? Why, suppose I won't understand, how will he help himself? or what Man alive can understand a Fellow that murders his Thoughts between two Languages? But I find I must understand him right or wrong. After this Compliment, he tells me an idle foolish Story of a Widow in Skoe-lane, and raves about five Pounds, that I know nothing of; and is fo full of it that a few Lines below he calls it the Sum supraditt. I shall take another Opportunity to knock this impertinent Tale on the head, and shall only defire you at present to acquaint this W. H. from me, that when he has answer'd this Letter, I defign to give him Satisfaction in his other Points. In the mean time, unknown Sir, I am as the Reman Orator has it, as Ve and the add and the bonest than is no

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SI Ring describe Days done de processo de la

Don't know what Plenty of Latin you may it is have in the University; tho', by the bye, I with it as you pretend; but I dare swear that good Manners are very scare things among you, and your Letter sufficiently demonstrates it.

You

a de Living. 357 You are angry with me, it feems, for quoting a few Latin Sentences; I am afraid 'tis the meaning of them, and not the Language that disgusts you; for fome People can't endure to hear the Truth told them in any Tongue whatever: But, under favour; Sir, what mighty Virtue should there be in the Air of Oxford and Cambridge, that Latin should only flourish there? Or why should not Tully take up his Quarters in the Inns of Chancery, as well as one of your Colleges? I am fure we can give him better Meat and Drink, and perhaps have cleaner and larger Rooms to entertain him.

Non obtufa adeo gestamus pettora POENI, Nec tam aversus equos TIRIA sol jungit ab urbe.

The meaning of these two Verses are, (for why should not I interpret my Latin to you, as well as you have taken the Freedom to explain yours to me?) that London is not so barbarous and unpolist'd a Place, but that Appollo, and the nine Mujes, may find as hospitable a Reception there, as with

you in the University.

But Sir, I have no time to lose, tho' you have. The Widow is pressing for her Money, the Term d: aws on a pace, and I must know your Answer one way or another. Therefore let me defire you in your next, not to ramble from the Point in hand, but to keep to the Text. Once in your Life take Martial's Advice. Die aliquid de tribus Capel is. There's Latin for you again; but the Advice is good and feafonable. Once more leave off flourishing and come immediately to Business, that I may know what Measures to take. and and on a sound to

then how can poor be morning is new fach, thing an

a Walou 2 and if io. ave, ma I one an infinite able Yours, as you use me,

a switched by the west the search and the search W. H.

ministra and ANSWER SOIF STORE WALL WAT

5 1 R.

O U charge me with want of Manners in the Y Wiversity. Now, to convince you that your Acculation is groundless, frivolous and vexatious. I will take no notice of the fcurrilous Reflections in your Letter, but, as you defire

me, fall immediately to Bufinefs.

To fum then up in a few Lines what you have bestow'd so many upon, you tell me that a certain Gentleman of my Acquaintance, meaning my felf, I suppose, whom in your excess of Charity, you believe to have a Looking Glass in his Chamber, and a great deal of the like Stuff, borrow'd five Pounds last April of one Rebecca Blackman, Widow, and Spinster, living at the Sign of the Griffin and Red-lion in Sloe-lane, and has not paid her as he promis'd. Now, Sir, if I make it appear to you that there is no fuch a thing as a Widow in rerum natura, or a Griffin, or a Red-lion; that Shoe-lane is an equivocal Word, and that 'tis impossible for a Man that lives under the evangelical Difpensation to one any fuch Heathenish Sum as five Pounds, I hope you'll be brought to knock under the Table. and own that you have given me and your felf a great deal of unnecessary Trouble.

First of all, I affirm, affertand maintain, that there is no fuch thing as a Widow in the Universe; and thus I prove it. A Widow is one that laments and prieves for realofs of her Husband; but how can you or any Man in London know that a Weman really grieves? For shedding of Tears, and wearing of Crape, are no fure figns of Grief; confequently then how can you be fure there is any fuch thing as a Widow? and if so, are not you an insufferable Coxcomb to palm a Widow upon a Stranger, that never did you any harm? Well, but suppose it were pessible for a Man to know that a Woman really grieves for the loss of her Husband, which Proposition, let me tell you, Herebord, Burgersdicius, and the whole stream of the Dutch Commentators and Peliponnesian Divines, positively deny; how shall we be able to find out this Monfter, and tell where the Place of her abode is? Why, fay you, she lives at the Sign of the Griffin and Red Lion in Shoe-lane? Blefs us! what a fad thing it is to be troubled with a distemper'd Brain! Imprimis, a Griffin is a new Enstrationis, only devis'd by the Imagination, and is no where to be found, no, not in the Deferts of Arabia, or the vast Forests of Afric; altho' Afric, Sir, ever fince the time of Eratofthenes and Strabo, has been faid continually to produce some new Monster: And as for a Red Lion, I defy you and all the Attornies in the Kingdom to shew me one. Theophrastus, Ælian, Dimy fius, Harmogiftus de miraculis, Perogunius de brutis. Philogemen Junior de robusta natura, and a hundred more of Worth and Credit, whom I have read, and you never heard nam'd, either in Westminster-Hall. or Westminster-Abbey. But since these are Pagan Authors, it may be you will pretend they ought to have no weight with a Christian, and I know you will be damn'd before you will allow of any thing against your own Mammon; therefore I shall proceed to give you more modern Accounts of what has been remark'd in the most natural Places for to expect Monsters in, and yet the Devil of a Red Lin do they mention. Don Gonfales gives us a Particular of all the Wonders, Miracles and strange things in the habitable part of the Moon; Mandevil's Travels, Piuto's and de la Val's, the most fabulous of the Poets, the most lying Pilgrams and extravagant Historians, never dar'd to have the Impudence to impole fo much upon Mankind as to affert the being of a Red Lion, 11- 34 34 100 1913

Now if human Reason, Experience in so many Places, and no Proof any where can have place, as it ought to do with a Lawyer, I hope here are enough to convince you of your Error; but if nothing under ocular Demonstration will satisfy you,

and you are not at leifure to turn over fo many Volumes, letme request you, wentby Sir, to take a step to the Tower, and if you don't find what I fay to be true. I promise you here under my hand to give you a hundred Pounds, bone & legalis Moneta An-

elia, the next time I meet you. I had him want to

However, for Peace fake, let us once admit, that Griffins and Red Lions, are real things, and no Fictions of the Brain, as Smeglefine hath evidently prov'd it, in what Street, or Square, or Lane, or Alley, is the abovemention'd Mrs. Rebecca Blackman to be found? Oh, cry you in Shoe-Lane, Come, Sir, Shoe-Lane is a Fallacy which you must not pretend to put upon a Man that has taken his own Degrees, and writes himfelf A.M. Don't you know, that Dolus latet in universalibus? Whatever Lane People walk in they must certaintly wear out Shoe-Leather; and in whatever Lane they wear, out Shoe-Leather, that Lane, in Propriety of Speech, deferves and may challenge the Name of Shoe-Lane : Confequently then, every Lane, not only in London, but in all his Majesty's Dominions, where the Subjects of England walk, and wear out Shoe-Leather, may properly be call'd Shoe-Lane. Judge then whether ever I shall be able to find out the true Place where this Widow lives by the equivocal Description you have given of it. As for my Major, I defy you or any of your Brethren in wicked Parchment, to find out the least Hole in it. My Minor is as plain as the Sun at Noon-day; and you may as well run your Head against a Brick-Wall, as pretend to attackit; and then the Confequence must be good of course: I would take this Opportunity to hew the Fallhood and Vanity of the remaining part of your Letter; but the Bell-rings for Supper: However, I shall take care to do it next Fost; at which time you may certainly expect to hear farther it output to do with a Lawyer, I hope here most

Your most bumble Servant, Q. Z.

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ANSWER III.

Fully demonstrated to you in my last, that there was no such thing as a Widow; or suppose there was, that it was morally impossible for a Man to know it. After this, I

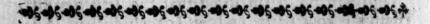
proceeded to shew, that your Griffin was romantick. your re! Lion fabulous; and that Shee-lane by being every Lane, was confequently no Lane at all. Now, Sir. I come to consider the following part of your Letter, where with your usual Ingenuity and good Manners, you tell me I am indebted the Sum of five Pounds to the Widow above-mention'd; and I doubt not to lay open the Vanity of this Allegation, as well as of those that preceded it. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that 'tisimpossible that -- should owe any fuch Sum as five Pounds. Isit to be imagin'd that afhould trespass against a plain positive express Text. of Scripture? This is what the worst of our Adverfaries, either Papists or other Sestaries, of what Title or Denomination soever, would not have the impudence to charge us with. Does not St. Paul politively fay, Owe no man any thing but Love? How then can I owe this chimerical Widow of your own: making that heathenish Sum call'd five Pounds? Indeed, if there is any fuch Person, I owe her a great deal of Love, as the Text commands me; but as for five Pounds, I owe it her not: And for this, as I have already observ'd to you, I can produce a plain politive Text of Scripture, which I hope you will not be fo wicked as to deny.

In short, Sir, I am afraid that the Law has discompos'd your Brain, and this I conclude from your incoherent Citations of Latin, your raving of Griffins and red Lions, of Widows and five Pounds. Therefore, tho' I am wholly a Stranger to you, yet, as you are a Native of this Kingdom, I heartily wish your Cure, and shall do whatever lies in my Power to effect it, for which reason I desire you to take

notice of the following Advice. It being now Spring time, at which Season according to the Obfervation of the learned Zarabella and Ciacconius. the Humours begin to ferment and float in all human Bodies, I would advite you to correct the faline Particles, with which I perceive your Blood is overcharg'd, with good wholfome Nettle-broth and Watergruel every Morning alternately; but take care to put no Currans or Sugar into you Watergruel, because, as the judicious Frenelius, in his Diatriba de ufu, affirms, Currants excite Choler, and Sugar has an ill Effect upon the Diaphragm, Glandula Pi-Then, Sir, thrice a Week at least, refrigerate your Intestines with good falutary Clysters, and take some eighteen Ounces of Blood away about two Hours before the Clyster is administred to you. Above all, let me conjure you to forbear fluff'd Beef, falt Fish, Pepper and hot Spices, and what is full as pernicious as Pepper and hot Spices. the reading of any Latin Authors, for fear they should raise a new Rebellion in the Humours: Sage and Butter, with a Glass or two of clarify'd Whey moderately taken in a Morning, may be of fingular Use. Go to bed early, and rise betimes. If you live up to these Directions, I do not doubt but you'll be your own Man again in a little time. Having no farther Interest in all this than only effecting your Cure, I persuade my self you will be so much your own Friend as to follow the Advice of

Your bumble Servant,

Q.Z.



LETTER III.

SIR. ***** Ince you were so wonderfully kind in your S laft Letter, as out of your great Liberality to honour me with some of your own Directions. ons, I am refolv'd not to be behind-hand with you in point of Courtefy, and therefore recommend the

following Rules to your Confideration.

In the first place, I crave leave to inform you, that Syllogisms and Sophistry pay no Debts; 'That as old Birds are not to be caught with Chaff, so a Lawyer is not to be impos'd upon by thin frothy Arguments; and that Aristotle, let him make never so great a Figure in the Schools, has no manner of Authority in Westminster-Hall, where I can assure you they won't take his lpse dixit for a Groat.

Secondly, I would advise you not to have so great an Opinion of your own Parts, as to despise the rest of the World, and think to palm any of your little Banters upon them. 'Tis enough in all Conscience I think, that you take the Liberty to dumfound us with your Fathers and Councils in the Pulpit, which we of the Laty are forc'd to take upon Content; and therefore you may spare them elsewhere.

Thirdly and Laftly, When you run in any ones. Debt, 'tis my Counsel, and Igive it you for nothing, that you would take care to see the Party satisfy'd in good current Money, for sear the wicked Madita should compel you to it, which, between Friends, will not be much for your Reputation. As this is the last Letter you are like to receive from me, I make it once more my request to you to observe the Contents of it: For I am not at leisure to trisle any longer with you: Otherwise a Stone-Doublet is the Word, and Wars must ensue, which every good Christian ought to prevent, if it lies in his Power. I am, unless you give me surther Provocation,

Your bumble Servant,

W. H.

Your old Friend the Widow, is forry you have made so familiar with her, as to call her Being in question; as likewise that of her Griffin and red Lion.

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As for your Love, having no eccasion for it at prefent, the defires you to bestow it elsewhere; but is refolv'd, notwithstanding all your learned Quirks and Quiddities, to get her five Pounds again; and when the has it in her Pocket, for your take the'll never trust it with a Logician, that would ergo her out of what is her own

ANSWER IV.

Receiv'd your last, for which I return you 1 00 my hearty Thanks, and am entirely of your Opinion, that old Birds are not to be

caught with Chaff, I find, Sir, you are a. great Admirer of old Proverbs, and I commend you for it: For a great deal of Morality and wholelome Knowledge is to be pick'd out of them: besides, Sir. they are like the common Law of England, and derive their Authority from Usage and Custom. Now I am talking of Proverbs, there's one comes into my Head at prefent, which I defire to ruminate or chew! the Cud upon. In short, 'tis Birds of a Feather, flock' together, which is effectually and litterally fulfill'd when an Attorney and a Pickpocket are in the fame-

Cempany.

I am likewife of opinion, worthy Sir, that what you fay of Aristotle's making none of the best Figures in Westminster-Hall, may be true; for how can that plodding Animal call'd a Philosopher, expect civil Quarter from the Sons of Noise and Clamour? But by the by, Sir, I must take the Freedom to tell you, that some of his Friends here take it very ill, that you the black Guard of Westminster-Hell won't take his Word for a Groat, Sir, that diminutive contemptible piece of Money a Groat, Sir, three of which go to the making up of that important Sum, denominated by the Vulgar a Shilling. Is it not very barbarous and inhuman, that Ari-Statle, formerly Tutor to the greatest Monarch in. the Universe, (when I say the greatest Monarch in the Universe, I neither mean Bajazet, nor Tamberlane, nor Scanderbeg, nor Pipin, nor yet the French King, but Alexander the Great) whole Ipfe dixie would have formerly gone more current than our present Exchequer-Notes, or Malt-Tickets, in any Tavern. Inn, or Victualling-house, between the Helleftont and the Ganges, for a thousand Pounds upon occasion: Is it not barbarous and inhuman, I lay, that this same Aristotle shou'd not be trusted for a-Groat in Westminster-Hall? I hat Language one would hardly have expected either from Goth Vandal, or Han; but much lefs from a Person of your Civility and Learning. But alas! Sir, Ætas parentum pejor avis; we live in the Fag-end of a most degenerate ungrateful Age, that has no regard to Greek or Latin. Ob temfora & mores! was the complaint of a great Virtulo two thousand Years ago, which we have but too much eason to renew new. Oh, Ariffotle, Ariffotle! that I should ever live to fee thy venerable Name in fo much contempt. that any one belonging to Westminster-Hall, Should have the Impudence to lay, he will not truff thee for a Groat! Ultra Sauromatas fugere him libet. I dare fwear that even in Mufrouy and Poland, none of the most hospitable Countries in the World, thou mayft at any time take a good Dinner and a Gallon of Brandy upon thy Entilechia and Affus perspecui. and yet in Westminster-Hall, the most enlighten'd Hall of the most enlighten'd City of Christendom. thy lofe dixit, in fo much Vogoe formerly with the Thomists and Scotists, the Nominalists and Realists. should not pais for a Groat! So much, Sir, by way of Answer, to Aristotle and Westminster-Hall, life. dixit, and a Groat.

What you say in a following Paragraph concerning the wicked Mo bite and the Stone Doublet, is very picquant and ingenious: For, Sir, reading Mr. Hobbs's Chapter about Concatenation of Thought, I find there is a great Connection between the Moabite

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and

and Stone Doublet; and some of the modern Itineraries inform us, that stone Doublets are in mighty request with the People of those Countries to this very day; and the physical Reason they assign for it, is, because stone Doublets are very refrigerating and alexpharmick, which undoubtedly is a great Refreshment in so hot a Climate, as that where the wicked Moabite lived.

But, Sir, in lieu of the Advice, which, out of your great Bounty and Liberality, you were pleas'd to give me for nothing, be pleas'd to accept of the following Character, which I gave my self the trouble to transcribe out of an ancient M.S. in the Cotton-Library, suppos'd to be written by the famous Junius, who for his great Skill in the Oriental Languages, acquir'd the Sirname of Patricius; and this Character, unless I am mistaken in my Mathematicks, will give you a lively Idea of a certain Beast you

may perhaps be acquainted with.

An Attorney is one that lives by the undoing of his Neighbours, as Surgeons do by broken Heads and Claps, and like Judges that always bring Rain with them to the Assizes, is sure to bring Mischief with him wherever he comes. He's an Animal bred up by the Corruption of the Law, nurs'd up in Discord and Contention, and has a particular Cant to himself, by which he terrifies the poor country People, who worship him as the Indians do the Devil, for fear he should mischief em. He is a constant Resorter to Fairs and Markets, and has a Knack to improve the least Quarrel into a Law-Suit. He talks as familiarly of my Lord Chief Juflice as if he had known him from his Cradle, and threatens all that incur his Displeasure with leading them a Jaunt to Westminster-Hall. If his advice beask'd upon the most infignificant Trifle, he nods his Head, twirls his Pen in his Ear, and cries twill bear a notable Action; and when he has empty'd the poor Wretch's Pocket, advises him to make up the matter, drink a merry Cup with his Adversary,

and be friends. He affects to be thought a Man of Business, and quotes Statutes as siercely, as if he had read over Keble and got him by heart. The Catchpole is his constant Companion, by the same token they are as necessary to one a 10ther, as a Midwise to a Bawd, or an Apothecary to a grave Physician. While he lives, he is a perpetual Persecutor of all the Country about him; but fattens by being cursed, as they say Camomile grows by being trod upon. At last, the Devil serves an Execution upon his Person, hurries him to his own Quarters, in whose Clutches I leave him.

If this Character may be of any Service to you, I shall heartily rejoyce, it being my highest Ambition

to approve my felf,

Your most, &c.

Q: Z.

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ANSWER V.

MORON AY, Sir, fince you are so peremptory and all N W that, I have fent you my last conclusive Anfwer, and am resolv'd to be plagu'd with you no longer. Hoping therefore that your Worship is in good Health, as your humble Servant is at this present Writing, this comes to let you know (nay don't ftartle, I befeech you) that I am fairly and honeftly dead (Oh! fy, Sir, why should you be discompos'd at so small a matter as that is) in short. dead to all Intents and Purposes as a Door-Nail: or if that won't ferve your turn, as dead as Methufalab, or any of the Patriarchs before the Flood. And because, Sir, I am in a very good Humour ar present, and somewhat dispos'd to be merry (which you'll fay is somewhat odd in a dead Man) and befides having a mighty respect for a Person of your Worth and Gravity, I will let you know what Distemper I dy'd of, and give you the whole History

of my Illness from Dan to Beersbeba. Upon the soth of July last, Old Stile, I was invited to a Chri-Aning in a certain Village in Lincolnshire, where I had the Honour of being Vicar; and by a strange Fatality was over-perfuaded to eat fome Cuffard. which is the most pernicious Aliment in the World. but especially in the Dog-days. Since I have been in the Elysian Fields, meeting with Galen and Diefcorides the other day, I rold them my case, and both of 'em told me that Cuffard had done my Bufinefs. Galen whisper'd me in the Ear, and told me that whatever sham Stories the Historians had palm'd upon the World, Trajan got his death by nothing but eating of Custard at Antioch, and mention'd two or three other eminent Perfons that had their Heels tript up by that pernicious Food. Diofeorides added farther, that Custard was deltructive of the Intelle &, and conjur'd me that the next time I writ to any of my Acquaintance in London, I would defire them to present his most humble Service to my Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and advise 'em as from him to refrain from Custard, because it obnubilated the Understanding, and was deterimental. to the Memory. So much by way of digression. but now, Sir, to proceed in the History of my Illness: This eating of Custard first of all gave me a Cachery, and 'twas my Misfortune that there was no Brandy to be had in the House, for in all probability a Cogue of true Orthodox Nantz, would have corrected the Crudity of the Custard. This Cachery in twelve Hours turn'd to a Dolor alvi, that to a Peripreumonia in the Diaphragm, and that to an Epyema in the Glandula Pinealis. Upon this a hundred other Diftempers came pouring upon me like Thunder and Lightning, for you know when a Manis once going, down with him is the Word; that very fairly dispatch'd mein four days, and so I dy'd without a Doctor to help to dispatch me, or an Attorney to make my Will. A little before I troop'd off, I defir'd my Parishoners to bury me under the great ChurchChurch-Spout, which accordingly they did, I thank cm for't, and upon every Shower of Rain I find a mighty Refreshment by it; for you must know that when I was living, I was very thirfly in my Nature, and abounded in adust cholerick Humour.

I believe, Sir, you might have writ to a thousand and a thousand dead Men, who would never have given themselves the trouble to answer your Letters, or have been fo communicative of their Secrets as you have found me; but, Sir, I fcorn to act underboard. And if this don't fatisfy all your Doubts, I can only wish I had you here with me to give you

farther Conviction.

And now, Sir, let me defire you to put your Hand to your Heart, and confider calmly and fe-dately with your felf, whether it be not illegal as well as barbarous, to disturb the Repose of the Dead, and persecute them in their very Graves? You that are so full of your Cases and your Presidents, tell me what Cafe or Fresident you can alledge to justify so unrighteous a Procedure? Is it not a known Maxim in Law, that Death puts a stop to all Processes whatfoever, and that when a Man has once paid the great Debt of Nature, he has compounded for all the rest? How then can you make me amends for the Injuries you have done me, and the great Charges you have put me to? For upon the Faith and Honour of a dead Man, the very Passage of your Letters to this subterranean World, has cost me aabove five Pounds, the pretended Sum you charge me with. However, if Heaven will forgive you, for my part I do; and to shew you, that after so many horrid Provocations I am still in Charity with yon, I remain,

Your defunct Friend and Servant.

Feb. 5. From the Elyfian-Fields.

POSTCRIPT.

All the News that I can fend you from this part of the World, is, that we are troubled with none of your Profession here, which is no small part of our Happiness, I assure you; and upon a strict Enquiry, find, that not one Attorney for these 1500 Years, has been so impudent, as to give St. Peter the trouble of using his Keys.

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